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EXPOSITION PARK



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THE LIFE OF CHARLES M. DOUGHTY

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Charles M. Doughty
From the medallion in bronze by T. Spicer Simson

THE LIFE OF CHARLES M. DOUGHTY

By D. G. HOGARTH

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NOTE

MY father died on 6th November, 1927, while he was still engaged upon this book. He had made a complete draft, of which he had revised the first five chapters, but he had not yet, as he intended to do, submitted what he had written to Mrs. Doughty; and it has fallen to me to carry out the final revision of his manuscript, and to make such few changes as have seemed necessary. Mrs. Doughty and Mr. S. C. Cockerell have found and set right certain errors in the narrative, and have furnished some new biographical material, which I have incorporated. In a few places I have made changes or additions plainly indicated by my father's rough notes; and in certain parts of the sixth and later chapters I have rearranged the order of the narrative, where it seemed not final. Throughout, I have tried to preserve my father's text unaltered, so far as might be; to make additions with the least possible disturbance of his words; and to confine these additions strictly to matters of fact. I have added footnotes, where necessary, within square brackets []. For the presence of any inaccuracies or imperfections which might, in revision, have been removed, I only must be held accountable. No attempt has been made to alter the spellings of Arabic names and words in quotations, however inconsistent they may be with those adopted by my father; or to supply a punctuation, which must have been artificial and misleading, in certain of Mr. Doughty's letters.

My father's Preface has been printed as he left it, though it is a first and unfinished draft. To the number of those to whom thanks are due must be added Mr. T. Spicer Simson, who has allowed his bronze medallion portrait of Mr. Doughty to be reproduced, and the Editor of *The Times*, who has consented to the inclusion of the letter printed on p. 47, which was first published in that journal, on 8th April, 1926.

In preparing my father's manuscript I have received much help and advice from my aunt, Mrs. W. L. Courtney, and from Mr. S. C. Cockerell, to both of whom I am greatly indebted. But my chief obligation is, and must be, to Mrs. Doughty, who has extended to me a constant forbearance and kindness which have made my task easy.

W. D. H.

PREFACE

MR. DOUGHTY, his seventieth year past, wrote to myself, who had asked for autobiographical information: 'I am a private man and an account of the passage of my brief existence through the wood of this world can have but little importance for my fellow-men.' He yielded, however, to my insistence so far as to give me then a few leading facts. After his death his widow, well knowing that his fellow men did not in fact agree that his life had been of but little importance or interest, conveyed to me through a mutual friend a request that I should write his life. I hesitated for two reasons: firstly, because, though I had been in intermittent correspondence with her husband for above twenty years and for more than that period had interested myself exceedingly in what he wrote and did, my personal intercourse with him had been very little and brief; secondly, because I feared that this defect of qualification would not be compensated by any considerable body of such material for a biography as is usually to be expected of heirs and intimates. On putting the matter, however, to some test, I found on the one hand that, outside Mr. Doughty's family, there appeared to be no one very much better qualified by personal intercourse to be his biographer; and, on the other, that considerably more biographical material could be procured than I had looked for. So in the end I agreed to set forth what I could about the life of an extraordinary man, to whose fame the world is not likely soon to become indifferent.

For biographical material I thank first and foremost all Mr. Doughty's correspondents, who have put letters by him at my disposal: their names are quoted in the book that follows. Especially I thank Mr. Edward Garnett, and Mr. Sydney Cockerell, who besides sending me such letters have rendered me other services. For access to and use of documents, which might not unreasonably have been grudged, I am particularly beholden to the Council of the Royal Geographical Society, the Syndics and Secretary of the Cambridge University Press, the Secretary of the British Association for the Advancement of Science.

Most of all, however (as was to be expected), I am in debt to Mrs. Doughty and her daughters, who have imparted to me their memories and knowledge, laid before me every document in their

possession which seemed to them helpful, and by the cordiality of their welcome to their home and their approval of my investigations, have added an extra pleasure to what, in any case, would have been a congenial task.

In conclusion, I call attention to two points of my plan. First—biographical material is abundant for only two years of a life which was stretched beyond fourscore. To use all this material is to treat those two years on a scale impossible to apply to the treatment of the other eighty; but I have so used it without hesitation, because those two years covered Doughty's one great experience in the field of action, an experience which affected all the rest of his life and work. Second—I have refrained from appraising or criticizing seriously the poetry to the production of which Doughty devoted his last five-and-thirty years, that is, more than half his adult working life, and from attempting to assign to him his place in the poetic hierarchy. I have not the training, the knowledge or the method of a professed student of poetry; and I am unversed in the archaic English poetry with which Doughty's poems should be compared. Therefore I content myself with recording the antecedents and consequents of each poem, and its nature and theme.

D. G. H.

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CHAPTER ONE

YOUTH

THE SUBJECT OF THIS MEMOIR WAS BORN ON the 19th August, 1843, second son to the Rev. Charles Montagu Doughty, Squire of Theberton, Suffolk, whose wife, Frederica Beaumont, was of East Yorkshire nobility, being daughter to the Honourable and Reverend Frederick Hotham, Rector of Dennington, near Framlingham, Prebendary of Rochester, and son of the second Baron Hotham.

Thus on both sides he came of gentry, who for generations had owned wide lands. George Doughty, his direct ancestor, who, first of the line to migrate to Suffolk, was presented, in 1699, by his cousin, John Goodwin of Martlesham Hall, to the Rectory of that parish, sprang from an ancient Lincolnshire family, which long kept the old faith. Its name is still widely spread through all ranks of society in its original county. George's son and heir, Samuel, was possessed of property in seven parishes, and lived at Newbourne Hall, near Kesgrave; and his son, George, having brought into the family the Martlesham Manor and advowson by marrying a daughter of the reigning Goodwin, whose other heirs died without issue, had bought the Theberton estate and built the Hall. The next in the succession added more lands through marriage with the daughter and heiress of Ezekiel Revett of Hoxne and Brockford, near Eye. Lastly, the Rev. Charles in transmitting to his sons these cumulative traditions of landed estate, doubled them, as we have seen, with those of another family as ancient and considerable—the house of Hotham, of whom it has been written, that after a series of prelates, courtiers, warriors, and ambassadors, it produced, in two centuries, six admirals, three general officers, a bishop, a judge, and a colonial governor. Few children can have been born to surroundings of more complacently aristocratic and conservative sort than those of the Rev. Charles, or been called upon to breathe an atmosphere where unquestioning loyalty and patriotism were more consistently taken for granted.

That a Doughty should be a 'Squarson' was in the family tradition. Three of the five successive Suffolk squires of the name had been in holy orders of the Established Church. One had held two livings, Hoxne and Martlesham, which are widely separated; and

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during the latter part, at any rate, of his life he resided at neither. Another, the reigning squire, was unbeneficed. If the latter had outgrown the eighteenth-century's view of the Established Church as a providence of younger sons, the family's conception of ecclesiastical office may safely be presumed at that time rather ethical than spiritual. The Doughty annals reveal little ancestral addiction to letters or science. The original George of Martlesham seems to have been known for a bookworm, and the second George for a field archaeologist. The latter's son, the Rev. Charles, who had made the grand tour in his time, gave practical proof of an interest in art by commissioning Italian workmen to prepare the Theberton drawing-room against his bride's home-coming and subsequently by adding an Italian wing to the mansion.

To such Doughty traditions of a typical home-keeping squirearchy, proud of race and class, equating loyalty and patriotism with acceptance of the existing order, and taking piety and morality for granted, Frederica Hotham brought her family's tradition of adventuring, and in particular, of adventuring by sea; and no influence acted more powerfully on the childhood of both her sons than the enthusiasm of the Hothams for naval service.

Her second born looked at first little likely to embark on any adventure in this world. 'So apparently a dying infant life', he said of himself,¹ 'that I was christened by my own father almost immediately.' In baptism he received his father's names, Charles and Montagu, the second, as he insisted later, being not a family name. Not him, however, would Death claim quickly but, within a few months, his mother. After only six years his father also passed away, and the care of two orphans devolved upon an uncle, Frederick Goodwin Doughty of Martlesham Hall. Little Charles, at any rate, had already been thoroughly inoculated with the Hotham tradition, probably by the maternal aunt who subsequently watched his school-days, and his childish mind was set on the navy. With a view to his preparation for that career, the younger of these orphans, when barely seven years old, was sent to school at Laleham on Thames side, and later he was transferred to Elstree school. Little is remembered and less recorded of these early days—not even the date of his migration from school to school. His later memory of school years was un-

¹ Letter to S. C. Cockerell, 19th August, 1923.

happy. Shy and overgrown, he seems to have had little in common with other boys, but to have been too formidable a fighter to be provoked by them wantonly. At one school or the other he got a blow from a cricket ball which cracked his cheek-bone and left over it a scar for life. Finally, before 1856, he was placed at a naval school, Beach House, Southsea, to be brought up to concert pitch, but when sent up for examination in that year he failed to pass the medical test, a slight impediment of speech being held fatal. Throughout life he was to remember that disappointment. The service which his brother had entered and from which he had been so early debarred, could, he thought, have fulfilled his patriotic soul. 'I was brought up for the Navy in the tradition of my Mother's family (Hothams),'¹ he wrote when his contemporary and cousin, Charles Hotham, was nearing flag-rank. 'My career was to have been in the Navy, had I not been regarded at the Medical Examination as not sufficiently robust for the service. My object in life since, as a private person, has been to serve my country so far as my opportunities might enable me.'² So he wrote in 1922, after wistfully regarding even a war-time title of Temporary Commander as 'enviable'³

Throughout the following year he remained at Beach House, where his schoolmaster assured his aunt, Miss Hotham, on the 27th November that he was 'the very best boy that we have met with'; but, apparently, he was withdrawn presently and committed to the care of a private tutor, with whom he passed some considerable time in France.⁴ Baffled of his chief interest he fell back on a subsidiary one, which had come to him during solitary musing rambles of earlier holidays, spent with his uncle at Martlesham Hall or at Mr. Newson's farm on the Theberton estate: he devoted himself to study of the Suffolk chalk, with the ultimate result that he was ready with a communication for the British Association's meeting at Cambridge in 1862, concerning Flint Implements from Hoxne.⁵ 'I worked a good deal with the microscope and that was in a chalk country,' he wrote long afterwards to a scientific correspondent.⁶

¹ Letter to Dr. Scott Keltie, 22nd May, 1912.

² Letter to E. Garnett, 15th June, 1922.

³ Letter to D. G. Hogarth, 12th December, 1919.

⁴ Information from Mrs. C. M. Doughty.

⁵ British Association, thirty-second Report, p. 72.

⁶ R. Kirkpatrick of the British Museum staff. This undated letter must be about 1912.

In the meantime his guardian had consented to his going to Caius College, where his grandfather and father had been students, and in October 1861 he came into residence at Cambridge. A junior Fellow of the day, Mr. H. T. Francis, subsequently University Sub-Librarian, recalled sixty years afterwards¹ a memory of Doughty's freshman year:

'Doughty as an undergraduate was shy, nervous and very polite. He had no sense of humour, and I cannot remember that he had any literary tastes or leanings whatever. He read classics with me for his Littlego. He knew very little Greek. When he came up he was devoted to natural science generally. He had made a large collection of Suffolk fossils and was rather combative in favour of the new studies. He did not like attending lectures. We were on friendly terms and he persuaded me to join him on some of these geological excursions, for instance to inspect the Kimmeridge clay at Ely and to visit some gravel-pits in Barnwell, when I caught a severe cold.'

Doughty is remembered also by Professor J. Bradbury, his fellow as an undergraduate at Caius, but a year junior in University standing. He recalls² that, in October 1862, Doughty was living on the Hall staircase which overlooked Trinity Lane. He attended the same lectures as Bradbury, and since neither of the men rowed or played athletic games, they fell into a habit of walking together, Doughty talking geology and leading his companion to the chalk-pits near Cherry Hinton and to coprolite diggings.

But he was far from content with his college. Mr. Francis relates how one Dickson, who, having migrated from Sidney Sussex, used to come to his rooms for coaching, 'after a while announced rather abruptly that he would not be coming to read with me again. I said, "Very well, but what are you going to do?" and after a little hesitation he replied, "The fact is my friend Doughty tells me you bother one with grammar and all that sort of thing and that it is far easier to get up the whole business by heart". My answer was, "Then we are right to part, for I can't teach Latin or Greek on those conditions". In later years when Doughty was in Cambridge over his travels, I recalled this incident one day and said to

¹ Dictated to S. C. Cockerell in Caius, 5th August, 1922.

² Note given to S. C. Cockerell by Professor Bradbury (born in 1841). I

am greatly indebted to Mr. Cockerell for the timely diligence with which he has saved these distant Cambridge memories.

him, "You know, Doughty, you did your best to undermine what little reputation I had as a scholar". He did not realize that this was spoken in jest, and he answered with the utmost concern, "Why, what did I say or do?"'

Littlego passed in the Lent term, 1863, Doughty was more free to follow his bent; but not so free as he desired to concentrate on a single study and ignore all else. The chosen subject being geology, he wished to work at it only in his own way and at his own time. But the Caius authorities insisted on regular attendance at lectures, and the college chapel; and the evangelical influence of Simeon, still potent in Cambridge, disposed most dons to discourage undergraduates from studying geology. The Natural Science Tripos was a new-fangled thing,¹ and Doughty, sensitive to an uncongenial atmosphere, and foreseeing little prospect of liberty to work as he willed, resolved with three or four other Caius men to follow Bradbury, who, having gained early in 1863 a Foundation Scholarship at Downing, was due to migrate in October to a college where attendance at lectures and chapel was notoriously not enforced. On 8th October, 1863, Doughty was duly admitted a 'pensioner' of Downing. Presumably in the previous month he had attended the meeting of the British Association at Newcastle-on-Tyne; for it was in this year that he took up life membership.² As related above, he had made already a geological communication to the Association. He obtained, it seems, dispensation from immediate residence at his new College; for he postponed his Tripos to December 1865, and betook himself before the end of the year to the study of glaciers and glaciation in Norway.³ There he lodged in farms and the houses of gamekeepers, and went with his hosts upon long shooting expeditions, sleeping at night in log huts on the mountains. These Scandinavian *fjelde* would be recalled to him in Arabia by the country on the last part of the track from Kasim to Mecca. In July and August of the following year, as he told the British Association at its Bath meeting in 1864,⁴

¹ Information from Dr. F. H. H. Guille-mard, who matriculated at Caius in 1870.

² Information and copies of records kindly supplied by the secretary of the British Association, O. J. R. Howarth.

³ See letter to D. G. Hogarth quoted below, p. 9.

⁴ *Proceedings of the British Association*, 1866. Thirty-fourth Report, p. 143, and fuller publication in pamphlet form through Edward Stanford, 1866, 'On the Jöstedal-brae Glaciers in Norway, with some General Remarks, and a Plate', by C. M. Doughty, B.A. Cantab.

he was measuring with a theodolite the chief ice-streams on the southern face of the Jöstedals Brae. With guide and a rope, the spikes of the country and an iron-tipped stick he traversed the Nigaard glacier for about three miles and subsequently pushed northwards to see two large glaciers which he said, 'had never been visited by travellers . . . Here is an arctic climate and we found the lake covered with ice in the middle of August, still thick enough to bear some wild reindeer, which we disturbed. We slept under a stone while it froze outside.'

Before this he must have passed some time in Christiania, two of whose Professors he thanks for assistance in the matter of his Jöstedal trip. Sir Edwin Ray Lankester, who in October 1864 went up to Downing—'a well built well laid out place—the rooms very good and spacious'—found the set of rooms opposite his own occupied by Doughty, who struck him as 'rather shy and quiet but very kind and anxious to help me. He was reading Herbert Spencer and also spending time and money in digging at Hoxne for flint implements—on the ground formerly explored by Frere . . . Doughty did not partake in such things as rowing but was always reading geology and philosophy.'

Evidently thus early Doughty lived an absorbed, aloof, self-contained life. Serious in mind and grave in demeanour, he had determined to devote himself to his country and his race. A letter written to him on the 7th October in that year by the Rev. Henry Hardinge, Rector of Theberton, alludes to 'researches and noble ambition as regards this earth', and approves his aspiration to 'soar above the vanities of this world and take a place among the worthies who have lived for its adornment and the real glory of God'.

In December 1865 Doughty presented himself for the Tripos examination, and secured second place in a small second class. Among the examiners was T. G. Bonney, who would live to be a nonagenarian Professor of Geology at London University, and even in his young days was principal teacher of the subject in Cambridge under the Olympian aegis of Adam Sedgwick. He may have had previous tutorial relations with Doughty. At any rate more than half a century later he said,² 'I remember him as an undergraduate. I examined

¹ Letter to S. C. Cockerell, 25th March, 1926.

² On the 8th February, 1921, in the course of a conversation with S. C. Cockerell.



Charles M. Doughty as an Undergraduate

him for his Tripos and was very sorry not to be able to give him a first, as he had such a dishevelled mind. If you asked him for a collar he upset his whole wardrobe at your feet.'

That is to say, Doughty insisted on telling not merely nothing but the truth, but the whole of the truth. The maxim 'L'art d'ennuyer c'est tout dire', never won from him the smallest regard!

The following year, having restored his name to the books of Caius, he graduated. Then he took it off again and left Cambridge without, as it would appear, much regret. He had felt the place alien; perhaps equally so he would have felt any other university; for possessed as he was by loyalty to a race and a nation, he responded little to lesser claims.

In the autumn of 1866 he published in full his British Association paper on the Jöstedals Brae glaciers. It betrays a literary sense not asked of writers of such communications, and a power of close observation combined with command of pictorial expression. The Nigaard glacier, for instance, 'seems to flow down in elegant curves; though in reality this is due to the tossing up of the surface by some submerged knees of the mountains, and it passes through nearly a straight channel. No stones or earth soil its glittering surface, but ice-blocks are discharged upon it from the general ice-crust which appears capping the cliffs and creeping down every depression and pouring out its water in picturesque threads down the rocks.'

When such account of his youth's study had been rendered to what he held the leading Society concerned with it, he bade Geology vacate the solitary throne of his soul. Not under her sole sceptre could he do a patriotic life-work for his country. When three years later he appeared at the Bodleian Library it was to study, not geology, nor any natural science, but a long succession of books in the province of Early English literature.¹ 'Nearly sixty years indeed in all', he wrote in 1923, 'I have given to the tradition of noble Chaucer and beloved Spenser';² and in a statement submitted in 1905 to the Syndics of the Cambridge University Press he fixed more particularly to the year 1865 the birth of a desire to write 'a patriotic work (and wherein Roman, Celtic, and German *Origines* are treated of)'. His determining motive was not unlike that of some eighteenth-

¹ See Appendix I for the list of his orders in 1868, kindly supplied to me from Bodleian

records by Bodley's Librarian, Dr. A. E. Cowley.

² Letter to D. G. Hogarth.

century writers on the State of Nature. By setting forth the noble simplicity of the Nation's beginnings, he would recall his countrymen to a strong single-minded patriotism, from which he felt they had fallen away. He, their *vates sacer*, must speak in verse, and this, to be appropriate, must be couched in that English pure and undefiled which was spoken before national degeneracy began—the English which Spenser last used in a day which was already declining from its noon. One searches in vain through both surviving letters and published works of Doughty for a mention of, or allusion to, or borrowing from Shakespeare or Milton. They were of the silver age; Spenser was the last poet of the age of gold.

Years of study he well knew, however, must pass before that dream could come true. Not only would he search deeply into primeval history, but he had yet to master his chosen vehicle, the earlier English. His health was indifferent and pecuniary resources for a life of unremunerative study had become small; for at some date between his leaving Cambridge in 1865 and his departure from England in 1870, his family was involved in heavy financial loss by depreciation of investments;¹ and thenceforward for many years this younger son of a rich squire would be a necessitous man.

For the moment he seems to have formed no plan more definite than to study history and languages where he might. He set to work partly in London and partly in Oxford, where he appeared late in 1868 and was admitted to the Bodleian. During the spring and summer of 1869 his name vanishes from the Bodleian book-registers; but from November it reappears until the end of January 1870.² In the course of his Bodleian reading he came to love Erasmus and Joseph Scaliger and to desire to work where they had worked.³ Therefore he resolved now to go to Holland, and in the late summer of 1870 he left England.

¹ Information from Mrs. C. M. Doughty.

² I have not succeeded in discovering anything more of his life in Oxford. It was, doubtless, solitary and retired.

³ See next page. The above statement is based also on a conversation with Doughty [in some year between 1910 and 1919].

STUDIOUS TRAVEL

UNDOUBTEDLY, HE LOOKED FORWARD TO staying abroad for a considerable time, perhaps for some years, and, after a sojourn in Holland, to passing southwards to the Mediterranean. Thus he might see lands whose peoples and civilizations had been factors in making his own, and study their histories and languages under conditions favourable to both his health and his purse. But no record that he has left suggests that at the start he proposed so to travel as to cover a particular geographical field of experience. He went abroad to see the world, while continuing to pursue studies which would fit him for patriotic poesy. In the event, as will appear, he would not adhere consistently to one province of study or to one scientific interest. Now linguistics, now geology, now archaeology, now geography, now ethnology, now history took first place; and he ended with Arabian studies that assuredly he had never contemplated, but regarded afterwards as 'a not wholly welcome life-day's interruption'.¹

Nearly fifty years later he summarized in retrospect the years passed in this sort of 'studious travel':

'I spent 1870 at Oxford and was a good deal in the Bodleian. The next year out of a reverence for the memory of Erasmus, Jos. Scaliger, etc. I passed in Holland learning Hollandish—which with Danish (I was nearly a year in Norway in 63-4) gave me a philological feeling in English. I spent some few months also at Louvain and the Winter at Mentone (I had always rather poor health). I travelled then in Italy and passed the next Winter in Spain and most of the next year at Athens; and that Winter went forward to the Bible-lands, where I remained and in the Winter rode down to Cairo and thence to the Sinai Peninsula where I remained three months and then rode upward to Maan; where I heard of Medain Salih.'²

¹ Letter to D. G. Hogarth, 1923. See also below, p. 130.

² The durations of his sojourns in the several countries were no doubt recalled accurately when the above summary was written; but not so all the dates. The Bodleian register suggests that 1869, not 1870, was Doughty's Oxford year; while

proof that 1870, rather than 1871, was his Dutch year is given by the diary, whose earliest entry, dated to May 1871, was made not in Holland but at Louvain. If, then, he passed anything like a year on the native soil of Scaliger he must have come to Holland in the first half of 1870.

A manuscript diary preserved to his death enables his footsteps to be followed for two of those years—from May 1871 to April 1873. During that period he travelled quite alone, living the simplest life that a student might live in whatever land he might be, and everywhere, despite repeated periods of ill-health, 'setting forward' his studies. About the subsequent years also to 1876 enough can be gleaned to show that this habit and condition of life continued to be consistently his. Therefore it may be assumed that he passed not otherwise the precedent Dutch year concerning which much less is known. For that year Leiden was his head-quarters. There he made certain acquaintances among the learned, upon one of whom, the great Arabist, Professor M. J. de Goeje, he would have to call one day for help in a matter very far from his mind in 1871. He passed some time too in Haarlem and probably visited other towns; but it was from Leiden that he set out on his further journey.

After enduring a Dutch winter he was minded to find his way by the next autumn to the Mediterranean and there set forward fresh studies. Meanwhile, for the summer, a Belgian university town would serve; and, finding convenient lodging at Louvain in the house of a painter, Louis Questiaux, of the Minderbroders' Street, he abode far into August. Though interested in its life and sensible to the beauty of the ancient buildings, especially the Hôtel de Ville, he seems not to have liked the place, where he made no friends; and at the end of his stay he wrote of it as unworthy of a once great estate:

'The town very filthy and unwholesome—the filth of the houses is all cast into the street . . . people very papistical: the Flemish left to be spoken by the poor and ignorant; the richer sort parlent français. Ladies with very pale slack ill complexions, token of an unhealthy living. The Pope's clergy here in an army and rule all. At their library too little liberality.'

A day or two at Antwerp followed; then a fortnight in Ghent ('saw many excellent and agreeable persons'); then a few days at Bruges, and the train bore the studious traveller towards the frontier at Turcoing. The tide of war had ebbed too recently for a stranger without passport to pass easily into France; but after a night's delay Doughty was admitted to the Paris train ('Thiers elected President the day before'). Beyond Amiens, 'A French gentleman from the

Pyrenees (with his family) who took me for a Prussian, showed me a very fierce countenance; afterwards finding his error, no less good-tempered. A Prussian guardhouse on all the stations. At Paris . . . drove for an hour seeing the ruins of the Hôtel de Ville and the principal incendies.'

But Doughty had no mind to postpone the south to so 'brown, cold, humid, deserted, uncheerful looking' a city and at once pressed forward to where the 'large sharp-running rocky stony sandy milky river (Rhodanus)' flows through gardens of pumpkins under a 'gay colouring sun'. His mind recalled and his pencil quoted that Beloved who 'hath a garden in a very fruitful hill'.

After Marseilles he set himself, by walking from town to town of the Riviera, to find a modest winter lodging; but all seemed 'hot, dusty and deserted'. At last in early October the house of Monsieur Trenca, a veteran of the '48' and 'a person with many high and admirable qualities', recommended itself at Mentone; 'here I felt I might pass happily the winter', and Doughty proceeded to make himself as happy with continual study as an 'affected liver and a slow and very painful digestion to which the quick subtilty of the air is not favourable' would allow. He speaks of 'happy long family voyages and hungry beautiful and aromatic wanderings' in the mountains and the 'orchards of oranges and odoriferous lemons, everywhere open and to be traversed by a thousand paths'. There he watched a 'new glad spring rise out of the ground adorned with so many sweet and beautiful flowers'.

Winter past, he took his southward way again, in February 1872, walking up to the Col de Tenda, down again to Ventimiglia and thence (but partly by train) to Genoa in order to embark for Leghorn. So he attained to Pisa (disliking its air he met 'agreeable Germans') and ultimately across 'a fruitful and a noble country' to the city of Florence. Here the diary breaks off, not to resume till the 1st May with a record of departure from Naples for a *pensione* at Castagneto, La Cava. Probably in the interval Doughty had stayed about a month at Florence, and a day or two in Rome, of which he confessed in old age¹ that he never saw much.

At La Cava he settled down for the summer, removing after one month to two rooms in the private house of a Signor Cavaliere whose

¹ Letter to Miss K. Doughty, his niece.

family served his needs, 'a worthy family and good entertainment'. None the less, because of the bad water and fetid air, he found 'sojourn there not well agreeable'. 'Much occupied with my studies', he wrote, 'the heat very great—often able only to issue about the sunrising and near sunset'; but the studies were always 'set forward'.

This sojourn ended on 30th August. As Doughty left certain effects, including a box of books, in the care of the worthy family 'until I might return that way after 2-3 years', it would appear that then he looked forward to completing his studious pilgrimage by 1875. Sicily was to come next; but he lingered a few days to see the Neapolitan sights and ascend Vesuvius then boiling up into eruption. Having walked alone from Pompeii in the early morning of the 31st he reached an 'immense and terrific gulf horribly rent the sides precipitous, yellow with Sulphur and *stratified*' on whose brink he killed 'a small yellow and venomous viper'. The diary records no more, but the outbreak that day would inspire two magnificent pages of reminiscence in the narrative of his wandering on the Aueyrid *harra* in Arabia.¹ Attracted by a lava fount, from whose bowels for some days past had 'issued all that strong dinning noise and uncouth travail of the mountain' he 'approached the dreadful ferment, and watched that fiery pool heaving in the sides and welling over, and swimming in the midst as a fount of metal'; and the film upon it momentarily being vomited into air 'where, whirling as it rose with rushing sound, the slaggy sheet parted diversely, and I saw it slung out into many great and lesser shreds'. In the afternoon the lava burst out of the crater, escaping with a current 'very soon as large as Thames at London Bridge', and killing several persons who had ventured too near. A dozen years later, when it was suggested after he had spoken before the Royal Geographical Society upon the formation of the Arabian *harra* tracts that he had not actually seen phenomena of eruption, he countered at once with his eyewitness of Vesuvius in 1872.

Pompeii, Naples, the natural wonders of the Pozzuoli district, and a day at Capua ('field of the liberty of Southern Italy') filled the following week. On a night, that of the 6th September, 'starry but vaporous, the eye looking as it were into a depth or thickness of

¹ *Arabia Deserta*, vol. i, pp. 420-2. Since this book once all but unattainable is now of easy access, I leave these pages to be read there.

stars', he sailed for Messina. Whatever had been his original plan he eventually spent no more than six weeks in Sicily, seeking all the while up and down the eastern coast for a winter lodging, and finding none to his mind. In Syracuse, for example, life seemed to him both dear and bad—'the lower orders of the people dull, unintelligent with half savage manners; the better sort very courteous, yet living without any comfort at all, but of the warm climate'—'Carne cattivissima' he noted. 'Pane buonissimo. Trattorie pessime.' Catania pleased him better, and closer friendship with his kind than was his wont is suggested by an entry for Sunday, 8th September. 'In the morning with the Valdesi there and received with them the holy communion.' On paying the place a second visit he took occasion to widen his Vesuvian experience by ascending Etna. With a mule and one Leonardi for driver and guide he reached the main crater late in the afternoon of the second day (18th September), and noted 'Not terrible as that which remains after the eruption (20th April) in Vesuvius appeared to me nor half so great as that which is now lately in Vesuvius, the whole entrails of the cone as it were having been cast up. No ribs of rocks (dikes) nor horrible rendings, but terraced and easy to be somewhat descended into with a cord.' He passed the night at a hut below the summit, and next morning observed 'a lovely Aurora' which he would recall after forty years in the revision of *Mansoul*.¹ A month later he was back at Messina disillusioned of Sicily and 'intending to journey through the island and from hence perhaps to pass into Spain' but deterred by continual rains, he 'determined, the season being rough and uncertain and finding no regular ships hence . . . to return by sea along the coast and thence to Malta, to go towards Spain'.

Arrived at Valetta on the 18th October, he stayed in Malta three weeks, the time being spent in excursions, generally afoot, to prehistoric sites, of which several pencil and pen sketches and plans appear in the diary—all done with meticulous care and no little skill. On the 8th November he sailed for Goletta, and going up to Tunis was faced by the venerable riddle of the site of Carthage—'Marsa a confused rank open unprofitable uncultivated and miserable territorium scarcely credible ever to have been any good site, or that ever any great city was built there much less Carthage.'

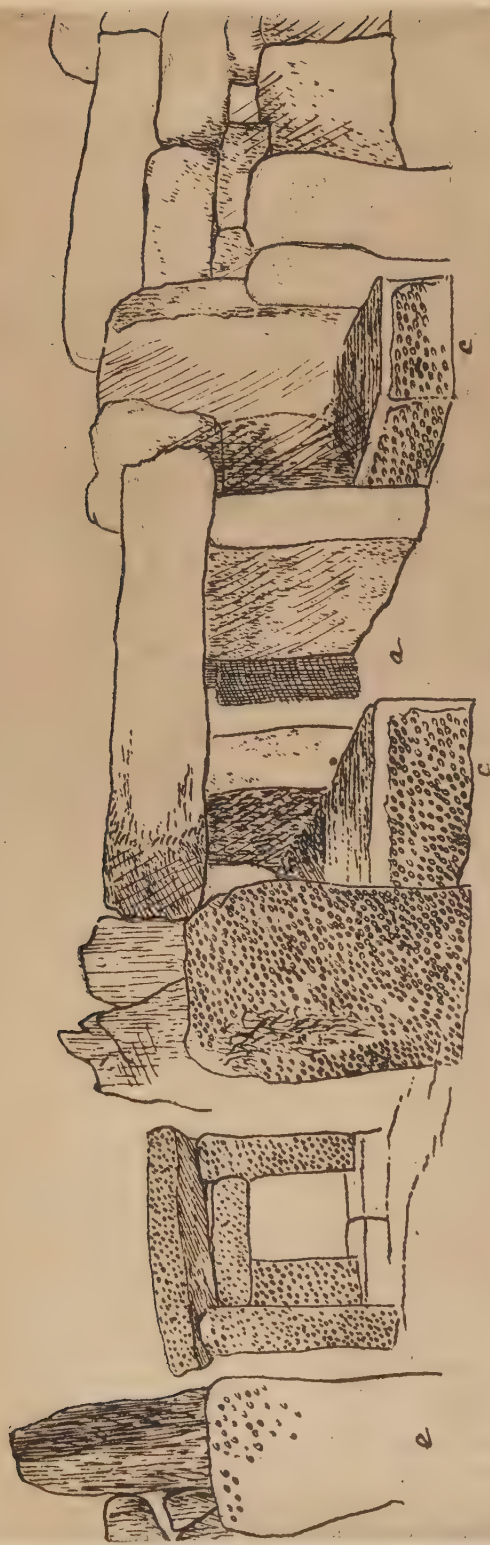
¹ *Mansoul*, 2nd edition, pp. 212 ff.

Steamer to Bona, diligence to St. Charles ('miserable vehicle, beastly passengers'), and railway to Constantine, set the traveller well within the bounds of Algeria. A mosque at evening offered a sight that he was to know better than love. 'Worshippers sitting against the columns reading the prayers and service in certain leaves of parchment: others prostrated themselves to the earth with their foreheads touching the ground.'

He visited Lambaesis from Batna and passed on inland by diligence, seeing by the way another sight soon to be familiar: 'An Arab dead wrapped in his burnous bound upon poles and laid across an ass.' Waiting at Biskra till the 22nd November for the start of a date caravan he must have seen the 'rahla of nomads in the little Algerian Sahara'¹ who carried their women in wicker-work litters, like the women of the Moahib in Arabia. A caravaning journey of five days to the oasis of Bou Saada and five days further to Algiers, fills several pages of the diary with minute faded notes, interrupted only by a diagram of an Arab tent and by sectional drawings of the relief crossed by the mountain trail. These notes differ in little except lack of Arabic from those laborious entries in the tattered books that he would carry, in a fold of his robe, through Arabia. Doughty's geological interest had revived, to beguile the tedium of the long rides with speculation how the desert had come to be, and of the longer nights of lying with little sleep on the wet ground (for the weather had broken) or in a nomad's tent shared with kids and lambs bleating to their mothers outside, or in the ammoniac reek of stables. The friendliness with which he was entertained evidently surprised him, and thus he summed up at 'the grave and cheerful oasis of Bou Saada': 'Our hardships, very insufficient food, and the severity of the marches notwithstanding, and sleeping on the ground in wind and rain . . . I have taken no hurt thank God, nor am any the weaker. With the friendly complaisance, gentleness and hearty kindness of Arabs (three men and a boy) I am very pleased and contented.'

Doughty had borrowed a pistol at Biskra but he put it away on the third day, having realized that, though the country had lately been disturbed by insurrection, he travelling thus poorly had nothing to fear.

¹ *Arabia Deserta*, vol. i, p. 437.



a, b, great & lesser pillars into the second & interior circle
 a is of a noble height & only to be passed in stooping
 c, c, altar like stone, cut & putting ornaments
 d, midst of the apse the length end in a circle on
 the side of end opposite to square.
 e, corner end of the temple.

At Oran he took ship for Cartagena and arrived on 5th December in Spain. The second Carlist war was dragging its slow length along, and a labouring train which carried him for a day and a half past Chinchilla and Ciudad Real came to a stop where beyond Almorchon insurgents had wrecked the line. He had therefore to jolt over the last twenty miles into Cordoba in a miserable wagon with many companions. 'The sun rose and warmed us in our mule-cart traversing the heights of the Sierra Morena where the poor gentleman Don Quijote the lamentable Cardenio and the fair Dorothea put in execution their several penitences.'

The Cordoban streets he thought might 'stand upon the disorderly alleys of the Moors' and the 'plain and severe and low' aspect of the cathedral be also a monument of their taste. Of this 'Great Mesjid, the noble foundation of Abd-er-Rahman, which is an acre of low roof laid upon a grove of marble columns',¹ one day he would tell a horrified Moslem company at Bessam's house in Aneyza that it 'is the metropolitan church of them to-day'. Its 'central choir and master chapel of Christian building lofty and magnificent' seem to have pleased him not less than its 'wilderness of Moorish arches turned upon slender low pilasters with chapiters of palms'; and he revisited it next day before taking the train and diligence which landed him in Granada at two o'clock in the morning.

That town seemed to him to stand in 'a wild desert of snow mountains' with 'the immense horrible Sierra Nevada rising against and seeming to overhang it'. To the Sierra he allowed 'majesty', but he was never a mountain lover. 'I hope', he wrote once to a friend,² 'you will never be influenced by ambition of scaling more odious homicidal mountain peaks. The Ancients (unaffected by modern sentiment) seem to have thought them hideous waste obstacles on the Earthly face—as just a view, perhaps, as the other.'

But the Alhambra made amends. 'Light and delicate and transparent' it 'seems raised by enchantment and hanged by fairies in the air upon so slender pillars, and with that so firm and enduring and strong being formed only of stucco that it remains after eight centuries as it was before'. Moreover, he found 'some young pleasant Espagnols' to take him for a walk to the Generalife, the 'Moorish

¹ *Arabia Deserta*, vol. ii, p. 398.

² R. Kirkpatrick, 1911 (no month or day given).

fortaleza' and the palace of Charles V. Five years later when asked by Arabs about 'Andalûs', 'a name which ever sounds in their ears as the name of a mistress!', he would recall Granada, Seville, and Cordoba as homes of noble works.¹

Malaga, 'a large uncheerful sea town without also any good streets or agreeable magazines', provided at any rate a steamer for Gibraltar, on board of which a carabiñero on his way to hospital 'with four or five balls in his body' collected during street riots when forty-five persons were killed, told Doughty in French that all Andalusia was republican, and 'if he had the opportunity he would cut the King in pieces with his knife'. Finding little accommodation at Gibraltar, Doughty crossed over on the 18th December to Algeciras and there stayed till Christmas Eve, though he found it an 'uncheerful place compared with the manner in Italy . . . but cleaner'. But he went back to Gibraltar to spend Christmas in geological rambling, till a steamer sailed on the 28th for 'a very long and ill passage to Cadiz'. Having inquired there in vain for Phoenician ruins 'spoken of by the poor bibliothecario of Malta' he went on to Xeres with the New Year, 1873, and in the evening forward to Seville.

There he planned to make at last a long winter halt, and in fact did stay till the 16th March. During those two months and a half the diary fails, except for three or four brief entries ('26 January, manifestation contra la esclavitud'; '11th Feb., revolution tumults in Seville', '22 Feb. les premières hirondelles'); and a note that his rooms were 'hung round with religious oil pictures grossly painted' and another that there were 'about 700 Evangelical Christians in Seville—converts from the Papacy', and certain churches for heretical use. Among papers preserved till his death is a sheet of Italian in his handwriting headed 'Casino mercantile agricola—Sevilla', and dated '3rd'. It was his habit to make rough first drafts of letters if these must be couched in foreign tongues or were of special importance or must be consigned to doubtful hands; and such a draft is this sheet, bearing neither signature nor direction, which replied on the 3rd January, 1873, to an invitation received at Gibraltar from his old landlord of La Cava, Signor Cavaliere, to return for the winter. Doughty declined, saying he must first travel farther afield. But since he did return to Naples within a month of leaving Seville it

¹ *Arabia Deserta*, vol. i, p. 398; vol. ii, p. 522.

may be that invitation changed his earlier plan of wandering for two or three years before revisiting La Cava.

He resumed his diary on the 17th March. Returned now to Cordoba and its Mezquita, he records that 'a night of purgatory in the Diligence for the second time upon the Sierra Morena' had brought him to the leisurely railway and so to Badajoz under a 'wild sombre sunset', and the next day to Lisbon 'with infinite tediousness the train with so long halts at every station not making above 10' per hour'. There he seems to have lived for sixteen days a more conventional life than was to be expected of him, being 'very well lodged in Barnard's Hotel' and introduced by his banker 'to the Gremio an admirable club'.

From Lisbon to Toledo, 'two long nights and a day—a most terrible journey' soured him for that famous town. 'All that is said of the place is greatly exaggerated . . . I spent part of two days with great disgust'. Nor had he recovered enough spirit to care for Madrid ('continued seven days with no less weariness') or to note at the Escorial more than 'a drift of great granite blocks embedded in Sand'. He left Madrid 'full of weakness and with a terrible bronchitis'—he hopes it will be nearly the last of such attacks—and bore hardly the sixteen hours' journey to Valencia—'a poor uncheerful place' to his sick eyes 'as all are in Spain'—and after but one night quitted it for Barcelona.

'All these parts infested by assassin Carlists who disrail and fire upon trains—passed one or two stations barred by them—others shut up. At Tarragona we were compelled to halt: and half the distance from there to Barcelona they occupy the way having fired upon the train the previous evening and threatening the lives of the engine-drivers if they conducted trains.'

The solitary consolation of the journey seems to have been 'glorious Saguntum', of which he gives a pen-sketch. The third day, for lack of railway service, he had to take passage on a little schooner, which, winds being light, did not cover fifty odd miles to Barcelona before the morrow evening. He was now set on leaving Spain, 'having little desire and no cause to delay', and though he thought well of Barcelona—'a good town, the only cheerful that I have seen in Spain . . . tranquil though cut off from the rest of Spain and isolated by the Carlists'—he hastened to board

a coaster for Marseilles. Arrived there he notes 'slept two nights under sky'.

The next entry runs 'Embarked for Naples to go thence to Greece'; and with a recital of his two days' voyage to the Italian port, and a note that he stayed 'ten days in and near Naples, ascended Vesuvius, visited Herculaneum, went to Ischia for 2-3 days' the diary ends, and with it our power of surely following his footsteps during more than three years of further travel. No entry made since Badajoz is dated; but by rough reckoning we may presume him to have landed at Naples about forty days after reaching Lisbon—that is, in the last week of April 1873. If he spent in Italy no more than the fortnight recorded, and proceeded by sea straight to the further destination which he had in mind at Marseilles, he would have reached Athens before mid-May.

He remained in Greece most of the year following his Spanish winter—more precisely nine months, i.e. till, say, February 1874. That is all we know, except that he spent some part of those months 'gipsying',¹ that is no doubt to say, alone afoot, carrying his pack about the hills and villages of the Morea and central Greece. He had been used to footing it, partly from necessity, but more by choice wherever he had been, whether in the Riviera or at La Cava or in Sicily, or in Spain; but for long distances in developed lands he availed himself as a rule of hired transport. In Greece, however, and beyond he was tramp by rule and passenger by rare exception. The result of this summer and autumn wandering among sun-smitten hills and vineyards bred in one who formerly had known little and cared less about things Hellenic, the familiarity and sympathy with them that would find expression afterwards in the fifth book of *The Dawn in Britain* and in *Mansoul*.

Towards the end of this sojourn Doughty (as he told in old age²) was sorely tempted to turn homewards. Had he yielded he would have conformed to the chronological scheme that he had in mind in 1871 when he left La Cava. It looks, therefore, as if his original plan of 'studious travel' had envisaged, among the Mediterranean lands, only Italy, Sicily, Spain, and Greece. If Malta, Tunisia, and Algeria had been included, it was only because he had found no better way

¹ So he told me at Oxford in 1908.

American Review, Dec.-Feb. 1925-6,

² Article by Professor Chew in *North* p. 287 f.

of passing from Sicily to Spain. Reviewing his itineraries and conduct up to the moment of leaving Greece, one is at a loss for any positive evidence to support the theory that has been advanced that Doughty's purpose was methodically to follow our civilization back to its source and explore the 'pit out of which we were digged'.¹ On the contrary, his studies throughout seem to have been those of the library and the closet—work done mainly in his own room upon books carried about with him; such work as he might have done without leaving his country. He did not visit any Germanic land except Holland and he merely crossed France. In Italy his diary shows no sign of his having been at pains to see Roman things; and for all the two years its entries contain far more of geology than of archaeology. The conclusion seems inevitable that up to this date Doughty had wandered from motives of economy and health combined with curiosity to see foreign lands, and was not inspired by purposes deeper or longer than have actuated many another young man of serious tastes and ideals. If so, it is unlikely that when in 1874, turning his back upon the West, he made for the Bible-lands, he was moved by a profounder purpose than to satisfy further that same curiosity and delay his return to uncongenial life, in the harsh climate of England. Probably then he intended to prolong his travels by little more than a year. How greatly a series of events and considerations, wholly unforeseen, were to extend them in time and space will presently appear.²

Till he reaches Palestine no record exists of his fortunes except an allusion (in a letter to D. G. Hogarth of 23rd March, 1910) to a visit to Ephesus, where he found Wood (and his wife) at work on the Temple of Artemis. 'He showed me a design or arch elevation of its first Temple wh. he had limned on a broad sheet of the *Times* newspaper'; and a bare itinerary³ by way of Smyrna, Constantinople, Latakia, Tripoli, Beyrout, Sidon, and Tyre to Acre—i. e. the ordinary coasting route of Levant steamers. After disembarkation he fared forward afoot. The list just quoted goes on to note Carmel, Nazareth,

¹ See the penetrating study of his literary output by Professor Barker Fairley.

² [On the first page of the manuscript of this chapter D. G. Hogarth noted in pencil, 'N.B. Accept plan of retracing British race'. It is probable therefore that he in-

tended to revise and perhaps to modify the conclusions stated in this paragraph, which has been printed as he left it. See letter to R. T. Wright, quoted below, p. 144.]

³ Dictated to Mrs. Doughty by her husband in 1886.

Samaria, and Nablus as halts on a first pilgrimage to Jerusalem: then Bethlehem and Hebron on a short southern excursion: then stations on a long round northwards by Bethel into Galilee and by Banias under Hermon to Damascus. So forward to Baalbek and the Lebanon, whereon, at Khaldun, he made some protracted summer stay, returning afterwards to Jerusalem by way of Jaffa. So the bare record follows his wandering till at some moment in early autumn he passed out of Palestine and by Gaza and el-Arish travelled to Egypt.

Among parenthetic mentions of earlier experience to be found in *Arabia Deserta* few, and those undated, can be referred to this year. Doughty's contact with the 'Christ'¹ of Latakia took place at Damascus and, no doubt, in 1876. If, indeed, at actual Easter-time he met 'Muscovite pilgrims at Jerusalem'² it must have been on his first visit,³ Easter of the old style falling that year on 12th April. As for 'those wild gardens (of rose-laurel) of exceeding beauty where of old stood the town of Caesarea Philippi—but oh the delicious groves of water blossoms which blow by that blissful strand of the lake of Galilee!'⁴—these he must have seen in the late spring of 1874 on his way to Damascus. The visit to the 'Valley of Saints in high Lebanon'⁵ may have been paid in the following summer from Khaldun; but equally well it may belong to his Lebanese *villeggiatura* of 1876. A memory of the overland journey towards Egypt recurred to him when writing about the Arabian Howeitat—that he had seen Bedouins of that tribe near Gaza, 'earing the desert sand with a sharpened stake, shod with iron and one plough-camel draught'. Yet another memory—but it cannot be fixed to a particular occasion—is that when he 'wandered in Palestine' he 'came to a place where the Moslems show a sepulchre of the prophet Jonas' and was denied entrance to the tomb by 'the respectable blind sire who kept the chapel'. This place is on the Phoenician coast between Beyrout and Sidon and Doughty may have passed it either on his walk (if walk it were) down that coast, or on an earlier excursion from Khaldun. The blind sire was probably that same 'crooked

¹ *Arabia Deserta*, vol. i, p. 171.

² *Ibid.*, vol. i, p. 59.

³ He told the Emir of Hayil that he had been 'twice or thrice in the pilgrimage to

the Holy City (Jerusalem)'. *Ibid.*, vol. ii, p. 12.

⁴ *Ibid.*, vol. i, p. 439.

⁵ *Ibid.*, vol. ii, pp. 384 ff.

club-footed anatomy' whom W. M. Thomson had found there a few years before.¹ The closeness of Doughty's observation, as well as the retentiveness of his memory, is illustrated by a last reminiscence written more than thirty years later:²

'As for the now dry "well-pits" which are so common in Palestine and the ruined country beyond Jordan, they are mostly, as far as I can remember barrel-shaped and their mouths finished with a ring of material, flush with the surface of the ground. They are lined with mortar-rubble. A few inhabited places, I have seen which still have their caps each one of a flat stone. But those they told me were granaries; wherein they stored their corn. They had to be left open for some hours, when a man should descend, "on account of the great heat in them". My impression is, those were deeper than the common pits; and I am not sure that they were not modern.'

How much Doughty saw of Egypt cannot be ascertained. Perhaps nothing south of Cairo, or, at farthest, of Memphis; but he may have gone down to Alexandria.³ His first visit to Egypt was made in 1874, and he mentions⁴ an experience upon the track from Suez to the Greek Convent as belonging to that year. If that experience occurred at the opening of his continuous wanderings in Sinai, his stay in Egypt must have been of the briefest. But his own estimate of the duration of his Sinaitic travels (three months)⁵ raises a difficulty in dating their opening so early; for it was not before mid-May 1875 that he reached Maan (see later) without, apparently, having lingered anywhere after emerging from Sinai to Akaba. The only intermediate date that he gives is March, when he was at Tor in the Gulf of Suez.⁶ It appears, therefore, that the journey before the end of 1874, to the Greek convent, was a preliminary and separate excursion which was followed by a further sojourn in Egypt;⁷ and that the three months in Sinai did not begin till, say, February 1875. At the same time it must be said that since the brief description of Egypt, contained in his last poem, *Mansoul*,⁸ does not read as does that of Arabia like

¹ *The Land and the Book*, p. 68

² To S. C. Cockerell, 26th March, 1909.

³ If the incident that he mentions in *Arabia Deserta*, vol. ii, p. 253, as having occurred three years before his first appearance in Hayil (Nov.-Dec. 1877), did not belong to the visit, certainly made in the autumn of 1875, when he was travelling by

sea from Trieste to Beyrout.

⁴ *Ibid.*, vol. i, p. 386.

⁵ *Supra*, p. 9.

⁶ *Arabia Deserta*, vol. i, p. 534.

⁷ This explanation accords with Mrs. Doughty's memory of what her husband had told her.

⁸ 1st edition, p. 87.

visualized memory, it may be that he paid the Nile land no more than a flying visit.

Not only are his Sinaitic wanderings referred to in *Arabia Deserta*, but also Doughty was induced by a friend, whom he would meet at Vienna later in the year, to compile a report, which, translated into German, is extant.¹ But unfortunately this is not only very brief, but strictly confined to geological and archaeological observations stated without dates or itineraries, and almost without indication of locality; for it does no more than show its author at Tor (as we know already) searching the sea cliffs for fossils, to be found (he says) nowhere else in Sinai, and watching flights of birds going across to Arabia; and investigating (no doubt from Sherm) the upheaved reefs at the apex of the peninsula. As for references in *Arabia Deserta*, they are unusually numerous because Doughty took the Sinaitic Peninsula for a miniature 'compendium of Arabia',² and was often reminded during his subsequent travels of its plants, its insects, and its Arabs. But in all his allusions to that 'horrid maze of forlorn, droughty channels' he mentions besides Tor and the Convent road (as already has been cited), but one precise locality, namely, when he compares the Batn el-Ghrul (on the Haj road) with 'wasting sandstone mountains about Sherm'.³ All else noted as seen or done in Sinai is unplaced—those 'strait valleys encumbered with fallen quarters of rocks' where four camels could not pace abreast nor 'the caravan of Moses and convoy of Israel' have passed with a tithe of the numbers claimed: that particular valley where Doughty saw a hyena's slot: the Bedouins who hang a skin from their necks 'which they shift round their body as the wind blows': the 'stone cottages which they call Nazarene houses': the new cloak hanging on a thorn which none would steal; those namûs or 'gnat's houses'; those Arabs who were 'so precious that if a woman meet an uncle's son in the desert, he and she standing off from each other at arm's length with solemn countenance, they do but touch together the tips of their fingers'—all these places, people, and things may have been in any part of the 'horrid labyrinth'. Doughty appears not to have fared afoot on those Sinai-

¹ *Mitth. der Kais. und Kön. Geogr. Gesellschaft in Wien*, xix. Band (der neuen Folge ix), 1876, pp. 268-72, Die Sinai-Halbinsel, von Ch. M. Doughty Md. Art.

(translated by Freiherr J. von Dobihoff).

² *Arabia Deserta*, vol. ii, p. 422.

³ *Ibid.*, vol. i, p. 51.

tic 'nutmeg graters and sandpaper' but to have hired a camel and a man and kept them throughout.¹

'What horror of bergs aloft
Inhuman silent solitude of sharp dust;
Wind-burnished stones and rocks.'

So forty years on he wrote of the peninsula.² 'Gladly we it forsake', he says, 'and farther pass.'³ Geology, more than any other interest, as the Vienna report shows, had sustained him; and hardly could it have been otherwise. Whoso knows anything of that science and goes to Sinai, will be fascinated by its rocks; for nowhere, outside, perhaps, the moon, does the skeleton of the world bleach so naked and revealed.

He passed out at last in early May to Akaba and doubtless made but a brief halt in that poor settlement before setting his face towards Petra. The ride into Edom is described in one of the longest digressions of his Arabian narrative.⁴ He took the usual Maan track up Wady Ithm, having an Egyptian with him, besides the Bedouin cameleer; and by riding all night the party reached Guweira at day-break on the morrow, to find the Jazi section of the Howeitat tribe encamped—a 'strange thick-faced cob-nosed cobblers' brotherhood'. They made the small party welcome, killed a sheep and detained them till evening not unwilling, 'for we felt the spring mid-day here very hot'. After two dark hours a second halt was made at the tents of another sub-tribe of the same section, among whom 'there seemed much nakedness and little welfare'. The onward track, followed throughout the night, brought the three at new day to the crowning height of Jebel Shera; and as he had gazed yesterday over the Hisma into Arabia, so now Doughty looked across Maan into the Ard es-Suwan, the Land of Flints. 'A light breath was in the wilderness . . . the Syrian lark rose up with flickering wings from this desolate soil, singing before the sun.' All that day for fear of raiders the party lay hidden and did not remove before the twilight. Maan lay all silent, and the three, 'too feverish with fatigue to sleep soon', spread their carpets on clay benches in the *sûk*.

All weary though he was, Doughty was eager for Petra, beyond which he seems to have made no plan, 'I had then no other intention

¹ *Arabia Deserta*, vol. i, pp. 280, 285.

³ *Ibid.*

² *Mansoul*, 2nd edition, p. 86.

⁴ *Arabia Deserta*, vol. i, pp. 45-7.

than to see Petra, I could speak very little Arabic . . . not having before studied the history of those countries'.¹ He did not tarry therefore long in Maan, and soon was riding again (on a mule this time and 'wearing a red cap from the part of the Dowla', i.e. an Ottoman *tarbush*) over the moorland towards Shobek. He fell in by the way with more of those Howeitât whose 'rude-limbed peasant bodies' he would meet again in Arabia and guess to be of ancient Nabathean stock. He looked 'down into the hazy deep of the sunken Dead Sea land', was feasted at a summer camp of the Shobek folk, and lay the night in a Bedouin's tent; but on the morrow got no farther than Wady Musa, where 'churls of a fresh behaviour' held him up rather from freakishness than from hostility, for they entertained him well and next day at noon told off four to guard him to 'that wild abysmal place which is Petra'. The night was passed 'under a little hewn cistern Ayn Musa'. The guards departed and Doughty, falling into worse hands, had to pay to see the Sîk and the Khasna and the chief wonders; but, avoiding his extortioners' village, Elji, he climbed at evening out of the valley to be received hospitably enough in a sheykh's tent at Merbrak. On the morrow he went again to Petra, accompanied this time by an Elji man who after sunset led the way towards his own village; but meeting such an outcry on himself for bringing a Nasrâny thither, he durst not stay, 'but drove quickly up on the cold mountain side' and so through the darkness to the tents again.

Doughty would write his last word of Petra, as of Sinai, in the second edition of *Mansoul*:²

then under Midian's Cliffs,
Behold a Valley of Tombs, hewn in sand-rock.
Were those the eternal sumptuous sepulchres;
Of old forgotten tradeful merchant-wights;
That gold and frank-incense fetched, from far South parts:
Dwellers themselves, in villages of clay walls;
Which sliding Time now utterly hath dissolved.
Those their eternal mansions, stand defaced,
In ruinous ranks, in remote solitude;
Where passeth none any more of his free-choice.

¹ Letter to A. Sprenger, 10th November, 1879.

² *Mansoul*, 2nd edition, p. 85 f.

Their rotten carcasses, lóng ago have poured out;
 Seekers of treasures. Wild men of the waste;
 Their cere-cloths rent, with laughter, on blown sand.
 Loathe foul hyenas, which there lope by night;
 Their strewed now pithless bones, and them defile.

By the following afternoon he was once more in Maan. He had returned with a new interest and a fresh plan. Lying in Wady Musa on the second night of the excursion he had caught talk among his insistent hosts of a place on the Pilgrim Road called Medain Salih, where were rock monuments. On the following day some peasant at Petra who, having noticed his arrival from the south,¹ assumed that he must have seen what was on the Pilgrim Road, asked him if, indeed, the carved rocks at Medain Salih were not more wonderful than at Petra, and if they bore inscriptions and sculptures of birds. The idea of being first to see and record such wonders seems to have taken instant hold of Doughty's imagination; and when, once more at Maan, he heard in a coffee-house further talk of Medain Salih, and the Koranic legends of neighbouring Hejr, the idea became fixed in his mind. He was told that the place was but ten marches distant; and, since it lay on the hither side of sacred territory, a Nasrâny might be suffered to go so far with the Pilgrim Caravan, and, while awaiting its return, might see all the seven petrified cities of the accursed Beni Thamud. The cost of the journey, however, would strain his resources; he bethought him of his life-membership of the British Association, and then and there sent off a letter to its Council asking help not only for this project, but also for a geological exploration of Edom and Moab and especially of Wady Araba and the Dead Sea basin.² The Council's reply might easily be received in time for arrangements to be made to join the Haj in November.

In order to learn what he could about the Pilgrim Caravan and also on the off chance of finding some earlier convoy down the road, he lingered on at Maan, doing what he could to dispose favourably those who might help or hinder. But he won little encouragement, and the Governor, finding him deaf to warnings of danger, expressly

¹ *Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society*, 1884, pp. 382 ff.

² The letter of application is lost: but its existence and tenor are attested by a later reference of Doughty's and by the

extant report upon it rendered by Major (later Sir) C. W. Wilson to the British Association's meeting at Bristol. See below, p. 33.

forbade 'any in the obedience of the Dowla' to further or convey him down the Pilgrim Road.¹ Doughty passed some of his time agreeably enough in wandering about the flinty desert, where he found in the torrent-bed neoliths chipped to an edge; but more of it disagreeably in listening to 'hourly squabbling, as it were rats in a tub . . . with loud wrangling over every trifle as of fiends in the end of the world. It is a proverb here that a man will slay the son of his Mother for an old shoe-leather'.² More than one reference in his Arabian narrative recalls this sojourn—references for example to a Dervish whom he met in Maan and to the skin and horns of an oryx³ that he saw there (he was almost the first, if not the very first European to set eyes on the Arabian variety).

Twenty days had now passed since he first came to Maan. Evidently nothing was to be hoped there: he must go to Damascus and lay his case before a superior tribunal. He made his way first to Kerak, having with him, it seems, one camel and a Bedouin and also for the first part of the journey 'the captain of the Haj road at Maan' and a score of peasant soldiers, on their way to Nablus, of whom he could persuade but one to strike westwards with him from the beaten track at Kellat Anaze and visit the large ruins of Jardania. Here he fell in with truculent Bedouins who, following him back to the main road, arrogantly bade his Haj captain conduct no more a Nasrâny thither. That night he lodged under the hollow banks of the *seyl* of Darf el-Darwish, and next day, the soldiery having continued on their way, was 'nobly entertained' in Wady el-Hesy by a hearty old sheykh of Shobek Arabs. It was now June;⁴ the pools were full and thick grass stood 'nearly a yard high'. He had come within the territory of Kerak and seems to have gone on at once to that 'small rude town'⁵ which 'is so populous in the eyes of the dispersed Nomads that they call it *el-Medina*, The City', and to have visited either on the way or from Kerak a number of ancient sites including that of Diban where the Moabite stone had been unearthed. The story of the bloodshed that followed that fatal find he was to hear presently in Damascus from the lips of Mohammed Said Pasha, Governor of Trans-Jordan and leader of the Haj, who thought his

¹ *Arabia Deserta*, vol. i, p. 32.

² *Ibid.*, vol. i, p. 34.

³ He brought this horn home and exhibited it to the Royal Geographical

Society on 16th November, 1884.

⁴ *Arabia Deserta*, vol. i, p. 27

⁵ *Ibid.*, vol. i, p. 23.

tale would discourage his caller's desire to go down to Medain Salih.

Passing on up the Belka, he was entertained on the Arnon 'in the eternity of the poor nomad tents, with a kind hospitality'¹ and saw Lejun and Hesban and Ammon and es-Salt. While it was still June he was fording the Zerka through tepid water to his girdle; and somewhere south of this, sick and hungry, he was abandoned one day by a Sokhr tribesman whose camel he had been riding, and conducted by friendly Arabs to the tent of the great sheykh Faiz, then camping near Mshetta. This man, unlike a great chief, asked a ransom of his guest,² but was put out of countenance, as Doughty so often would disconcert those who thought to play him an ill trick.

He passed on to Gerasa through Gilead, 'a land of noble aspect in these bald countries . . . full of the balm-smelling pines and the tree-laurel sounding with the sobbing sweetness and the amorous wings of doves'; but a land too of few inhabitants and these 'uncivil and brutish'.³ How much longer he took to reach Damascus we know not. He said of himself that he 'months long wandered through this country beyond Jordan and the Dead Sea'.⁴ Certainly he went on into Bashan to visit its ruined cities, and perhaps he stayed out through July, thus, with inclusion of his stay at Maan, justifying his phrase. In any case he must have been in Damascus by some early date in August; for, before the end of the second week of the month following he had accomplished a journey to Constantinople and thence to Vienna, travelling by no means expeditiously.

He remained in Damascus long enough to be convinced by interviews with the Vali, with Mohammed Said Pasha and with the British consul, Mr. Jago, that until and unless some still higher power should intervene, none of them would forward him on his way to Arabia. No reply came to hand from the British Association,⁵ and the Haj was due to start in little more than two months. Uneasy and impatient he resolved to approach another possible helper, the Royal

¹ *Arabia Deserta*, vol. i, p. 20.

² *Ibid.*, vol. i, p. 16.

³ *Ibid.*, vol. i, p. 17.

⁴ *Ibid.*, vol. i, p. 11.

⁵ The fact was that his letter had been duly received but not yet considered. It was (and is) the Association's practice to give grants only at its annual meeting,

which in this year would take place in the last week of August at Bristol. When the time came, Doughty's application was referred to Major C. W. Wilson of the Palestine Survey for advice, and on his report it was not entertained. But no official reply seems ever to have reached Doughty (see below, p. 33).

Geographical Society, but feared that the dispatch of his application from Damascus might entail too long delays: at the same time without better assurance of eventual compensation, he refused to incur the cost of a journey home. In this dilemma a middle course suggested itself—to go only as far as Vienna, write thence to London, await reply, and if this held out good hopes, then go home to press his suit. He went down to Beyrout at once, took ship to Constantinople, and thence travelled to Vienna by ways described in the only letter to his brother which has been preserved:

MY DEAR HENRY, *Hotel Wandl, Vienna, 13 Sept. [1875]*

When I left Conple my direct route had been by the valley of Danube and by several peices of railway and steamboats and I had been able to come here in four or five days. I was a week and a half at Conple. I chose rather to come by land through the interior of Turkey. I have had a long curiosity to understand something of that country and its inhabitants to have an *idée nette* of the many small nationalities and I came the first evening to Adrianople and was one day there at the confluence of three rivers where the Greeks have it Orestes purged the slaughter of his mother and latest capital of the Ottomans in Europe some time before they took Conple. I saw their old famous palace in ruins. From Adrianople I came one day more by railway into Bulgaria where the line ends and now I had to go by the country post carts without springs which yet drawn by two little shapeless horses keep a round pace that I have made 80 miles in a day. There is a good new and wide road made all through the country. This was the ancient Thrace. The bridges only were bad and often broken through in more than one or two places, but it was rough work I thought of the old *carrioles* sometimes I thought I should have vomitted my heart as we dashed at some terrible stone. I stayed at the towns to recover a little. The aspect of the country is wholly European it is green and northern. The houses are built *a la franca* with pitched roofs and chimneys the populations mostly Christian. Then I left Turkey crossing a barrier of pales which is the Serbian frontier. The Serbians are all hot to fight with the Turks. At the first town I was likely to have been arrested for a spy because I walked a little by myself into the country. Travelling and resting I came in other five days to Belgrade the cold Germanic little Serbian

capital seated upon a hill at the confluence of a large river (the Save) with the Danube. The Serbians and Bulgars are Slavonic peoples.

1½ millions and 5 million all together.

The Bulgars with so large numbers are still subject to a handful of degenerate Turks. They and the Serbians are all one—proud boors of the first water—I never saw such ruffian churls in my life. The disorderly Turkey domination is very hard in Bulgaria. I saw all their tithes of corn rotting in the fields—the barbarous paschas will have money and the poor wretches have none to give and offer them in kind as usual. If they had any vertue they would revolt and do quite away with the Turks. Turkey south of Adrianople and the Bulgarians is a wilderness, an hundred miles of good land uncultivated. The Bulgarians are a people of cultivators; but they have not dared hitherto to descend to occupy the land afraid of the ferocity of the old Turks.

I saw some warlike signs in the towns and along the route. The Turkish Reserve was being levied. I saw the poor men all Mussulman downcast and anxious taken from their homes and vocations to go to fight the still more cruel and barbarous and fanatic insurgents in Herzegov[ina]. The Serbians also were trumpeting and pitching tents and making some shew of arms. At Belgrade I took the steamer and came to Pesth a two days navigation—the Danube is large and turbid the banks low and monotonous everywhere covered with forests and with villages and towns.

I made a pleasant acquaintance of a Pesth Doctor who had been in the Turkish service and I was there more than two whole days. Pesth is 300,000 inhab. a beautiful city capital of Hungary (13 millions) I think handsomer than Vienna. The most part is new built in the handsomest 'palatial' style which although bastard has an imposing a clean and comfortable look the streets marvellously wide with tramways laid often in asphalt watered with the hose and with as good air and clean as a village. Buda 50,000 is on that side of the Danube and Pesth on this other: the site is admirable works of public utility wonderfully developed. I was surprised and astonished and pleased at such a new and advanced world.

Finally I came the 20th day to Vienna the day of your late festivities¹

¹ A garden party and a ball at Theberton; at which the 'old Picture Gallery' was used for supper.

—the afternoon was advanced but I had time to run to the P. Office where I found your kind letter. I calculated the hour an hundred times to think what you ought to be then doing. How could you have got on in the old Pict. Gallery with a floor of earth and mortar! Finally I am settled here my limbs ache I am so weary and my head also here address and when you have a photogr. to send it. I enjoyed your kind letter: this is *epistola tumultuaria*. I can write no more and this is more than enow. Your affect. Brother,
C. M. D.

By the same mail went also the following to the Royal Geographical Society:

SIR, *Hotel Wandl, Vienna, 13 Sept. 1875.*

I have lately returned from a long and difficult journey through the Peninsula of Sinai Mount Seir Moab and so upwards to Damascus, which I have made alone and without resources and with great fatigue.

For the results of this journey

1. I have discovered I believe the late physical history of the Sinaitic peninsula that it is a country newly raised from the sea.

2. That Mount Seir is a large country formerly much inhabited and cultivated containing more than three hundred ruined cities and villages.

3. I have found at Maan in Seir 4 hrs. E. of Petra several good specimens of flint instruments from the gravel.

I have made many other observations too long to enumerate. Above all I have obtained notice of rock cities in Arabia which resemble Petra but that the hewn chambers are spoken of as larger and there is over every doorway an inscription and the figure of a bird a falcon or eagle with his wings outspread. Of these cities there seem to be some fifteen or sixteen as I understand from the Arabs, all in one region and not far from the route of Pilgrims their position is the half distance exactly between Maan and Medineh. I was at Maan (military station) twenty days intending to go there, but the officer in command forbid any under his orders to accompany me to supply camels etc.

I must await he said the Caravan of pilgrims when all is made sure. The name of the cities with the Bedewins is Hedger, *stone*y, the

pilgrims call them Sahlih which resembles Selah stone the biblical name also of Petra and they are great corrupters of old names, as Neapolis Náblûs . . . here are the traces of an unknown people of inscriptions unknown. Of what interest they are I think it is manifest.

I wish to go down shortly with the pilgrims they are jealous of that country where they say no Frank has set foot. I have trusted to the R. Geogr. Society to obtain the firman necessary. It must be from the Sultan himself on account of the difficulties that may be put in my way, to the Waly or chief Pasha of Syria or to the Pascha at Damascus who conducts the Caravan. I have trusted to the generous Geographical Socy. and I hope I have merited their consideration. Formerly 1864 I borrowed from the Socy. at the instance of Sir Rod. Murchison President a theodolite with which I measured the daily motions of several Norwegian glaciers at which time I made other observations of interest to geologists that Sir Chas. Lyell then preparing the last ed. of his Principles spontaneously visited me to make a number of enquiries and used my assistance largely in that part of his labours. The cost of the expedition is too much for a man of slender income. I have hitherto lived as traveller with the Arabs at a small expenditure but the results are less always than they might have been with sufficient means, added fatigues which might have been spared in that penetrating climate a country now ravaged by cholera. I had written to the Brit. Assoc. of which I am Life Member to ask for a grant of £100 referring to the Consul at Jerusalem the Hon. Secy. of the Palestine Explor. Fund there.

Not having the address of the Council my communication may have gone wide and I have not heard from them. Since I have heard from Dr. Hochstetter that the R. Geog. Soc. are in the habit of making grants to travellers and he was so good as to write to you for me in this behalf. If the Socy. will make such a grant upon my word I think it will not be ill employed. I have given how many years disinterestedly to the service of science!

Central Africa has been explored and not Arabistan and not Mt. Seir for the danger and difficulty of the way and the natural malice of Arabs. My desire is to return immediately to go with the pilgrims to the discovery of those unknown cities and inscriptions. To explore Mt. Seir to reexamine geologically the great valley of Arabah

and the Ghor or basin of the Dead Sea where there are ruins which I understand of the Arabs; where they have 'Zdum' or Sodom, an Aard-el-Lhut Lot's land etc.

In the firman should perhaps be expressed only the privilege to visit the Arabian rock cities their name is Medijn Sahleh upon the pilgrims' route about 11 days below Maan 21 days below Damascus; by the Caravan of Pilgrims now soon to set off.

The time is short, I have travelled to Vienna as the nearest Capital in Europe where I might give an account of these expeditions to the scientific Societies. London on account of the burthensome expense of the long journey I thought too far for me. In the event of the Society's wish to see me and they would be so liberal as to afford the necessary viaticum I would be happy to come.

The firman if I have obtained the Sympathy of the Society ought to be applied for speedily. It were best perhaps (if such is the procedure) to telegraph through the Foreign Office to the Embassy at Constantinople. The formalities only occupy three weeks.

I am Sir, hoping at some future time I may have the pleasure to know you, your obedt. Servant, CHARLES M. DOUGHTY

M.A. Cambridge (of Theberton Hall, Suffolk).

Major General Sir Henry Rawlinson K.C.B. President of the Royal Geogr. Society.

(An account of the results of my late journey Dr. Hochstetter will present for me to the Geogr. Section of the German Naturalists Meeting at Gratz.)

The writer of this letter was unaware that, the Society not being in session between June and November, his application would not come before the Council for some months; and it was some time before he learned that his stay in Vienna would not help him to join that year's Pilgrimage. But it served other less important purposes. He wrote the report on Sinai, already mentioned, and he made acquaintances in the learned world—Dr. Hochstetter, for example, and the Orientalist, Alfred von Kremer. The latter wrote down for him the name of a Semitic stranger who, with a fellow Arab, was then to be seen at Vienna wearing a 'red cap in the public places'.¹ The pair had visited von Kremer, who said that one was 'a litterate

¹ *Arabia Deserta*, vol. ii, p. 419.

Moslem, a school-teacher (a vaunter of his noble lineage who has sometimes made profession of Christianity) in Jerusalem, who had some smattering of European languages; and another day I might meet with him there'. Doughty did not, however, eventually meet this man anywhere; but he would meet in, of all places, a garden of refuge near Aneyza, his brother, Salih, and constrain him, after brief enjoyment of the reputation of a far-travelled man, to confess 'with inept smiles, as if he had been beat' to impersonation of his brother, Aly.

How soon Doughty learned that it was vain to wait at Vienna is not known.¹ In any case he was back at Damascus before the end of the year, having travelled by way of Trieste and Alexandria. The Pilgrimage had gone south long ago; and he was not long in learning that he had nothing to hope for the next year from the Royal Geographical Society. What was to be done? He held on obstinately to his hopes of Medain Salih; but his purse was lighter than ever and if he must wait ten months and then pay his way down the Pilgrim Road and back again, he foresaw himself after a year stranded in Damascus without resources or prospects. Suppose, however, that he were not to return to Damascus but stay on in Arabia? Life would cost next to nothing there, and he might even make money by doctoring.

Merely to ride (if ride he were allowed) to Medain Salih and back after waiting for twelve months more were beyond his present resources. But if, arrived thither, he could contrive afterwards to live for some long period with hospitable Arabs—then he might afford to

¹ The application was not considered till 15th November. It came forward then as a letter from Mr. C. M. Doughty 'giving some particulars of a journey through the Peninsula of Sinai etc. and asking the Royal Geographical Society to obtain a firman from the Sultan and make him a grant of money to enable him to explore Mt. Seir and the valley of Arabah etc.' Major Wilson's report, originally made for the British Association, had been passed on to the Royal Geographical Society, and was before the Council. It ran thus (the original is preserved in the Society's archives):

Bristol. August 27th. 1875.

The country which Mr. Doughty pro-

poses to examine will be regularly surveyed by the English and American Exploration Funds during the course of the next two years. As regards the Geology of the Dead Sea and Arabah, it has already been examined by G. Larteb who has published some account of it, and his complete work is now being struck off in Paris. C. W. WILSON.

The Secretary's minute of the proceedings runs: 'Major Wilson's remarks on Mr. Doughty's application were read and the request was ordered to be civilly declined.'

go at his own cost. More than half a year's experience of Bedouins persuaded him that he could bear their life; but he must have more than a smattering of their tongue. To better his Arabic he settled down in Damascus, and, clothed as an Arab Christian of the town,¹ engaged for his teacher one Abdu Kahil,² a Christian, whom he informed that he was expecting after some months to go down into Arabia and stay there three years: afterwards he intended to go on to India, and finally would take up residence in Italy and after ten years revisit Damascus.

He hired an upper chamber of a Lebanese Christian, Mikhail Zarzur, who lived in the by-way, el-Assia, near the Greek Orthodox Cathedral. Avoiding those who spoke European tongues (exception made of the British Consulate and the Ottoman Bank), he worked throughout the day except for an hour or two in early afternoon, which he devoted to walking abroad, holding, says his teacher, that bodily exercise at that hour was of greater benefit than it can be at dawn and dusk as is the Oriental use. To his tutor he resorted for one hour each noon, and used to sit, with watch on the table before him, so as to waste no minute, studiously inquiring the derivations and original meanings of words. Under this régime, maintained for eight months, his teacher says that Doughty picked up conversational Arabic faster than any of the European pupils whom previously he had instructed.³ But Doughty himself always deprecated any idea that he ever really learned Arabic; 'I could never speak their difficult language without solecisms'.⁴ Till he became fairly fluent in the local speech he received few visitors and made fewer friends; among the latter was one Dib-el-Haji Nicolas, a Christian bookseller

¹ See *Arabia Deserta*, vol. i, p. 51: 'He [the Haj Pasha] had seen me in Arabic clothing at Damascus'.

² This gentleman, who is still alive at Beyrout, has written to me that so Doughty spoke when first he presented himself for a lesson; and I find the teacher's memory of his pupil so good and clear that I have no hesitation in accepting his witness. I heard of Mr. Kahil being alive through the kindness of Mr. C. R. Lias of Damascus, and the recollections were obtained for me in Beyrout through the good offices of Mr. Satow, H.B.M. Consul-General,

and of the Rev. Mufid Abd-ul-Karim, Pastor of the Evangelical church, who wrote to me on 8th March, 1927.

³ e.g. Dr. Wright, missionary and rescuer of the Hamah Hittite stones; or Capt. Conder, the explorer of Heth and Moab. Doughty records, however, in *Arabia Deserta*, many criticisms passed on his Arabic: he never prided himself on either vernacular or literary knowledge of the language.

⁴ Letter to A. Sprenger, 26th March, 1880.

and brother-in-law of his host. Later on he consorted more and more with Moslems and came to know great men like 'the noble Algerian prince, Abdul Kadir'. In *Arabia Deserta* several parenthetic allusions to life in Damascus enable us to picture him walking in the open square or in 'the cathedral mosque' or through 'the wishing groves' along the Barada, and meeting with one acquaintance or another. Thus he came to speak with a man of Kasim, who offered to take him not only to Medain Salih, but even to Medina and Mecca.¹

He became known under the name of Khalil, which he caused to be engraved upon a seal, for use in Arabia. Used by all denominations which have Abraham to their father, whether in the flesh or in the spirit, and, therefore, not commonly given to Moslem children, this name was regarded by Doughty as a literal (i.e. consonantal) equivalent of his own praenomen in that Italian form under which he loved to hear it;² and he took ill a friend's question why he had not engraved Hasan, or some other distinctive Moslem name. He answered that he would not lie or feign to be a Believer.

The summer of 1876 approaching, he arranged with relatives of his book-selling friend, Dib, for lodgement during the hot months at Bakrina, near Zebedani in anti-Lebanon; where he set himself to anticipate the hardships of desert travel, by eschewing regular hours for food and sleep, and living on hard bread, raisins, and dates. To this *villeggiatura* belongs, doubtless, his tale of bear-hunting at Helbon 'whose wine is mentioned in Ezekiel, in the traffic of Damascus'.³

When he returned to the city pilgrims were beginning already to gather for the Haj. It would start this time twelve days earlier than the year before; and Doughty, resolved, if any way it were possible, not again to be left behind, passed 'troubled days of endeavour'. He solicited the Vali, but the Vali put the question to the British Consul, who replied 'his was no charge in such matter: he had as much regard for me, would I take such dangerous ways, as of his old hat'. This Mr. Jago, exclaims Doughty, 'was a man that in time past had proffered to show me a good turn in my travels!' He seems, however, to have made enough impression upon his former acquaintance,

¹ *Arabia Deserta*, vol. ii, p. 93.

² Professor D. S. Margoliouth in a letter written to me has confirmed this explanation,

saying that he had it in conversation from Doughty himself.

³ *Arabia Deserta*, vol. ii, p. 152.

Mohammed Said who was to lead the Haj ('he took me for a well affected man who did nothing covertly'), for that Pasha to suggest that he might, if he would, go down to Medain Salih with the Jurdeh, i.e. the military column, which leaves Damascus two months later and rides fast to anticipate the reappearance of the returning Hajjis at Medain Salih and replenish their guards and their stores. But it remains there only some three days, and Doughty knew that these would not suffice for his work and repay his fatigues. The Moorish Kellaji, or Keeper of the fort at Medain Salih, whom he met here, had promised to receive him, should he ever come: but this Mohammed Aly el-Mahjub was too small a man to further a Nasrâny down the road. Some friends tried to dissuade him altogether; others advised him just to hire a beast, join the caravan, and trust to luck, and the Ottoman habit of accepting the accomplished fact. The day of departure came and went, with nothing arranged; the Pasha himself rode on. But at the very last moment appeared a 'poor rich' Persian *mukowwem*, offering to mount and convey the 'Frenjy' to Medain Salih by masking him among Persian Hajjis who would catch up the Caravan by two forced marches and remain unobtrusively in its rearguard. Khalil's Moslem friends said, Go; the Pasha cannot, for a man's religion, force any man out of the Caravan short of the border of el-Haram—the sacred territory. A price—1,000 piastres, i.e. £10—was agreed quickly; and in the afternoon of Thursday 10th November, 1876, a small gathering bade farewell to one 'clothed as a Syrian of simple fortune', and equipped with a store of Caravan biscuit, who rode a mule out by the southern gate. Doughty had taken the best, because the one and only, way that offered the least chance of attaining his end. It had been idle from first to last to expect any one else to shoulder the responsibility of forcing a solitary British Christian on the Haj. Had the Council of the Royal Geographical Society listened to his suit and applied to the Foreign Office, it would not only have courted inevitable rebuff, but have ensured Mr. Jago's receiving an imperative dispatch enjoining him to frustrate the project; Doughty would then have been marked at Damascus by night and day, and every exit would have been politely but persistently barred till the Haj was long lost to sight. Those friends knew best who told him to entreat no one any more, but just to go his way and try the luck of the bold.

THE FIRST ARABIAN YEAR DAMASCUS TO HAYIL

KHALIL' (FOR SO IN ARABIA HE SHOULD BE called) rode after the Haj with one serious fear—that he be turned back. It disturbed him but did not deter that no one either of his own countrymen or of aliens had accepted responsibility for him or had engaged to give him any help. 'I carried but the good word of one man, Von Kremer, into Arabia', he said afterwards.¹ In a word he was absolutely alone, thrown on his own sole resources in a most uncertain adventure. He did not propose or expect to pass for another than indeed he was—a Nasrâny 'Engelys'; but he hoped to be remarked by few, and these not of the Ottoman Dowla. Contempt and contumely would be his daily fare, but he had schooled himself to return gentleness and an inexhaustible forbearance. Violence was not likely to be offered him so long as he rode in a crowd. As for hardships of the road, he was no novice in caravaning, but one who, during more than half a year's travel in Sinai and the trans-Jordan lands, had fared harder than men usually fared with the pilgrims. If and when he had to part from them he was prepared to trust the hospitality of Bedouins, of whom he felt that in the previous year he had 'pretty near got the length of the bow'.

In expectation of some sojourn among nomads, beyond Medain Salih and its monuments, he was carrying a supply of the few simple drugs which in Arabian deserts and oases would qualify him for consideration as a *hakim*; and his medical outfit together with everything else, except a 'little travelling tent' carried with the Persian loads, that he had provided for an absence of, perhaps, years, rode under him, stuffed into a pair of camel-bags. Ludicrously slender under the circumstances for a European, his baggage would, none the less, appear of surprising bulk to Bedouins: it was often condemned as too heavy for their weak cattle to bear, the weight being due chiefly to books, some of which—but not two scientific German works on Arabia, nor the Canterbury Tales from a black-letter Chaucer of

¹ Letter to A. Sprenger, 14th April, 1880.

1687¹—he was driven, at long last, to jettison. Further, among articles of personal wear, were concealed a cavalry carbine, a revolver, and a few instruments—an aneroid barometer, a thermometer, and a pocket sextant. On his person he carried a slender sum in Turkish gold, and two small note-books, one for a diary, the other for casual jottings.²

His health which, for some time past, had been better than of old, he expected to improve further by resuming the manner of life which thus far had suited it; and the weather 'fair, bright, and warm' promised well. Abstinence and solitude were not things he dreaded: they had been for years indispensable conditions of his life. He had been seen off by a 'gallery of Christians', but rode now with only one fellow, the Persian *mukkowwem*. He had read his aneroid at starting, and in his diary-book would record the reading both that night and almost every other night of his pilgrimage: also he began as he would go on by noting the nature of the geological formation over which he fared. One other memorandum appears before the 'low unsavoury dunghill dump camping place' of Kesmih—'To be circumspect'. His memory, though not his diary, records that the very next day circumspection was proved necessary; for at every halt for water some one detected a Nasrâny. But in eighteen long hours he came through untouched to the great camp of the Haj at Mzerib, where was rest for yet another day, on which he began his doctoring. On the morrow, Sunday 13th November, at 10 o'clock of the morning, the great Caravan, some 6,000 souls with twice that tale of beasts, took the nine days' road for Maan and the adventure had begun in earnest.

¹ Given by Mrs. Doughty to S. C. Cockerell. See letter from C. M. Doughty to him, 31st March, 1922: 'I have a folio Chaucer in black-letter and carried several leaves with me through Arabia. I have not the title page; to judge by the paper it is not ancient but perhaps a 17th century.' The title-page has since been found.

² It is from the diaries and note-books now in the Fitzwilliam Museum rather than from Doughty's amplification of them in *Arabia Deserta* that this chapter and the next have been written. There are all told three larger note-books which served for diaries, and ten small books of some thirty-five leaves apiece, carried one

at a time on the traveller's person and used for casual notes (e.g. Arabic names or words as he heard them), and for general notes on customs, Bedouin life, &c., which did not apply only to particular days. When these were asked for on behalf of the Fitzwilliam Museum in 1922, he apologized for the roughness and inadequacy of his records—'I was hurried away from Damascus upon a sudden, so that I had no time at all to provide myself with notebooks.' In another letter he speaks of them with only too much justice as 'besides being hardly legible, unintelligible to other eyes'. (Letters to S. C. Cockerell, 7th May, and 5th April, 1922.)

Riding and camping at the tail end of the Caravan among Persians, a minority of some 700 persons neither invited nor disposed as Shiah to mingle with the Sunni crowd, Khalil seldom challenged remark. He had been warned by the Persians' aga to keep close by night, and broke the injunction but once, on the third night out, at Kalaat ez-Zerka, when curiosity led him to the aga's tent to see execution going forward on the person of an Arab thief. Compassion drew from him a hakim's protest against further flogging. His diary notes the crime and the manner of its punishment, but neither his own intervention nor the aga's subsequent rebuke.¹

It may be remarked that none of the few sentences which *Arabia Deserta* records as spoken to Khalil between Damascus and Maan appears in the diary. For that stage, indeed, this contains little else than notes of the landscape, its geological formation, the weather, and the buildings—chiefly 'haj-castles', and the antiquities that lay on the road; also readings of the aneroid, often five or six a day. It might in fact be the note-book of a man travelling for scientific interests alone. Worthy of notice, too, is the little that appears in it representing any strong reaction against the pilgrims and their faith such as occurs so often in his subsequent narrative—little, indeed, beyond a few words, 'stolid apishness, idolatry of man's mind', which follow a note on the pelting of the 'accursed stone Kafirs' near Maan.² He seems to have ridden the prescribed daily stages, consoled for the monotony of landscape by the 'strange gay motley company, endless diversity and agreeable variety' of the Caravan, and nightly in his own little travelling tent, with the driver whom he hired to cook his dinner and sleep with him for safety,³ to have eaten in peace his frugal fare, written his notes and slept.

The Haj lay the best part of two days and two nights outside the two oasis villages, Shammah and Maan, and he 'did not adventure to stir abroad, such they recommending me' (they no doubt being his Persian companions); for he feared recognition where he had been seen so often in the previous year. The great Haj officers did, in fact, set on foot some perfunctory quest. He managed to buy of Bedouins a she-camel to replace that ridden thus far, and though next day the ill-schooled beast, bursting her head-rope, compelled

¹ *Arabia Deserta*, vol. i, p. 14.

² *Ibid.*, p. 32.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 15

him to halt at the feet of the Pasha who was sitting on a rock under a white umbrella to watch the Caravan defile, he was not accosted.

This new stage which was to bring the pilgrims on the sixth day to Tebuk, was, for Khalil, the entry into his land of promise. When he came to compose his narrative he introduced here and nowhere else into his book a page¹ of general introduction. It tells the traveller what to expect in that 'dead land, whence, if he die not, he shall bring home nothing but a perpetual weariness in his bones', and it is full of the grim reflective wisdom of experience. On 25th November, 1876, Khalil did not know the Arab well enough to liken him to 'a man sitting in a cloaca to the eyes, and whose brows touch heaven', or to write any other of the unsurpassable sentences of that wonderful page.

Passing then 'from known landmarks', Khalil began to note more copiously and keep a fuller diary. Whereas a page had sufficed for three days going to Maan, one day afterwards may fill it all, and demand also the reverse of the page of yesterday. But the matter is still almost always the same as before but amplified—more aneroid readings (nine on the 24th for instance), more of the landscape and geology, the vegetation, the fauna, and henceforward especially, the antiquities. Just a little more often we find a description of conspicuous natural wonders, or of the order of the march and incidents, as for example, when on the 30th, after Tebuk had been left astern, he spied a rock-cut inscription by the way and 'hastily lit down to copy some one, but a multitude crowding in upon and over me and not daring to be seen writing, I copied only this . . .' Farther a novelty of much interest—the rare appearance of a sentence or of sentences carefully composed, and sometimes corrected by substitution or transposition of words, which clearly were written with some thought thus early of use in a future narrative. The longest of such 'trial-pieces' occurs under date 2nd December, when the Caravan reached Dar el-Hamra; it begins 'Have died some 20 persons of the Haj from Damascus. Hitherto they are washed shrouded and buried by the wayside', and so it continues for near half a page. It was to be used eventually for the moving passage in *Arabia Deserta*² on the martyrs of the road.

For the rest Khalil noted little beside the routine which now was

¹ *Arabia Deserta*, vol. i, p. 56.

² *Ibid.*, vol. i, p. 52.

bringing him near his immediate goal. Early on 4th December the Caravan approached the 'mountains of fantastic rock' which guard the low basin of Medain Salih and he was told 'you will see wonders, houses in the rock and all overturned and standing above downwards'.¹ Before that 'misty warm Sunday morning' was spent, the Caravan had camped in the plain, and Khalil, welcomed shortly by his old acquaintance the Kellaji, pushed past the surly men-at-arms into the fort. There, after long waiting, he was assigned an upper chamber, from which at midnight he heard the signal for the Pilgrims to move on. Earlier in the evening, Mohammed Said Pasha (had he known all the time?) summoned the Kellaji and swore his life should answer, come the passing of the Haj again, for the life of his Nasrâny guest. Strictly also he enjoined the man to see that Khalil visit the monuments—complaisance which he took pains later to explain as prudent policy which would obviate the inconvenience of any other Nasrâny desiring to come down to North Arabia. Wherein he deceived himself. Doughty's report brought down the Alsatian Charles Huber within two years and Julius Euting—the last to re-do the work at Medain Salih itself—within seven.

The Moor who kept the Kella, Mohammed Aly el-Mahjub—'an amiable bloody man' of some rude education and quick violence, who was much dreaded by his small commando of three soldiers and two servitors—knew the Pasha's arm short and the Dowla for which he stood, incurious and infirm of purpose. But he looked to make something by this Khalil of the well-filled saddle bags; and casting covetous eyes on his carbine, was minded to content him, so he saw his due reward ahead. But he kept his guest close within the fort, till not only the obstreperous Bedouins, who had gathered from far to traffic with the Haj, should melt away, but also the local frequenters of the Kella grow better accustomed to the presence of a Nasrâny. Among these was a sheykh of Fukara tribesmen, one Zeyd, son of Sbeychan, a man, 'swarthy, nearly black—of mid stature and middle age with a hunger-bitten stern visage'; but, except for an avaricious meanness, 'of a high and liberal understanding—nothing in Zeyd was barbarous and uncivil; his carriage was that haughty grace of the wild creatures. In him I have not seen any spark of fanatical ill-humour.'

¹ Compare *Arabia Deserta*, vol. i, p. 83.

With this Arab the Kellaji conspired to lighten Khalil's purse of 1,000 piastres, in return for safe conduct round the carved rocks; and the pair were hardly persuaded after ten days to strike the bargain for no more than 300. In the interval Khalil was scarcely out of his upper chamber except for coffee-fellowship at evening with the Moors (two of the three men-at-arms were of like origin with their officer), from whom and from casual visitors and one or two belated pilgrims he was wont to ask questions about the lie of the land. The three hours' distant village, el-Ala (he wrote it 'Ellih' but later corrected) was his first subject of inquiry. An entry on it and its origin appears in the diary on the first Kella day, and more than one on following days.

Towards the end of the week Khalil notes that he has engaged the daughter of Doolan—a Kheybar hunter of the nondescript Arabs who hung about the Kella gate—to be his servant, putting aside rough chaffs from the soldiery, who counselled his taking her to his bed, and (with more difficulty) a serious proposal by her simple father to the same effect. He had bought on the previous day from passing men of el-Ala a store of lemons and dates, and now procured and killed a goat for conversion into *kourma*—a sort of 'biltong'—by the Arab girl.

Not till Monday 12th December was he allowed to walk abroad, and then only as far as certain old walls and the nearest rocks of el-Hejr, in company with Zeyd, who, however, had yet to accept his reduced offer: but two days later the sheykh gave in, accepted half a lira as earnest of future payment in full, and promised soon to fetch the Nasrâny and show him all. That afternoon, though Zeyd came not, Khalil persuaded two of the soldiers, and on the rock face opposite the Kella copied his first Nabathæan inscription. A second excursion to rocks out of sight in the Wady el-Fakir was carried out on the 15th. Next day, however, the suspicious Kellaji reimposed his embargo and maintained it for the three days following. He doubted of his money reward, and demanded the carbine. But Zeyd presenting himself on the 20th, he gave way, and Khalil resumed explorations for that day and two following, applying himself with white blotting paper brought from Damascus to 'squeeze' the inscriptions, but with indifferent success, thanks to high winds which often lifted the stamped sheets before they were dried and set. About

three-quarters of the monuments had been visited, sketched, and noted, before the Friday rest, after which, on Christmas Eve an expedition in quest of ibex, with Doolan, and a soldier, Haj Hassan, tempted Khalil with a prospect of seeing the hills. The narrative of this two days' expedition in *Arabia Deserta*¹ is based throughout on unusually full notes in the diary. Tiring though he found it, the immunity from danger that Khalil had experienced, heartened him for further flights; and hearing on the 26th that Haj Hassan and the boy Mohammed were to go next day to el-Ala to buy provender, he persuaded Mohammed Aly (since it was a feast day, and the fewer mouths in the Kella the less it would cost the Kellaji!) to allow him to be of the party. He was curious about the place, and a population reported not Bedouin, and moreover (as he notes) he desired to obtain some money of his medicines. The payment of Zeyd's due presumably had left his purse disquietingly light, and he had yet to discover that, of those in Arabia who would ask and take his drugs, not one in a hundred would pay.²

The party, reinforced by two Teyma tinkers, started after midday on the 27th. 'They [the soldiers] mounted the mule and hastened on, leaving me to walk after,' says the diary. It was a reminder that in desert ways every man is for himself and the devil take the hindmost, especially if he be a Nasrâny! Khalil spurted and upbraided them, and the altercation as recorded in his diary is worth quoting for comparison with a shortened version in *Arabia Deserta*.³

'Why do you not mount me? You are strong fellows and I am not accustomed to walking.'

'If you do not make haste we will leave you behind.'

'You will leave me behind in this place?'

'Aye and I have left behind the father who begot me.'

'And you will dare to return to the Kella?'

'We will say we had met with thieves and the thieves killed you.'

and so forth, ending thus:

'I am the guest of your Aga. Will you not at least for the love of God mount a sick person? The Aga has said thus and thus to you.'

'Am I a man to obey the Aga?'

¹ Vol. i, pp. 130-3.

³ Vol. i, p. 138.

² *Arabia Deserta*, vol. ii, pp. 155, 256.

Khalil hung on to a saddle cord and after more mutual abuse the boy Mohammed sulkily got down half way on the road and allowed the Nasrâny to mount behind Haj Hassan. So in haste the rock monuments in the defile of el-Khreyby, seen thus for the first time by an explorer's eye, were passed by, for it grew late; and at sundown folk of el-Ala were found keeping the feast outside their northern gate. No one detected the Nasrâny, who was led by the boy Mohammed to the house of Dahir, the negro sheykh of the place and pledged to his care, as from the Kellaji. 'The Sheikh received me friendly into his quarters and regaled me with a poor supper of rice.' The upper room assigned him was Dahir's straw-loft.

If Khalil hoped from this visit (prolonged eventually to ten days by the soldiers' desertion of him) proof how, as a *hakim*, he would be regarded by an Arab village community, he got some comfort, more discouragement, and no sure knowledge. His companions of the road blabbed against orders, and at first sight on the morrow the children of the place reviled him for a Nasrâny. Not yet inured to this kind of thing, he would have left within the day, had he found an escort. On subsequent days he had to endure the like wherever or whenever he was seen alone, and before long some elders joined in with fanatic crying that he confess Islam. But it never came to such a pass that he must draw the six-shooter hidden under his shirt; and folk, some of whom had travelled, suffered him gladly enough, holding friendly converse in the coffee-houses and entertaining him with his host; even their warmth, however, cooled as curiosity was sated, and plainly the aegis of the Dowla might not much longer avail. The few who resorted to the *hakim* for vaccination went their way so soon as he spoke of payment, and his medicines were taken by none, except in gift by the sheykh and his servant. Dahir and some others bade him return if and when he would have no more of the Kella or the Kella of him; but when that day came he turned to the nomads. Khalil's diary betrays some impatience lest his delay at el-Ala should leave too little time for finishing with the Hejr monuments before the pilgrims were due to repass. This meant that he proposed, not to rejoin the Caravan but to use it for sending notes and 'squeezes' to safe-keeping at Damascus. By the delay, archaeology, however, gained: for he obtained of Dahir's complaisance a second look at el-Khreyby, and in a long day's measuring, drawing,

and copying recorded enough of its carved and written rocks to surprise Orientalists of a new field for Semitic research.¹

He left at last, after more than one false start, on Tuesday the 6th January, 1877, escorted for part of the way by six matchlocks of Dahir's following, and reached the Kella once more. There trouble awaited the guest who had returned on his tracks to reclaim a welcome.

The slave who had accompanied him asked of the ailing and irritated Kellaji next day a shirt for his pains, and Khalil presenting himself to complain that none would accompany him to the rocks for which little time yet remained and that, despite the gift of his carbine, the promises made to him were not being fulfilled, blew on a smouldering fire. The Kellaji made to call off the bargain by returning the carbine. Khalil pressed it on him again, following to his room; and thus beset, the Moor lost control of his rage, pulled the Nasrâny this way and that, struck him on the face and—last of Arab outrages—plucked him by the long fair beard. Then a lull, till Khalil appeared again in the coffee-chamber calling all to witness his wrongs. The Kellaji sprang at him again, laying about with an old clouted shoe till he drew blood; and when Khalil seized his wrists he vociferated, 'By God and I will slay you now'. But he had no weapon handy; and 'somewhat abashed at the sober looks of those about him and surprised that I had borne all villainy with unalterable indifference' he let go, venting what spleen he had left by ordering his victim to give the upper room to another, and betake him to chill quarters which looked on a cesspool. Khalil obeyed and let some hours pass. Then, feeling that he must know ere nightfall whether to stay or go to el-Ala or the Bedouins, he went down again to the coffee-chamber, hoping that the evident opinion of the others, that the Pasha of the Haj or the Pasha in Damascus would really require all their lives for the Nasrâny might have prevailed. And so it proved to be. Angry and scornful words were bandied, and Khalil heard that his own 'consul before the Waly expressly emphatically denied all regard' of him; and with that the matter ended. The notes of that day, which fill five faded pages, with other jottings on fly-leaves, include reflections on turning the other cheek. 'I could not ever


¹ Years later el-Khreyby was finally examined and published by the French Dominicans, Jaussen and Savignac.

escape from the place if I fought them [those "old Manslayers" with whom he was] with pistol to pistol, life to life. . . . Far better to make nothing of this murderous attack and indeed my only present course. . . . Otherwise my labour, expense and all my fatigues of the present long journey would be spent quite in vain.'

In the morning the sky cleared and the contrite ruffian of yesterday went forth himself with two of his men to convoy Khalil to the rocks. The latter tried to copy high placed inscriptions through a telescope but, with infinite pain of the eyes, obtained only two lines 'and not satisfied of their exactitude'. On the morrow the old eighteen-foot well beam was notched and carried from the Kella for a ladder and, in spite of a boisterous wind, which made climbing perilous and whipped off many sheets, three 'squeezes' were obtained. On another day in calmer weather, as many as seven were made. His best helper was Doolan, who was of light build and fearless of the clumsy ladder. On the 15th, a Sunday, Khalil notes that he went to his work alone, carrying his own paper and water. Thereafter he continued so to do, whenever rain or the rumour of a raiding party in the neighbourhood did not keep him to the Kella, and though fixing blotting-paper to rocks with one hand, while clinging with the other to his scant support proved an awkward business, and not without danger, he made progress, so that on the 27th the last inscription within reach was 'squeezed' and, drawings and notes having been finished while papers were drying, the primary and once sole object of the Arabian venture was achieved. He seems not to have visited the monuments more; the weather was broken, rain falling heavily on the last two days of January, and more than once when too far from the Kella for hope of help he had encountered doubtful company. The plain, always a favourite patrol of broken men, was becoming, he notes, daily less safe, as the Bedouins gathered about the outskirts in expectation of the returning Haj. Though the upper room had not been restored to him, he was now on good terms again with all in the Kella; and 'long and friendly conversation' with the Kellaji is recorded on the 26th. The latter, perhaps moved by a report of which he had told Khalil on the previous day—that on the excursion to el-Ala he had narrowly missed both prison and homicidal violence—urged the Nasrâny to abandon his plan of letting the Haj pass and going to the nomads, advice which he would get

[illegible]

do you know me yet?

I have not stained in Clark's red stripes
 at all. I have seen the yellow  I mean of
 color as common. (It) was (B) a ornament.
 I do not find it in (B) as ornament.
 I have form of white (or) for upper of neck
 and lower.

I know we shall
be there in a few days.
I know we shall be there in a few days.

The 8th & 9th arms had major collectors
 P.G. Sit down in T doorway the Mar.
 V. above. from W of door - 10 ft.
 V. 14' etc. the - 10 ft. - 10 ft.
 V. capital outside - a. barbed & pyro-
 toils.

[illegible]

again before the time came to go. But it was vain—Khalil's purpose was fixed. His diary after the return from el-Ala shows on almost every fly-leaf the shorthand results of much questioning about all the Bedouin *diras* around, and the name of Kheybar oftenest recurs. Now, too, for the first time appears the name, in the strange form 'Hump' of the great westward Wady, which, with its main right bank tributary, Wady Nejd or Jizzl, constitutes his chief single contribution to our geographical science of Arabia. He was already looking about for a camel of his own, and a few days after Sheykh Zeyd re-appeared at the end of the month to meet the Haj, did actually buy a *naga* for the equivalent of five and a half pounds sterling, being sorely deceived in her, as he would find on taking the road. If any doubt of his intention not to rejoin the Haj remained, it would be dispelled by the following letter written from the Kella in daily expectation of the Caravan which would convey it. It was addressed to the maternal aunt, Miss Hotham of Tunbridge Wells, who had watched over his boyish days.¹

Medain Salih, Hejr, N.W. Arabia. 2 Feb., 1877.

MY DEAR AUNT,

I am happy to send you some news of me from these parts. Your thoughts have perhaps followed me with some anxiety into Arabia. I came down then with the Mecca Pilgrims without misadventure from Damascus. At every station is a fortress for the necessary water. Such an one there is here, where I have lodged now some two months, visiting the antiquities there, certainly not without danger—principally that I am not a muslim. The pilgrims return in their upward journey in two more days, with whom I send you these lines.

Here was a considerable place. The antiquities are tombs hewn in the rocks, with inscriptions. It was a market upon the road by which they fetched the incense from South Arabia to Palestine; thence dispersed to all quarters, burned in the temple at Jerusalem and in the heathen temples of the Western World, and is only obscurely mentioned in ancient authors. I have transcribed the inscriptions.

From hence I go probably to visit the neighbouring Arabs now in a few days—making various excursions as I may be able. I hope at

¹ See above, p. 3. This letter, with another written on 5th February was found among Doughty's papers, and published by S. C. Cockerell in *The Times*, 8th April, 1926.

length to arrive at the Persian Gulf. I do not speak more particularly. Without some special acquaintance with Arabia and an excellent map in your hand you would not follow the routes. I am some 130 miles N. of Medina. I have not even the smallest intention to visit either Medina or Mecca.

My thoughts return to you out of this obscure corner of the world. Though I cannot see you, I wish you all the health and happiness that can be. This small paper will show you at least that I am alive. I am in health, thanks to the warm climate, without other food than corn and rice in this prison.

My hands are busy and my head also. The Arabs arrive at every moment now and press in upon me talking and shouting, greeting, questioning, begging tobacco. I am upon the eve of departing upon an adventurous journey.

My love to such as love me that enquire of me,

Your affect. Nephew, CHARLES M. DOUGHTY.

The shouting begging Arabs were chiefly Alowna tribesmen, waiting to traffic with the Pilgrims and get their government allowance (*surra*) from the Pasha; and their sheykh, Mehsan, 'a good hearted man' it was who urged Khalil after all not to venture among the homicidal nomad fanatics but to return to Damascus. His tribesmen greeted Khalil 'coldly and fanatically', but next day showed 'a better mien', so soon as he avowed himself a Nasrâny: and on the 7th he notes that all are friendly towards him. Sheykh Zeyd comes to share his meal of dates, and Abd-el-Aziz, agent of the great Emir Ibn Rashid, who had brought his master's present for the Haj Pasha—a weakling mare with 'coat like a carthorse . . . a true gift horse!'—visited him frequently. As he hoped to go to both Teyma and Hayil on the way out by the gulf, Khalil was disposed to cultivate this man.

But the Haj delayed, why, no one could tell: for the tidings of its hindrance by rains beyond Medina had not yet come through. Even the Jurdeh from Damascus was late; but at length 'in the grey of the morning' of 5th February Khalil saw it filing into the plain. Its commander, Mohammed Effendi Tahir knew all about the Nasrâny in the Kella, and as bearer, from Damascus, of a letter from the dragoman of the British Consulate and of three pens of vaccine and some money, sent for him at once. He was received in friendly wise

and interested the Jurdeh officers sufficiently in the monuments to induce them to gallop round the rock-faces for, apparently, the first time in any of their lives. The vaccine soon came into request, even though Khalil exacted payment; for word had gone out that the returning Pilgrims brought small-pox in their train.

The head of their Caravan came in sight on the morning of the 12th, and the tent village of a day was soon pitched. Khalil was ready with his 'squeezes', drawings and notes packed for dispatch to Damascus and a letter written a week earlier to the British dragoman, but brought up to date by a postscript.

To M. Selim Meshaka, British Consulate, Damascus.

DEAR SIR,

Hejr, Medain Salih, 5 Feb., 1867 [sic]

The jurdy arrived here yesterday. By it I have received the book¹ from Mr. Reichardt, and besides nothing nor any letters. Then Mohammed Effendy Tahir has paid me over the money, fourteen Napoleons eighty piastres.

The fruit of my fatigues, a large round parcel in oilcloth containing impressions of inscriptions, and a packet of drawings and other papers, I send by this opportunity and pray you to preserve them well in the Consulate. And if you think they may be neglected there, do not disdain for the honour of science to take them into your own friendly keeping. Inscriptions so long desired of a country so obscure—which I obtained at the daily adventure of my life. Or my friend Mr. Reichardt in the cause of science and any other case may, I do not doubt, be so kind as to take charge of them. That which will spoil and ruin them is *pressure* and the damp.

I have bought now a camel and Turkish liras and go from hence with Zaid, Sheykh of the Fukara Arabs of this district (Annezy), to stay sometime with him near Teyma vaccinating and with medicines. Then to Teyma. Then returned he will consign me to the Sheykh of the Ibn Shamer, Bely, Arabs, who will forward me to Wejh on the coast; then returning consign me to Motlog Sheykh of the Welad Aly Arabs, with whom I may visit Kheybar. From Kheybar to Ibn Rashid and to Bagdad or Bosra, and much more if I am able to descend south to Wady Dawasir and ascend thence to Ibn Saoud Sultan of E. Nejd and to Bagdad.

¹ Taverner's *Practice of Medicine*, now in the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge.

My compliments to Mr. Jago. My compliments to Mr. Reichardt and thanks. My kind remembrances to friends which enquire of me. My compliments and thanks to Mikhail Effendy Toweel. And I am, Dear Sir, with kind acknowledgements,

Yours very truly,
CHARLES M. DOUGHTY.

Postscript, 12 Feb.—The clerk of the jurdy delivered me your letter and the vaccination quills two days after their arrival. They had been misplaced. The Haj only arrived this morning a week late, delayed by heavy rains. My best thanks for all your kindness. I hope to be again in Damascus this year.

The letter shows that, while Khalil's purpose to stay on in Arabia stood fast, his forecast of his plan and duration of wandering vacillated, the wide-flung itinerary of the 5th being scarcely compatible with the hope expressed on the 12th. His desire of a dark Arabian future waxed or waned, probably, with his daily mood, and this again with his daily health, which, as will be seen, would soon show symptoms of decline.

Also he had written on 1st February to a German address (probably to Baron von Kremer) a long epistle garnering his archaeological, geological, geographical, and ethnological harvest to date. The original letter is not forthcoming, but a hasty copy, somewhat imperfectly revised as well as imperfectly punctuated, was kept as a precaution by its writer, and is given (with omission of copies of inscriptions) in an Appendix at the end of this volume. This, too, was to go north with the Haj.

On the 12th, however, 'the whole day passed without my being able to end my affairs', the Kellaji being too full of business to fulfil his promise of a presentation to the Pasha, and Khalil, after passing a last night in the Kella (in his old room again), had still unsatisfied to mount with Sheykh Zeyd and follow the receding Caravan. In camp that night he found occasion to consign his Damascus parcels to the commandant of the Jurdeh, but threatenings heard from tent doors as he groped his way by night, distorted rumours of the Russian attack upon the Sultan and doubts even of Zeyd disquieted him almost to the point of abandoning at that eleventh hour his venture among the nomads. The morrow, however, brought better counsel and courage; the Pasha, reached at last, cried Ah! at sight of him.

'with a good humour', and swore Zeyd to deal fairly by his guest or answer to the Dowla; the Haj vanished in the north; and Khalil rode off right handed with the Bedouin who welcomed him to the country of the Beduw. Next day, the 15th February, his tent was duly pitched near Zeyd's and he quickly learned what an amateur *hakim* must endure of a nomad society, 'the Arabs . . . calling for specific medicines for old diseases of years and for trifling indispositions'.

The resources with which Khalil started on a new venture of unknown duration were of the slenderest. The money forwarded to him from Damascus was the discounted proceeds of a cheque for no more than twelve pounds sterling. Of the Turkish liras that he bought with this sum on 5th February—they would not have totalled above thirteen on a favourable exchange—he probably paid away six for the old *naga* that Zeyd bought for him that evening. Remained just seven when he parted from the Haj. To supplement such exiguous provision he hoped first to recover the price of his *naga* from her fraudulent vendor (but Zeyd, though strictly enjoined by the Pasha, proved either unable or unwilling ever to recover the money), and second to profit by medical practice, which in the event gained him toleration, even friends, and not a little repayment in kind, but rarely cash—not, he said himself, so much as ten reals from first to last. Yet, so universally does the custom of Arabia enforce gratuitous if grudging hospitality to a poor man, that when Khalil arrived in Kheybar more than nine months after this, he still had six liras in his purse; nor were these exhausted till he was in Aneyza half a year later, and then in part by the thief, who sneaked all that was in his bags, leaving him stranded with less than five reals.¹

All the rest of that month of February and throughout March and April as well, Khalil moved with Zeyd's party of Fukara Bedouins from camp to camp over the face of the desert. By slow marches of two or three hours apiece, often varied by a day or days of halting, which he would try to while away 'in reading and study', a long loop was described from north of Dar el-Hamra, round Teyma and up to within sight of the southern fringe of the Nefud and ultimately to a point within a long day's ride of Hayil, whence began a return in the direction of el-Ala. Events of novelty or moment enough to be

¹ The Turkish lira was worth about 18s.; the napoleon, 16s.; the real, or Maria Theresa dollar, 4s.; the piastre, nearly 2½d.

recorded in the diary were very few—at first some vaccinations of children, which had to be repeated, but still proved vain, the worthless Damascus lymph ending thus early the best hope of popularity and profit with which Khalil had reassured himself and the Pasha: Zeyd's connubial differences with his little Hirfa, very briefly noted in three entries thus:

Feb. 24. Hirfa displeased with Zeyd fled away into the wilderness and was brought back by her brother.

Mar. 10. Hirfa again fled, this time to a neighbour's house and not returned.

Mar. 11. Visited her: I brought back Hirfa to her tent.

Not a word of what Khalil said or Zeyd said or Hirfa said. But there is more in the 'scribble-book' that was in use at the time and yet more was retained in Doughty's memory. Long afterwards¹ he emphatically repudiated any suggestion that he had embroidered facts in this case:

'I think you asked me about Hirfa; and if I had described [her] as she was; and that my attention being drawn to something else I forgot to answer. I have spoken of her as she was absolutely, in my sight, without adding or detracting anything: as I have also of every other person mentioned in the *Arabia Deserta* volumes.'

Zeyd, at the outset, had promised Khalil a wife 'if I would stay any-while in the district and if I wished. . . . Children that might be born, upon my after removing, they would be his children with him'; and at least twice an offer was made by either a woman herself or a husband—the last by a man of the helot Fehjat folk who had a 'young wife the prettiest woman of all the Arabs and she said she was all willing to me, would I receive her'. But the principal event for Khalil was his brief visit to Teyma, after not more than a fortnight's experience of the wandering life. Zeyd sent in for supplies on the 27th February and the Nasrâny went with his men. The moon was to be eclipsed that night and he feared 'it might be interpreted in my disfavour', but the chance to see the Tema of Job and copy more inscriptions was worth the risk. Nor did much that was untoward actually befall him. Ibn Rashid's negro governor—for this was in the jurisdiction of Hayil—was 'much upon his dignity—reserved, not unfriendly', the Teyamêna had hardly time to re-

¹ Letter to S. C. Cockerell, 26th March, 1909.

cover from their surprise before the Nasrâny was gone again to the desert, and only one 'savage young half foolish man' put him 'much in doubt of being murdered'. On the whole Teyma had been proved, if on briefer trial, more tolerant and tolerable than el-Ala. He knew (for he had Zehme's book with him) that he was not the first European who had visited the oasis; but he was the first to copy any inscription of Tema and the first who could give a detailed description of the place.

This long leisurely loitering with the Fukara gave the author of *Arabia Deserta* occasion for introducing into the eventless narrative the most and the best of his descriptions of desert society and life; but no notes for such are found in the diary of those months. They may be taken, therefore, to rest not merely on that wandering but on the sum of all Khalil's experience among Bedouins, and to give pictures, matchlessly vivid and faithful, of type rather than of any one remembered scene.

As April drew on the noontide heats began to kill his appetite and impair his health. He records tent temperature of 95° and 98° Fahrenheit, memories of which and of worse would inspire a famous passage in *Arabia Deserta* concerning the booths which 'leak to this fiery rain'.¹ His purpose grew again infirm—'My wish was not to make longer stay with the Arabs' is noted on the 8th, a day moreover on which his peace with Zeyd was broken by angry words. Khalil, whose old *naga* had had her jaw broken by another beast falling on her a fortnight before, reminded the sheykh of the promises made two months before to give the guest a fresh camel, and reclaim the price of the old one—promises which ever since had weighed on Zeyd's avaricious soul. The outbreak in response showed Khalil that nothing would be forthcoming and his welcome was wearing thin. Rude nomad surgery had failed to heal his *naga*'s hurt, and he had to give her with ten reals for another and worse. After a second quarrel on the 28th he felt he must part from the Fukara, and finding Zeyd wishful to go down to the Kella on the 1st of May he rode with him, and about the third hour of night was 'kindly received and welcomed' to a 'good supper of bread and *ṣamn*'. Mohammed Aly el-Mahjub was, perhaps fortunately, absent, and old Haj Nejm did the honours.

¹ *Arabia Deserta*, vol. i, p. 323.

Khalil had returned with no other intention than to get out of Arabia. It was but 150 miles or so to Wejh on the Red Sea, where sooner or later a passage in a dhow to Egypt might be looked for. On the way he expected to see a ruin whose name roused his hopes of something very ancient and of biblical interest. 'Middiân is the Bedouin name of a ruined village in the Tehama about fifty miles inland from Wejh. I was about to visit it when I was on that side of the *harra* and at little distance, but I took another journey.'¹ On the morrow he set about finding a convoy, with Haj Nejm's help. Pending the result of the inquiries among neighbouring tribesmen, he had his old *naga* put out to graze and planned an expedition to Mabrak en-Noga, the northern pass into the plain lined with written rocks which twice the exigency of forced marches had compelled him to neglect. Zeyd, who had promised to accompany him thither, had perfidiously loaded and gone back to his tents; but Haj Nejm sent a Bedouin kinsman of his own, and, with one night out, Khalil finished his work. Revisiting a week later the Hejr rocks he could find nothing in his old haunts to re-copy, but Doolan told him of some unseen writings on Jebel Ethlib, and on the 13th and 15th these were added to his collection. Little else but locust swarming and Bedouin visitors broke the even tenor of life in the Kella: twice Haj Nejm broke out in senile fury, but not against Khalil, who grew accustomed to such dangerous but brief eruptions of the Arabian temper. 'When angry in altercation', he noted, 'they are every man like madmen.'

At length after seventeen days came news of a *kufî* or small merchant caravan of Fukara tribesmen bound for Wejh to fetch up rice. Khalil hastened to join it, and took leave of all in the Kella, distributing small presents in kind—to Haj Nejm a robe, to Haj Hassan his *tarbush* with which the covetous Moor thought himself ill requited. Starting at sunset, and riding all night, he returned to the Fukara camp, hardly caught up the last laden beasts and had to persevere in the saddle without food or more than a drop of water through the fainting day. Though solemnly committed by Motlog (Zeyd being absent) to the care of Abdullah, son of the Bely sheykh who led the *kufî*, the Nasrâny met with fanatical incivility throughout that day which he reckoned among his worst in Arabia. His

¹ Letter to G. le Strange, 19 November, 1888.

thermometer stood at noon above 97° Fahrenheit; he could not sleep at night, and the following day brought no better experience till, famished, giddy, and aching in every limb, he alighted at the Bely camp on the *harra*, whence on the morrow the full caravan was to go down towards Wejh. He was well received, but the past two days had broken down his health and his will. He looked from the heights over the low Tehama and felt unable to face a hundred miles camel-riding in its steaming reek. The line of least resistance was to stay where he was in the comparative cool of the hills. The sheykh Mehanna agreed doubtfully to leave his guest with his womenfolk till in eight days himself should return from Wejh. Thereafter Khalil would seek Moahib tents pitched on the high Aueyrid *harras* and perhaps gain coolness and peace.

It was a momentous decision, for, as events proved, it bound him to Arabia for another year. But the diary takes no account of it, recording simply on the morrow that the writer was still in the same camp; and for eight days more, till the 29th May, his entries are generally brief. Evidently he was sick and weary. On the 24th a Moahib *kufi* passed on its way back from Wejh, and its leader Mohammed el-Moghreby promised that after three days he would fetch or send for the Nasrâny guest; but as no word had come by the time that Mehanna returned to his tent on the 28th, Khalil started off on his own account two days later, with an old man for guide, to seek the Moahib on the *harra*. The day was comparatively cool—not above 80° , and he rode in good hope. Thus for the second time he ventured towards strange tents with no better introduction than a *teslim* from an alien sheykh; but once more the precarious guarantee availed and the Nasrâny stranger after one doubtful encounter was hospitably received by Mishwat, second chief of the Moahib, and lodged by a tribesman.

So began Khalil's second and longest experience of wandering tent life. It was to last with hardly an interruption, for the four months of high summer, half the time being spent with the Moahib, the other half with a mixed company of former acquaintances among the Fukara (but not again with Zeyd), and of the Welad Aly. On the whole, though sorely tried by the sun and afflicted from time to time by lumbago, intestinal pains, and boils, which left him in poor health by the end of September, Khalil fared better during this long spell

than in any other period of his Arabian pilgrimage. Less fanatical feeling was shown to him, and no violence was offered. Standing more upon his own feet, using his own tent, and feeding himself for almost all the spell, he seems to have been accepted less as a guest than as one of those alien tribesmen who often pitch with another tribe, and share for the nonce in its hopes and fears. There occurred, indeed, one awkward pass when, having been under the shadow of old Tollog, the Moahib chief, for a fortnight, he had outstayed his first welcome as a guest and not yet established himself as an associate of the tribe; and for a moment he thought again of escape to Wejh, whither Mohammed el-Moghreby was returning. But, as before, the prospect of exchanging cool nights and the abundant milk of Moahib camps for the sweltering Tehama, was more than his weakness could face. He abandoned that idea for ever, and took up again the project of attaining to the legendary and, as he believed, unvisited oasis of Kheybar. Not, however, for more than another month did any chance of making this journey present itself; and for that month he again found fresh favour with Tollog and his people on account of the croton oil by which, in doses that make one shudder, he purged their ironcast intestines of frequent surfeits. Distraction was offered by the volcanic features of the country over which the tribe slowly and infrequently moved from one watering place to another; and the diarist's entries for this period betray much geological interest. It was offered also intermittently by rude remains of a vanished race which built in stone, and continually by observation of a pastoral society, endowed with some qualities of mountaineers. Moahib tribal life, politics and law proved of more than those of the Fukara, and, indeed, once of rather uneasy interest, when Khalil was accused by Mishwat's brother, Horeysh, of deserting him on the road. This incident, told in *Arabia Deserta* from full notes in the diary, took place when the tribe, removing ever eastward, had long halted by the waters of Thirba within short range of Medain Salih, and Khalil hearing of a chance of joining a traveller to Kheybar, had paid on 19th July a fruitless second visit of a night and a day to el-Ala. He found the Kheybar traveller gone, but was so tolerantly entreated that the thought crossed his mind to stay in the oasis. The sudorific heat of the garden village, however, seemed unendurable after the tent to which Tollog, at parting, had spoken a frank re-

invitation; and it was on the way back thither that the trouble arose with the graceless Horeysh, which ended in Khalil reaching the Moahib alone but on his *rafik's* camel. Appearances were against him, and when Horeysh accused him of violent breach of the comity of the desert, the sheykhs held an inquiry. It issued in acquittal but not in peace. Horeysh and a brother nursed a feud and more than once, before Khalil left the district, he ran risk of violence. But in the end nothing came of it, Mishwat and others protecting the stranger.

But a worse danger now threatened—that of famine. As August approached Tollog's folk grew ever hungrier, and the hospitality of the sheykh himself was dispensed sparingly and by stealth to Khalil. On 3rd August he notes that his daily fare for some time has been only *mereesy* and a small crust of bread and that he is 'almost dead with hunger in this place'. He had busied himself with cleaning out the lower Thirba spring, and with attending to his old *naga*, but now felt himself nearing the end of his strength. The dates and flesh pots of el-Ala haunting his famished soul suggested a move to Mishwat's folk who were camped lower down in Wady Shellal, nearer to the oasis village; and on the 5th he was kindly received by that sheykh and 'regaled with mereesy and afterwards with rice'. But on the always critical third day of Bedouin entertainment Mishwat turned on the guest with the old reproach that he was 'writing up the country' and especially its mysterious ruins (*rijjum*) and Khalil, though he pacified his host, thought well to join a party bound for near-by Medain Salih, where now, under the Borj rocks over against the Kella, lay Sheykh Motlog and his Fukara.

To this man's company he was not readily welcomed, and after one night Motlog opened upon him thus, 'What is your business here with me? You remove to el-Ala or you lodge in the Kella. I do not receive you to remain with the Aarab'. But Khalil stood his ground, well knowing that the sheykh would be slow to incur the evil name of one who turns out the guest; and in the end the diary closes the incident with 'they cooked a good mess for me with *samn* . . . they gave me of it kindly to take away lest I should hunger'. Eventually he held on with Motlog above a fortnight, using his host's *beyt* only for safe-keeping of his bags at night, while he slept under the stars; for the heat, which the Moahib had thought declining,

revived and rose to a record shade temperature of 110° . Many calls were paid to the Kella and more than one also to the Kady at el-Ala, whose villagers were by now so used to the Nasrâny, that he had no affronts to record. A party of the small but aristocratic Allayda tribe being camped with the Fukara, Khalil was assiduous to make a friend of their sheykh, Khalaf, who might further him, and he did, in fact, find 'some friendly persons who would, they said, send me to Kheybar for half a real'; but his old host, Zeyd, who came and went, warned him emphatically against oasis-folk, even those of Teyma, who, he averred, had concluded that he was an agent of the Dowla, sent to spy in Ibn Rashid's territory, and would kill him.

If, however, he might not go direct to Kheybar, Khalil would not be deterred from trying to get there by way of Teyma; and finding the Fukara without plans for moving in this direction, he transferred himself towards the end of August (on the 23rd) to the tents of a party of Welad Aly under Sheykh Mehsan, and with the latter abode yet another month under the shade of the Hejr rocks. In his subsequent narrative he told of the distaste that now he felt for those 'grinning sepulchres', to see which had been all his desire a short twelve months before; but of such change of heart I have found no note in the diary, and perhaps *Arabia Deserta* somewhat antedates the virulence with which that distaste, like some other feelings of Khalil's, was coloured by subsequent experience of land and people. On the next day, the 24th, the diary records intestinal pains which Khalil ascribes to his having 'drunk heavily of el-Ala water the day before'—the last visit that he would pay to that place. It was the first attack of many which were to convince him that he harboured the *bilharzia* worm in his vitals. But rest in the Kella during the heavy noontide skies of the next few days restored him sufficiently to allow of his accompanying the Bedouins when, on the 28th, they began to move slowly eastwards towards Teyma—a motley union of Welad Aly and Fukara, Zeyd himself being of the company.

On that day Khalil looked his last on the Kella, the Hejr rocks, and all the region beyond the Haj road where he had been wandering so long. He had suffered much at all men's hands, but when the bitterness of it had passed he kept a kindly memory of those who had harboured him, even of the Kellaji, whom he was to meet again, nine years later, in the *sûk* of Damascus, and load with presents of

sugar, tea, tobacco, and other stores, for all his acquaintance in Arabia. In 1911 Khalil began fresh efforts, through the mediation of the British Consul in Damascus, Mr. G. P. Devey, to send messages and gifts to his hosts of a generation ago, or, if they were no more, to their representatives. All, it proved, were dead; most had been older men than the long fair-bearded Frenjy whom they had received, and the span of life is brief in Arabia. Mohammed Aly el-Mahjub had lived only till 1891, and it was to a son, who remembered as a five-year-old seeing Khalil, that the latter's present had to go. Others to be similarly remembered among associates of Khalil's first Arabian year were all Bedouins, and the Consul hesitated to incur Ottoman suspicion of 'corrupting' them; but, under protest, two years later he got into touch with sheykhly sons of Zeyd and Motlog of the Fukara, and with descendants of Tollog of the Moahib and Mehsan of the Welad Aly. Of poor 'gate Arab' Doolan, no stock seems to have survived, nor even a memory, except in the breast of the Nasrâny whose trusted *rafik* he had been.

Four days the Arabs shifted slowly eastward. By the evening of the last day of August they were near enough to Teyma to think of sending in on the morrow for supplies, but sight of a raiding force (which in fact had robbed the friendly Moahib of flocks) deferred departure till too late for more than a stage of the journey to be accomplished in the day. The outer palms of the oasis were not reached till the afternoon of 2nd September, and Mehsan halted for the night at a garden cottage. It was now the first day of Ramadan, and Khalil, unconscious that fasting had begun, betrayed himself at once by asking for dates and water. Evening brought him a worse omen. He had heard long ago from the Fukara that some walling of the great Teyma well-pit el-Hadaj had collapsed, soon after his first visit. Now came certain persons from the town saying that the Teyma folk, unable to make it stand fast, had listened to a cry of their women that the successive collapses 'had happened by my writing it in a book, and so soon as they saw me they would kill me and cut my throat'. Not an auspicious opening where second visits are proverbially precarious! Next morning, however, appeared a magnate, whose belief that the Nasrâny could raise the wall again was stronger than his superstition that the Nasrâny had thrown it down; and Khalil, seeing a good name to be won throughout Arabia by the work,

followed into the town; and even to the well itself. Though churlishly and reluctantly received he took no hurt, and on the morrow was assured that Khalaf 'a principal sheykh of the place, called el-Emir had . . . said certainly that if I helped them in the work of the Hadaj, they would reward me'.

Yet though Khalil stayed above a month in Teyma, worked out a plan for this repair and often pressed its execution on the notables, nothing was done, the owners of the broken water-wheels on the ruined side of the great pit being content to use those of neighbours after these had satisfied their gardens. For one thing, some of the sheykhs were absent making the town's annual submission at Hayil; for another Khalil's plan would be costly; for yet another the Nasrâny had to confess he was no builder by training or trade. Even when the sheykhs returned in the last days of Ramadan, he was put off daily with To-morrow! None molested the Nasrâny at the well-pit, none even (except elvish children) when after the careless custom of Arabs he would wash himself in its depths. There, about the second week of his stay a young blacksmith, Seydan, who had guided him to see some inscribed stones, showed him another which had been revealed by a recent collapse. He noted it, as bearing not only a script not seen at el-Hejr but a sculptured scene, but attempted no copy, perhaps because, expecting then to have to work many days at the Hadaj, he looked for better opportunity. Before this could be, however, he was stricken with a painful ophthalmia, and so nearly blinded that, from the 20th to the 28th September—the ending of Ramadan—he could not even write up his diary; and when again able to do so, felt so great discomfort that such entries as he made are unusually crabbed, and for four days before 10th October, when he started for Hayil, they fail again altogether. Thus, though he had discovered that now famous Old Aramaic monument of Job's Tema, which stands in the Louvre, he had no other part in its recovery for science than that, by his later report of it, he incited Nöldeke to send Julius Euting, and Renan to send Charles Huber to seek it out. The last eventually managed in 1885 to abstract it and carry it down to the Red Sea coast and ship it to Paris. Then, returning inland, he paid for his success with his life, being murdered near Rabegh by his *rafik*.

Although obstinate to neglect the Moslem observance of fasting

in Ramadan, Khalil had better treatment during his six weeks at Teyma than in any other Arabian town; and many invited him to abandon his own far land, and settle among them. But he found their manners boorish and their wits too slow to profit much (or allow him to profit at all) by his assiduous profession of medicine; and no doubt their tolerant acceptance of him was due in part to some hope of his repairing the Hadaaj, in part to his declared intention of proceeding to Ibn Rashid, of whom the Teyamêna stood in salutary fear. He had found no one willing or likely to go with him direct to Kheybar, since it was under the Dowla, and his acquaintance strongly dissuaded him from approaching the place without recommendation by Ibn Rashid.

So he made up his mind to Hayil; and having procured an introduction to Sheykh Misshel of the Awaji section of the Bishr, judged this man's tribesmen would conduct him better than Zeyd's Fukara. Misshel was not unwilling, and, on 10th October, Khalil joined his Arabs outside the town, pitching his own small tent with theirs. He was made to feel almost from the first that he had come among strangers, fanatical and intolerant of the Nasrâny, but for that they might make out of him; and Misshel himself was inclined to show less courtesy than menacing rudeness to his guest, when the latter pressed him to give a better camel against his broken-down *naga* (she had been worked by the Fejr herdsman to whom she had been committed for rest and pasture during Khalil's Teyma stay) and some consideration. No deal was effected, and Khalil's relief at breaking away from Misshel on the seventh day (16th October) was counter-weighted by a prospect of having to push his poor beast alongside fresh *theluls* of the party which then set out to ride to Hayil. The worst happened. The riders, apprehensive of raiding bands, news of whom was all about, pushed on feverishly by a long circuitous route, making one headlong stage of no less than fifty miles, and the fainting *naga* and her fainting rider came so near the end of their powers, that even Bedouins, in rare camps, showed compassion. At length on the 20th, having reached the palm-gardens of a small settlement, Mogug, Khalil could go no farther, if his companions would not rest a day; and they refusing, but commending him to the Shammar villagers, he let them go, and stayed, with his own rough but not unfaithful *rafik*, that day and the night. On the morrow the

two set forth once more. In that neighbourhood of towns and on a beaten way was danger for two lone strangers, a Nasrâny and a *rafik* of Bishr, an Anazeh folk, hereditarily held foemen by the Shammar; and but for the company of a poor Shammari on an ass, grateful for Khalil's handful of Teyma dates, the adventure might have ended then and there at the hands of three landlopers, who coveted the bulging saddle-bags. Later a company of Bishr drovers fell in and all was well. A night under the stars in the single dusty street of Gofar, and some ten miles of riding in the first hours of morning on 22nd October ended the journey; and Khalil, made to dismount at the gate by his nervous *rafik*, walked up towards the *sûk* of Hayil, the first European since the disguised Gifford Palgrave, fourteen years before, to enter the capital of North Arabia. He was not much regarded at first, though news carried ahead by the Bishr riders who had left him at Mogug caused Ibn Rashid's envoy, seen at Medain Salih early in the year, to await his coming, and lead him to sit on the clay bench before the Palace till the Emir's will should be known. There the solitary fair-haired Nasrâny 'two spear-lengths long' as Hayil men afterwards reported at Basra, waited alone for near an hour, conscious more of hunger, than of any fatalistic curiosity about what fortune might be being decreed for him behind the towering Palace wall.

The diary, breaking off on the 19th, resumes only on the 23rd, Khalil's second day in Hayil, the reason for the break being, no doubt, that he had respected the advice of Askar, the leader of the Bishr riders, to refrain from writing in sight of villagers.¹ But between the 10th and the 11th days at Hayil he intercalated six and a half pages of close writing, which supply the missing records. Thus we have reports only nine days old of the ending of his suspense by a call from the Emir's marshal to breakfast (and a bad breakfast) in the guest-hall of sheykhs, his summons to the presence by the Emir's secretary and his first sight of the leading Arab of his day, Mohammed ibn Rashid. Further, how the princely murderer had the grace to call his suppliant Messihy, and not by the scorned name, Nasrâny, and how, curiosity overcoming him, he sat down beside Khalil to hear him read from a book of history, and pointing at random, caused him to fall 'by ill adventure upon a place where I read such

¹ *Arabia Deserta*, vol. i, p. 577.

and such a personage killed such another'! For the second day, when Khalil was called again to the Emir's apartment, the diary notes that the conversation was 'pleasant and easy'. The first entry of the resumed diary records 'much gathering of persons to have medicines, and, about me in the market, of the curious, idle and ignorant when I went to bring my *naga*'. Such concourse to the door of a ruinous hovel in the *sūk*, which was the only lodging vouchsafed to the Nasrâny, continued daily for a week, but on the eighth day, Khalil records 'the attendance for medicines diminished'. Two days earlier he had noted 'began only to treat by payment of the dose. . . . They all go away wretchedly sick. . . . I had demanded the small fee of a half real guaranteed to be returned if the medicine without effect'; and the Emir's cousin, Hamud, asking on 1st November, 'Have you cured many in this place?' received reply, 'Very few—They would all have medicines gratis'. Hamud himself, however, continued to call in the Nasrâny to attend his fever-stricken child and an ailing wife; and though he remitted at the end, when the child was almost well, but a beggarly fee of four reals, his hospitality, and the physical and moral protection he extended to his leech had been invaluable. Without Hamud's countenance, indeed, Khalil had likely not lived to tell any tale. Such favour proved the more essential and valuable when, after a few days, the Emir had left Hayil for a week's inspection of his grazing grounds and cattle, committing the town meanwhile to his cousin's regency.

For about ten days life was made passably easy for the Nasrâny. If breakfasts sent from the Palace consisted of no better than the poorest sort of dates, some host of consideration seldom failed to call him to a meal later in the day. His health improved, and on the sixth day of his stay he found energy for a long walk about the town and even to hill-tops outside the walls; and, although when the Emir at the first interview asked his next destination, he had replied 'Baghdad', now, with returning vigour, he felt less anxious to throw up Arabia. Why not persevere in his former plan and go to Kheybar and thence somewhither? That walk, however, during which he had been seen to write and draw, and his new talk of continuing in Arabia, began to give occasion to malignant tongues. On his ninth day he noted that he was not invited out—'perhaps some of them little pleased with my free bearing'; and, from about the eleventh

day—3rd November—he seems to have had to fend almost entirely for himself, except in so far as he could claim admittance to the poor daily cheer provided for Bedouins in the great lower hall of the Palace. The entries in the diary begin to record little except food—sure sign of the writer's hunger—and very scant indifferent food it was! By exception he notes on 7th November that, refreshed by a meal of rice, cooked by himself, he felt able to walk about the town. After a few days more his situation was somewhat bettered by payment in kind for doctoring; but a succession of untoward incidents warned both himself and the Emir that it was time he were gone from among a people whose curiosity about a Nasrâny was sated, while they had ceased to welcome him as a leech. An assault on the guest by the Kawaji of the Emir's own coffee-hall was followed within four days by theft of the few reals for which the old *naga* had been sold in the market. Ibn Rashid dealt with the Kawaji and had suspects of the theft put to proof; but he was tiring of repeated occasions for vindicating against an undisciplined population, as certain to break out as wild beasts whose trainer looks away, this Nasrâny, whose presence in the town was held a shame, and whose perambulations (he took yet another country walk to Sweify on 14th November) and writings were suspected. The Emir, since his return to the town, had no more shown Khalil the 'pleasant and familiar' countenance of the first days, and since the latter no longer frequented his coffee-hall, saw him not but in the street. Now, so soon as the Persian pilgrims, who arrived on the 15th, were gone forward, he deputed the captain of his guard to see that the Nasrâny depart somewhither. This man, Imbarak, having asked Khalil whither? to Kheybar? and been told, Ay! sought some one bound in that little travelled direction; but in four days he found but two Bedouins of the despised Heteym, who might serve as *rafiks* so far as the tents of a principal Heteym sheykh Kasim ibn Barak reported lying some seventy miles westward and able to forward a man to Kheybar. But Khalil, mistrustful of such pariah convoy, now demanded to be returned to the Ottoman Dowla whether at Medain Salih or Baghdad, and made no move to be ready for the road. Finally on the 21st November, the thirtieth day of his stay in Hayil, the Heteymies being impatient to be gone, Imbarak replaced persuasion by force, had Khalil and his bags hustled into the street and the hovel locked

behind him, and, had it not been for the opportune appearance of Hamud, the obstinate Nasrâny would have taken some hurt from a gathering crowd. He insisted on a last audience of the Emir, without whose letter of safe conduct he refused to mount. Ibn Rashid treated him not unkindly, signed the letter, and bade him be gone. Entreated in the kitchen below to break his fast, Khalil would not, nor would he accept the Emir's provision for the road, but he accepted four reals to be paid for his camel hire, deeming these his due in compensation for the sum stolen a week before; and having prevailed on Imbarak to swear his *rafiks*, turned his face again, without further constraint, towards the desert heart of Arabia which he had approached from Maan a year before almost to a day.

THE SECOND ARABIAN YEAR
HAYIL TO JIDDA

THE PROSPECT WAS AS DARK AS PRESENTLY GREW the track. Of Khalil's three companions two were Bedouins of the lowest caste—such as the Shammar called dogs—and they had seen his shame at Hayil. His third companion, ragged owner of the hired camel, passed also for a Heteymy, though in fact of the Bishr, and now he journeyed under duress. Except as 'eyes in the desert' they would avail nothing in time of need. The destination of the party was some far camp of an unknown sheykh of a robber folk, whose respect of Ibn Rashid's seal Khalil mistrusted. His assets were seriously diminished. Not only did he now possess neither a beast of his own, nor the means to buy one and still keep something in hand—for, all told, hardly above thirty dollars were in his purse—but no longer had he his tent, having sold it in Hayil long since, while of a mind to fly Arabia by the short way of Baghdad. Gofar, reached at midnight, showed no hospitality; but some balm was offered in the morning by the kindly welcome of a poor farmer, whose women volunteered to mend the Nasrâny's rent cloak. That day and the next brought no misadventure, and at evening the tents of Kasim ibn Barak came in sight. Salih, the cameleer, deeming his commission satisfied, would now unload and begone, before the sheykh should find out he was no true Heteymy; but Khalil constrained him to face Kasim who, detaining his beast, forced him on the morrow to convey the Nasrâny forward. No sooner, however, was a second camp of Heteym found, and breakfast taken, than Salih and the two *rafiks* disappeared for good.

They had fulfilled, indeed, the letter of Ibn Rashid's command, but the code of the desert condemns the desertion of any companion at strange tents. The Heteym folk may be no pure Aarab, but Thailfullah, Khalil's host, behaved as if he were Arab of the best, sheltering the stranger (who took pains not to be known too soon for a Nasrâny), giving him to eat, and eventually sending him on to a sheykh better able than himself to find conveyance to Kheybar. The sheykh in question, who by hazard had already met Khalil on the

road and offered himself as convoy to Kheybar, was not so good now as his word; but he found a poor man, one Groseyb, on whom weighed a debt for blood-price, owning a camel, and forward to earn four dollars. That same day, the 25th November, the pair got away, Khalil riding, Groseyb afoot and scouting this side and that with his matchlock. They pushed on up and over a high massif of *harra*, where the aneroid touched 6,000 feet. Khalil seems to have agreed for four long days of arduous travelling and for four chill nights better with this *rafik* than with others; and when after long descending round a huge shoulder of the *harra*, the pair reached at nightfall on the 28th one of the four walled hamlets which constitute Kheybar, Groseyb secured for both good entertainment in the house of a friend. But strangely dank air, swarming flies, water tasting 'foul as if drawn from a marish, ill and unwholesome'—these influences tempered Khalil's elation at finding himself, after much tribulation, where he would be, and bred of his weariness forebodings of the morrow. He had not, as he had wished, been brought to the quarter of the Welad Aly and was told that he would no longer find there the men on whom he had relied to protect him for Sheykh Mehsan's sake. Moreover, he knew the moment near when he must be recognized for a Nasrâny. For the last five days the ignorant Bedouins had presumed him a Moslem, and even his *rafik*, Groseyb, seems not to have suspected. Town Arabs and Moslems of Syria, Irak, or Egypt were just as strange; and since many of these, in imitation of Persians, dyed their hair with *henna*, Khalil's red beard had not betrayed him. Now in an oasis settlement of caravaners, traders, and soldier aliens, the truth must out and that soon.

Next morning, when Khalil wished to walk abroad, 'for this was Kheybar', Abd-el-Hâdy, his host, already suspicious of one who prayed not, sent with him a young son of the house, for guide. The boy led him at last to see a warm spring bubbling inside a building. The Nasrâny followed without putting off his shoes, and behold! he was in a mosque. Shrinking back he knew he had been remarked; and, after an uneasy call at the quarters of the Commandant of irregulars who held the place for the Dowla, returned to bring the matter to head by opening himself to his host. The latter would have had his guest fly forthwith, seeing that Kheybar was Hejaz, the Prophet's *dira*, where no Christian is suffered. But Khalil would not.

Rumour had spread and presently appeared a negro of the Ageyl troop to spy on the stranger; but it was not till well on in the afternoon that he returned to hustle the suspect (who had armed himself) before the Commandant Abdullah es-Siruân.

The course of that crucial interview is recorded in detail in the diary book; but this relation was not written till after the lapse of a month. Khalil, in fact, did not post up his diary at Kheybar day by day, but on 30th December he sat down to write up events and conversations to date in a continuous narrative, which, filling rather less than fourteen crowded pages, ends with the episode of Muhar-ram's death and the popular rumour that the Nasrâný's medicines were its cause.¹ For the subsequent two and a half months spent at Kheybar we find only one half page entry, undated, but written apparently when the Commandant had just received from Medina the Pasha's first letter, ordering him to treat the Engleysy honourably, pending examination of his books after the Haj² should have departed. Thereafter no more till the day before that of final release and departure whose first date, 22nd Monday, was corrected to 'month Seffar about 17 March' (so far from true reckoning had the diarist lapsed). The general cause of those long *lacunae* we may be sure was the seizure and examination of the Nasrâný's camel-bags which the Commandant effected on the first day; but exactly how it worked to produce the result we do not know. Khalil carried his diary on his person, as on that occasion he did also his revolver—'the pistol worn under my left arm for fifty days caused me a good deal of uneasiness; only in the darkness of night would I take it off secretly and lay it under my head'—so he wrote on 30th December. They did not search his body then, to do so being to commit so great an indignity in Arab eyes that the soldiers refrained. But with the sequestered books and papers, which were ultimately sent to the Pasha in Medina and not recovered by Khalil till his last days in Kheybar, his 'long brass Arabic ink-horn'³ may have been temporarily retained; for when he wrote to the Pasha later on, it was in pencil. To write up the diary on 30th December he perhaps borrowed ink for once of Salih, the sheykh-scribe. In any case, seeing that outcry followed his being seen with papers in the early days of his

¹ *Arabia Deserta*, vol. ii, p. 172.

² *Ibid.*, p. 197.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 220. This ink-horn is in Mrs. Doughty's possession.

all my time but only that I come to see you'; and then, or soon after, he invited the Englepsy to spend the hours of daytime with himself. He could not take the stranger in to sleep having but one room and a wife, but most days thereafter for nearly four months accompanied him to the palm gardens where the two worked together at husbandry or well digging. In the early morning and the evening Khalil frequented the Commandant's coffee-hall, not in fellowship with a man whom he despised and detested, nor yet from policy, but under compulsion as a ticket-of-leave man who must report himself. Between times the Nejumy went bail. At first the Nasrâny wandered sometimes alone outside the villages, but, after the incident of his being seen to bury papers, and after two or three pot-shots had been fired at him from long range (because he was believed a warlock), he was allowed to roam no more except with his bail or with *askars*. His practice of medicine was not discouraged, but won for him little confidence and no cash. On the whole he was not ill-treated at Kheybar, being housed, fed, and not subjected to worse than the violent words of the Commandant and the bully, his negro aide. But the long suspense of definite orders from Medina three to four days' distant—the Commandant did not report him at all till the third week; then, after many days, no more returned than an order to forward the confiscated books and papers, and after more days only the provisional letter already mentioned—told on his mind already affected by deep indignation that an Englepsy and a friend of the Dowla should be held a prisoner at all by such an one as Abdullah es-Siruân, and by the disappointment of finding no antiquities of interest in the place and nothing Jewish. The common talk of *Yahûd Kheybar* implied no more than vulgar abuse of its negroid folk—Omar had dealt all too faithfully with Kheybar twelve centuries ago.

At last Khalil contrived to slip into the wallet of the Commandant's postman a pencilled missive of his own to the Pasha. Sabri, Vali of Medina, seems to have been, for his race, time and rank, a comparatively liberal and lettered man. He could appreciate the scientific motives of the Englepsy and wished him no harm. While the Haj stayed in his city he asked the opinion of Mohammed Said Pasha, who guaranteed his old acquaintance and expressed surprise that he should be detained in any dependency of the Dowla. But Kheybar was reckoned within the forbidden Hejaz, and Sabri's official com-

mission prescribed that the scandal of a Christian on Holy Territory be not longer tolerated. He would have made the matter worse by bringing him out by Medina, and it seemed best, as he had come from Ibn Rashid, that to Ibn Rashid he should return. Thereafter, if Allah willed, he would go out on the Gulf side and another Vali would have to deal with him! So he replied on the 17th January to Khalil's letter in a kindly if ungrammatical French epistle, written by a secretary over his signature, and some six weeks later ordered Abdullah es-Siruân to let the Nasrâny go free, restore all his effects, and further him without delay to Ibn Rashid. There was yet to be some delay, for the camel-bags themselves had vanished, and must be replaced from Medina, and the Commandant parted hardly and tardily with the six Turkish pounds—Khalil's all—that, on the first day, he had extracted from his prisoner's tin of tea and held in pawn, hopeful they would never be redeemed. But at last all was made good. Dakhil, the complaisant letter bearer, whom Khalil trusted, offered to hire him a camel and take him straight to Hayil in return for two of the pounds. But this price seemed to the fare too ruinous, seeing that, after settling small Kheybar debts, he would be left with less than eighty francs wherewith to escape from Hayil; and at last, failing any Heteym convoy ('none dared mount me to Hayil') he agreed at five dollars with one Eyâd, a Bishr rider, for a sick *thelul* and the man's company, first to the negro village of Hayat on the east of the *harra*, and thence to Mustajidda and Hayil. A party of four was made up by Merjan, a youth of Eyâd's tribe and kind, and (for the first stages only) by Hamed, a villager.

The departure was fixed for the 17th March, but Eyâd, holding the day unlucky, insisted on postponement to the 18th. Aman, the Galla *askar*, bade the Nasrâny farewell in the village and the Nejumy at an hour's distance outside. Khalil might well commend this man as his 'father' to God, for without his daily protection during nearly four months it had gone much harder with the prisoner. Then, 'Amm Mohammed went back to his own, we passed further, and the world and death and the inhumanity of religions parted us for ever!'¹ The prisoner never forgot his stout defender. Thirty-three years later he wrote:² 'The Nejumy whom you mention was a valiant

¹ *Arabia Deserta*, vol. ii, p. 215.

² To his cousin, Mrs. E. Doughty Montagu, in 1911.

Friend, and indeed with his faults and virtues a fine human character. I often reflect how many noble souls there were in that fanatical country. I tried to reach him years ago by letter to Medina, but received no answer. I have heard he became governor of Kheybar.' And again, in 1924 to his daughter: 'I hope you have finished Kheybar. It was an awkward time I had there, but the great-hearted, mighty man Am Mohammed was good indeed.'

In 1911 or 1912 he asked Mr. Devey, British Consul at Damascus, to inquire of Sheykh Motlog of the Fukara about the man 'who for many weeks shielded and defended my life at Kheybar'.¹ But Motlog proved to be no more and all that Mr. Devey could learn was that the Nejumy was dead, and only grandchildren remained; the Consul demurred to Khalil's offer to send £20 to these survivors, saying that he, personally, would be no party to paying over money to Kheybar folk,² and this gift fell through.

Khalil believed himself the first European in Kheybar; for like Zehme³ he discounted the previous claim of Carlo Guarmani. Writing a quarter of a century later he said (with a hope that he 'might be mistaken'), 'I have never doubted that Guarmani's Kheybar visit was imaginary. I am obliged to doubt also if he has seen Aneyza.' The Italian, he it observed, was disguised as a Turk and professing Islam; therefore he may have excited little notice on 29th February, 1864, and left no such memory in Kheybar as the following letter, written on 16th May 1903, assumed that he must have left, if indeed he ever visited the place.

DEAR MR. HOGARTH,

I may have been prejudiced by what Zehme says in his *Arabien seit 100 Jahren* which I had in Arabia, but what also weighed with me was my not seeing any connexion between what Guarmani says of *Khaybar* and the place itself; and it is a remarkable place. So also of Aneyza, but in a less degree, when I read that in England about 1879, and when I have also an indistinct remembrance of looking at

¹ Letter to G. P. Devey, preserved in rough copy and undated, probably, 1911.

² Letters from the same 17th November, 1912; 13th January, 1913; 5th March, 1913. Probably the Consul feared political misrepresentation if he were reported

to have sent money to inhabitants of Hejaz.

³ *Arabien seit Hundert Jahren*, p. 302. See also my *Penetration of Arabia*, p. 267, note.

a slight map of Guarmani's and thinking there was nothing in it. On the other hand, though he has no doubt visited Teyma, I recollect thinking when I read Zehme then, that his account was unsatisfactory. His visit may have been a flying one and too short to leave much impression on his mind, nor is it likely he would see or hear much if he travelled with valuable horses much by night time, on account of the heat.

Then I ask myself was it all likely that Guarmani should visit Khaybar the most unlikely, and as his rafiks would at once have told him, impossible place to go for horses; and how could he have passed over the astonishing Harra, without noticing it?

I have not thought of these matters since about 1879 and it is now some way back in memory. To do Guarmani justice I should have to read all he says critically which I have never had an opportunity of doing. I have not seen Zehme for perhaps as long and could hardly hope to find my copy now after many house flittings.

The young Italian whom I met at Hayil spoke disparagingly of Guarmani's book on horses (still unknown to me) and then of Guarmani himself; but why I know not, nor if he had any just and sufficient reason for doing so.

Since I received your letter, a week ago, I have thought again of Khaybar; and it has struck me, that during date harvest there would indeed, in Guarmani's time, have been the Weylad-Aly and Fukara tribes encamped at Khaybar, who have some few horses: so that if he was at that time in the country he might possibly have thought of following them there. With all this I was so long detained at Khaybar and heard there as it were, everything that was in the hearts of Amm Mohamed en-Nejûmy and others that it appears to me very unlikely that, if any stranger had visited the place a few years before, they would not have mentioned it. And yet if he went there at all, it is conceivable that he may have visited the Beduin tents and not entered the place.

You see I have little definite to go upon. My English impression of Italian work may be wrong but I should not expect an ordinary Italian of the sixties to be very exact in a statement of his wandering travels or perhaps to be quite above a slight *bugia*.

Yours very sincerely, CHARLES M. DOUGHTY.

Thus it would appear that Doughty became less certain of his priority than Khalil had been. No other light has been, or perhaps ever can be, thrown on the question.

Khalil recorded in *Arabia Deserta* feelings of profound relief when, first, he found himself out of the Kheybar valleys, his scene of failure and detention, and later, the hated Kheybar landmarks sank below the horizon. In two nights and three days the party travelling over *harra* found no Bedouin tents to shelter them from the sky and break the bitter March winds, but afterwards were usually entertained by Bishr, Heteym, or (once on the twelfth night out), by Harb, a great tribe unfamiliar to the Nasrâny and gravely approved as of noble carriage and hospitality. As Hayil was neared, the hosts, in camp or in hamlet, became Shammâr and slow witted Beni Temim. Twice in mid-desert fortune led Khalil to the booths of former acquaintance, first to that of Eyâd ibn Aujeyn, whose furtherance of him to Thaifullah had enabled him to find Groseyb and so reach Kheybar, and, on the 26th, to that of Salih, the Bishr camel-man, whom he held to have deserted him on that occasion, but now forgave for his expiatory entertainment.

He was not comfortable with his Bishr *rafiks*. Eyâd, though Bedouin by birth, was bred a townee, and Khalil doubted his fidelity to the code of the desert. There had been trouble with him before starting, and Khalil, who had stipulated for payment of his hire by instalments and by results, had been constrained against his judgement to tell down the full sum in advance. Merjan, little more than a boy, was light of head and tongue and fanatically spiteful of Nasrânies; but his desire to go to Hayil and see a sister gave Khalil a curb and a hold upon him. There was more than one sharp altercation, threat of violence, and denunciation of any infidel's claim to bind *rafiks*. But, inconsequent as a bird and temperamental from hour to hour, neither tried seriously to forsake his charge. Khalil scarcely remarks these quarrels in his diary, and his harsh judgement of the pair in *Arabia Deserta* is diluted with inconsistent praise. Maybe what would befall him later colours the narrative of this earlier experience of these two Bedouins. Only less temperamental than they, he often allows in his narrative what would have excused worse conduct than theirs. 'They are wolves to each other', he says of all their kind, 'and what if some were hounds to me? for the distress of

the way edges all men's spirits.' When the outlying hamlets of Jebel Shammar were in sight, the Nasrâny began to meet men who knew him for what he was, but, knowing also that he had borne Ibn Rashid's passport they refrained from reviling; and despite recent consequence of his overstaying his welcome at Hayil, despite also news gathered on the road that the Emir was *ghrazzai* (a-raiding), Hamud with him, and only Aneybar, the black chamberlain, acting regent, he seems to have resought the place without grave misgiving. Maybe he had taken this road by choice as much as by Medina order; for his mind was set now on reaching the Gulf shore and India.¹

The three rode into Hayil on Sunday, 1st April, about the hour of afternoon prayer to find it a shuttered town. The Emir's absence evidently meant much; and what for Khalil? An old acquaintance saluted him with giving of thanks that now the Nasrâny had become a Moslem. How else should he venture again into Hayil? Aneybar, met in the deserted *sûk*, greeted civilly this disconcerting reappearance, and passed on to gather his wits. Very few paces sufficed to fix his resolution to be rid of this unwelcome responsibility at the earliest possible moment; he was left with little force to curb a fanatical population, and what would the distant Emir expect of him in respect of this *kafir* whom the Emir himself had expelled? He retraced his steps to tell Khalil firmly but not ungently to begone after a night's repose in his former hovel; but he refused convoy to the Gulf—Khalil having said he wished to pass by Bahrein and Katif towards India—; he would not take the responsibility of promoting so distant and dubious a venture. Nor would he accept Kasim; there were he said no Bedouins now in Hayil who could serve for *rafiks* thither. Then, asked Khalil, might he ride north with some messenger to the Emir, and present to him the Pasha's letter? This, too, Aneybar refused, for he would be responsible not only for the Nasrâny's reappearance but also for the presentation of an Ottoman letter which himself had handed back unopened because its curt superscription, 'To the Sheykh, Ibn Rashid', implied an insolent denial of the sovereign independence of his own master. Eyâd must take Khalil back to his Dowla at Kheybar.

The morrow brought no relief. Eyâd did his best, but in vain

¹ So witnesses the diary, recording on 1st April his reply to Aneybar's question whither he might wish to go.

were would-be *rafiks* found, ready for a few reals to convey the Nasrâny either south or north; and during hours of waiting by the Palace Gate, Khalil suffered long indignity and menace of violence from a gibing throng which ever more and more insistently cried upon him to confess Islam, and at one moment believed, or feigned belief, that he consented. But quietly he put by their hopes. Now, as to many a previous less vehement summons to apostasy, and to others which subsequently would be made with even more truculence, he was opposing not so much the faith of a Christian as patriot pride of race. Martyrdom if else apostasy were the only way; but the devout poet of Gospel episodes in *The Dawn in Britain* would in Arabia have welcomed death in the spirit of Alfred Lyall's Englishman, bound to the muzzle of a sepoy gun.

Eyâd, leading his sick *thelul* to pasture, had been turned back from the town gate. He feared only too justly what would befall him, an Ageyly of the Dowla, if he should reappear in Kheybar with the Nasrâny; but his near kin lived under Ibn Rashid's shadow, and Ibn Rashid's lieutenant ordered him to take the Nasrâny away. He must at least make a show of it, and one, Ibrahim, who stood compassionately between Khalil and his tormentors, impatient to put him beyond their reach, told into the *rafik's* reluctant hand a fresh hire of five dollars. Eyâd 'ate' the money in the *sûk*; and Khalil appealed once more to Aneybar for, at least, a letter of safe-conduct, if no other proposition might yet be entertained. The negro signed a hasty scrawl, which warned all and sundry not to molest 'this Nasrâny' and, his *rafik* leading the halting *thelul*, the twice expelled Nasrâny took again the weary Gofar road. Hayil was an accursed memory; but perhaps because of the Emir's early complaisance and present absence Khalil nursed no personal grudge. Moreover Mohammed's dramatic history and actual tragic position appealed to the poet. When four months after this he was asked at Taif by the Sherif of Ibn Rashid, he 'answered a little beside his (the Sherif's) expectation "He is a worthy man"'. As for Hamud, Khalil spoke not unkindly but less well of him when writing in 1884 to a correspondent, (certainly Julius Euting of Strassburg who had just returned from North Arabia):

'In Hamud-el-'Obeid I found also a singular childish covetous curiosity, he desired to have of me some quaint and excellent novel-

ties of the workmanship of the Naşâra. I saw it without disguise in his boy Mâgid. I thought it natural that he should wish to find some instrument or weapon which might give him an advantage. The baseness in this covetousness comes I imagine from their being bred up by slaves so that their young age is surrounded by villainous persons.’¹

Merjan rejoined the party outside the town, and, thus reinforced, Eyâd ‘behaved brutally, himself mounted saying the return would not be with me mounted. I walked therefore on my feet to Gôffar.’ A pencilled note below the day’s entry records Khalil’s reflection on this Ageyly of Medina—‘Bedouins are never brutal if they have not learned it of the Turks’. He knew his *rafiks* meant sooner or later to desert him, and they knew he knew. The intention, indeed, came to be avowed in the next two days and even discussed frankly both among the trio and with their nightly hosts, when once and again Khalil appealed to them to arbitrate this desert dispute. None, however, would meddle in it to any purpose. For the fourth day out the diary notes that Eyâd ‘threatened many times to forsake me in the desert and even to shoot me’. Desertion was the easier that the *rafik* now rode and Khalil was following afoot as best he could. The next day, 6th April, a dozen Heteym tents, pitched about a hundred miles west of Hayil, were reached, and on the morrow came the end of the uneasy partnership. Eyâd and Merjan mounted without loading the Nasrânî’s bags and the Heteymy sheykh, Maatuk, though he had said overnight that, should they so do, he would even seize their *thelul*, interfered not at all. On Khalil’s insistence, however, he followed up and called them back, but would not force them when Eyâd had reluctantly disgorged one dollar of his hire. Some only of the bystanders reproved them as they finally drove away. They had broken in more ways than one a cardinal law of the desert—Thou shalt mount and convey him whose hire thou hast taken, and thou shalt abide by him to his appointed place. But the thought that this

¹ Rough copy found among Doughty’s papers. The only dating given is 1st December, but the heading ‘Smedley’s Matlock Bridge’ fixes the year as above. Euting returned from his first Arabian journey in 1884 (see *Tagbuch einer Reise in Inner-arabien*, vol. i, p. vi), and got

into communication with Doughty. In the rough copy in question Doughty goes on to speak of his correspondent’s study of inscriptions and of his having passed between el-Ala and Wejh; a journey which, at that date, Euting alone had made.

plaintiff was an enemy of Allah confused the issue, and, moreover, it was known that these Ageylies of the Dowla had fulfilled their original commission, and been forced into another by an authority to whom they owed no allegiance. Eyâd himself having brought Khalil five days' journey and then repaid a fifth of his hire, probably thought that his Dowla would not, and others should not, blame him for refusing, against all orders and desires of his superior officers, to return a Nasrâny to Kheybar.

When Sheykh Maatuk realized that such a guest was indeed left on his hands he broke out into one of those splenetic furies which often looked as though they must end in shedding the Nasrâny's blood, but, in fact, never ended so. The latter knew too well how to shame bluster by weakness and then avail himself of that mediator who is present wherever three Arabs are gathered together. Of this great antique humanity of the Semitic desert, there is a moment, he has written¹ 'in every adventure, wherein a man may find to make his peace with them, so he know the Arabs'. Did these ever realize that the best part of the Nasrâny's knowledge, which so amazed and awed them, was knowledge of themselves? Now in the event, though he noted 'those Beduins half lawless, extremely fanatic; and women of the tents only better', he did make his peace to some purpose with the sheykh, and found better entertainment in his tent than any other Bedouin had offered. His new plan was to be furthered to a great sheykh of the Harb, one Ibn Nahal, said to be lying on the way towards Kasim. For the moment Maatuk excused himself because the Heteym camels were out at grass; but really he feared Ibn Rashid, should he abet the Nasrâny's neglect of Aneybar's order. He held on, however, to three dollars which on the day of Eyâd's flight Khalil had paid down for such furtherance, and on the fourth morning—11th April—pressed by his wife, decided to risk the venture rather than repay. Mounting his guest with himself on a rough male camel, he jogged away over the desert inquiring among Heteym camps and herds where might be Ibn Nahal. He was found on the second evening, and spoke fair, although the Nasrâny was no sooner seated than known. Later, when the latter riding onwards with Maatuk had chanced to alight at the tent of Motlog, Ibn Nahal bade this brother of his send the stranger whither he would in Kasim.

¹ *Arabia Deserta*, vol. i, p. 56.

Motlog promised and, dealing kindly with his guest, found on the fifth day an honourable kinsman willing for five reals, which Khalil had learned from a man of the Heteym represented the fair price, to ride his *naga* double with the Nasrâny and his bags into Boreyda itself; starting on 17th April and alighting at the Emir's guest-house on the evening of the 26th, he kept his word. The two riders agreed well together, and but for some fear of raiders in the open plain north of the Kasim nefûd and the ever-recurring recognition and questioning of the now notorious Nasrâny, the journey was almost eventless. Once more Khalil found in Harb tents the best entertainment and the slenderest in villages, through a chain of which—Rautha, Ayyun, and Garra—the pair rode on the last day's long stage of twenty-five miles. The diarist must have questioned his nightly hosts and his *rafik* with more than common industry; for pages during these successive days are covered in his fine script with notes, historical and geographical, about matters far from his road. His first view of the largest urban aggregate in inner Arabia is duly recorded in terms of admiration—the grey clay mass lit by a setting sun 'a wonderful spectacle of human industry reminds of Jerusalem from the Mount of Olives'. He was to learn that the parallelism did not end there. What once Nazarenes had expected in Jerusalem, a Nasrâny might look for now in Boreyda!

Boreyda, rather than Aneyza, of whose Emir and temper he had the better report, was chosen for his first call in Kasim, because his Harbi *rafik*'s tribesmen were at enmity with the latter town. Boreyda, however, which had been visited by no Christian without disguise and profession of Islam, had not then acquired its fanatical notoriety, and apparently without apprehension Khalil alighted at the Emir's guest-house. He was overtired and a 'slender sorry supper' in the dusk had not refreshed him, before, surprised in the open by a Muezzin's call to prayer, he retired amid sour looks to the mean room allotted. Thence an hour later he was roused to confront in the coffee hall certain officers of the Emir who had their suspicions. The truth was patent at once, for one had lately been at Hayil, seen the Nasrâny, and knew how Aneybar had sent him away for Kheybar. The chill disfavour of this reception tempted the servants of the house—men of the wild Kahtan tribe—to treat Allah's enemy as outside the law. Rough words while he was finding the required

papers from his bags were followed, so soon as he was again in the courtyard waiting the Emir's judgement of the papers, by concerted violence. Six men fell on him, snatched purse, aneroid (they thought this a watch), and all else from his breast, rent his garments and left him stripped to his drawers. In vain he shouted, Thieves! But, just as the robbers had left him to rifle the bags, a swordsman from the Emir appeared in the gateway and bade them hold. They must restore under pain of 'the cutting off the hand, and the hand put in the bags would be heir to it!' Thus Khalil recovered his own, and last of all two napoleons—'all that remained to me in this bitter world'. Promise of a new mantle and shirt, though repeated on the morrow by the regent himself, was never fulfilled.

In the morning the swordsman, Jeybar, reappeared with a summons from this regent, Abdullah el-Mahanna, acting for the absent Emir, his brother Hasan. He required the Nasrâny to quit forthwith, but weary himself conceded to his suppliant's weariness one day, on condition that should suffice him. Some 'principal persons' then called the Nasrâny to breakfast and their kindly curiosity heartened him to perambulate the *sûk* with his guard. He found it 'very well furnished—extraordinary for the midst of Arabia'; but the virulence of the jostling crowd was such that Jeybar was quick to shut him into his own house with the *harîm*. Thither followed, first women¹ of the baser sort to make lewd propositions and second a rabble so bent on mischief that hardly was it held off by Jeybar's people till the master could return and drive it out. It tried again, and Khalil hearing that Abdullah had said the people might do with him as they would, so they did not kill in the town, sent Jeybar to remonstrate, for how next day should he get clear? The regent replied with an order that the Nasrâny be not molested; and 'with that I went to rest'.

Jeybar had promised his own company and *thelul* to Aneyza, but, on the morrow, foreswore—'he made as though he had never promised and had none such intent ever in his mind'; and it was with a poor cameleer, impressed and paid by Abdullah, that Khalil slipped out by a by-way, nothing doubting but that he would be conveyed the dozen miles into Aneyza. After riding some ten, however, the pair came to a low sandy tract of palm-groves, and Khalil, asking a

¹ Plural in the diary.

question, was told it was 'the Wady', that is, the Wady er-Rumma, the longest dry water-course in Arabia. It came then to his mind that, on the morning of yesterday, Abdullah had called for a man to mount the Nasrânî not to Aneyza but 'to the Wady'. Was he then to be abandoned there? His *rafik* proposed a halt to allow his beast to graze and would lead her aside. Khalil insisted on retaining his spear in pledge. The man pleaded not to be left defenceless in a desert beset by raiders, and Khalil admitted the plea. The *rafik* unloaded his camel, and led her off to grass behind a grove, and Khalil saw neither more till he espied them in the distance fetching a wide compass back to the Boreyda road. Abdullah had taken care that his own peace and honour should not be involved in foisting a Nasrânî on Aneyza!

Khalil had been in tight places but none so tight as this. Without guarantee or recommendation of any sort he stood there alone, an outlaw by all the codes. The town not far ahead was no friend of Boreyda, and at enmity both with the Bedouins from whom he had come and with Ibn Rashid. There was a grange not far away, but it would be no nomad's tent, where one utterance of *dakhilak* engages a protector. Still it was the only possible resort, and, arming himself, Khalil left his bags lying and made towards it. His one hope lay, he thought, in postponing confession of his faith or his forsaken state, till he had established a claim on some one's protection. Therefore he put by the question of a negro and negress about his *rafik* and held on to the grange; where, finding a man watering his garden, he asked and drank a cup of his foul water. It was a poor bond, but better than none. Then Khalil told his *rafik's* desertion and his own quality as a *hakim*; the puzzled incurious hind invited him to bring his bags. Two or three other men, 'grave and well seeming', gathered for prayer, but Khalil told them 'I have prayed already before I joined you'. It was *suggestio falsi*, but also it was truth, for had he not prayed to Allah in that hour of extremity, but without invoking His Arabian Prophet?

After the praying, the gardener, still uncertain, laid the stranger's bags across an ass, took him forward so far as an orchard stading, and there left him for the night. Evening prayer-time again brought embarrassment, and Khalil lost no time afterwards in revealing himself to one of his host's sons, with whom he had taken care to eat.

The young man accepted the confidence and curbing his brethren's curiosity, secured peace in a woodshed for the guest, and, at dawn on the morrow, his safe delivery to a negro servant of the Emir, Zamil, by whom he was brought to his master.

Zamil's philosophic tolerance took offence only at the undiplomatic frankness of the 'Messihy's' avowal. 'Why', asked another *filasuf* later on that day, 'had he confessed himself openly an Engleesy and not feigned as Palgrave?'¹ In point of fact, however, the truth had come through from Boreyda before ever Khalil saw Zamil, and Aly, the latter's uncle and chief executive officer, knew it already when he joined the conclave. He went off to head an opposition, which, however, would hold its hand awhile in hope of the *kafir's* conversion. Meanwhile it was careful by turning him out of the shop first assigned to him, and making it difficult for him to find another lodgement, to dispel any illusion that the Christian *hakim* might readily establish himself in the town. Indeed, if Zamil had not been supported by two friends of consequence, both natives of the town, but habitual residents of Baghdad, serious trouble would not have delayed for three weeks. Of these, Abdullah el-Khenneyny, a self-made man, was the more lettered and curious of western culture, while the other, Abdullah el-Bessam, whose position was better assured, was the more hospitable and the less sensitive to popular opinion. By the open coffee hearth of the second, and in private intercourse with the first, Khalil hoped to pass the weeks which must yet elapse before he could be forwarded out of Arabia by caravan in any direction.

On 21st May, however, the note-book, in which, except geographical jottings and two sketch-charts of the Medina *harras*, nothing had been written since 30th April (Khalil's second day in Aneyza), resumed daily entries with the words, 'My now quiet and more pleasant days . . . were troubled by the malignity of the fanatics'. Small-pox had chased Khalil from his lodging, and day after day he had to tramp fasting and weary through the streets seeking a place for the night's rest. Seeing him apparently so forsaken and shunning the market places, the zealot party took heart. While 'the children

¹ So the diary for 29th April; but the diarist himself no doubt filled in the name Palgrave. In 1902 Doughty could not

recall the name actually used by Abdullah el-Khenneyny. See letter quoted on p. 152.

in the streets cried out against me Nasrâny! Jadûdy!', a Friday preacher inveighed against those who set so evil an example by favouring him. Thereupon many changed their attitude and would no more receive the Nasrâny. Three days later, on the 24th, women and children of the quarter were incited to bring matters to a head, and he long remembered their hostility. 'In Aneyza', he would write,¹ 'I found low class feminine fanaticism most troublesome; and the street children seemed to be set on by them.' Though defilement of his doorway and stoning of his room and person were checked and punished by the Emir's man, zealots on the town council were able, by representing Khalilas a danger to the town's peace, to procure his expulsion. The Nasrâny was called out of his chamber to hear this sentence and when he pleaded for time to collect moneys owed him for medicines, he was struck in the face by the executive emir. Under duress he climbed upon a couching camel above his bags and behind a *rafik*, and was borne out into the night. The *rafik* was a half-wit malignant; the camel a young unbroken beast of burden whose 'wild gait brought on an attack of diarrhoea', while the rough pack saddle chafed and cut the rider's skin. 'I never suffered the like on the longest camel ride' noted Khalil. He was to be set down, so he was told, in Khubbera, a large oasis village which depended on Boreyda. Sunrise found the pair nearing the place. The *rafik* tried to leave his charge in the open; but Khalil appealed successfully to a villager and had himself carried to the peasant Emir's door and there duly committed on Zamil's behalf. The *hakim* found himself at first in request, and then, so soon as he asked payment, neglected. None invited him to coffee-fellowship—they were 'inhospitable people, clowns fellahin brutish'—and, although the Emir behaved well enough, the Nasrâny was perhaps fortunate that he had not to stretch his welcome beyond the traditional third day.

His friends at Aneyza, who heard no news of his expulsion till nearly noon on the following day, remonstrated with Zamil; if, indeed, it were unsafe to have Khalil in the town, could he not hide in some outlying grange or garden till the Mecca caravan should be ready? The town must not be known for one that refused to shelter a guest. When Abdullah el-Bessam threw his weight on the Nasrâny's side, Zamil willingly enough agreed to compromise. Khalil should

¹ To E. Garnett, 28 September, 1907.

come again, but only so far as the suburban garden of an absent merchant, one Rasheyd; and the man who had taken him to Khubbera was bidden fetch him away. Khalil trusted neither the man nor his mission, and feared all that day that if he were being taken anywhere except to death in the desert (he kept his eyes on the shadow of his back-rider's spear) it might be to Boreyda again. But nothing more untoward happened than some gibing and reviling in oasis villages; and early on 28th May, the fourth day since his expulsion, Khalil was set down at the Kasr and palm yard of Rasheyd, about an hour's camel march from Aneyza. It housed for the time a party of fellah harvesters under one Ibrahim, engaged in gathering the crop and sending it to Rasheyd's town house. There Abdullah el-Khen-neyny and Hamed es-Safy sought him, and made what amends they could for the town. But Abdullah told him he dared not see him often, and in the event, did see him again only on the morning of the final departure some five weeks later. He accepted Khalil's cheque for £3, and on the morrow sent out the value in silver dollars—slender *viaticum* for escape from the heart of Arabia!

When they were gone the bruised and weary Nasrâny settled down to a long inactivity. The days are not distinguished one from another in the diary, and on few did the diarist write any record of his own doings. The longest entry, made about 18th June, relates the altercation and violence which followed the gathering of the last load of corn. Khalil had protested against the harvesters deserting him for the night but rejected their offer to convey him into the town; for he had not Zamil's leave.¹ Like most of such manhandling quarrels it ended in excuses and much saving of faces; and neither party was the worse. In the next days returned old Rasheyd from Basra, and his visits to his gardens and the resort of certain sick persons to the *hakim* alone varied the long torrid days and the nights when the well mouth 'exhaled a tepid vapour' and crickets chirruped unceasingly. The friends of Khalil's first sojourn came not again, and he resigned himself to *keyif* unbroken by even an effort to write up his diary. The remaining fifteen pages of the book are blank, left so, perhaps, for further notes about the Aneyza episode, which in the event were never written. When the daily record was resumed it was in a different book, ruled *en quadrille* and carried probably for the purposes

¹ *Arabia Deserta*, vol. ii, p. 437.

not of diarist but of sketcher. A single entry closes three weeks' silence with 'We left Aneyzah the 17th of the moon or July 5'.

On the previous evening he had been conducted to el-Khenneyny's garden just within the broken town-wall, and there he was visited by the owner, by Abdullah el-Bessam and by Hamed es-Safy, but by none else. The first two of these friends had bought a camel for the Nasrâny and in the cool of the second evening he was bidden mount and ride westward with Sleyman a kinsman of Khenneyny's to a not distant spot in the Nefûd where lay the *samn* caravan. The good men of Aneyza had done all that they could for Khalil; Zamil had written to the leader, Ibrahim, who was his nephew; Bessam had charged his son Abd-er-Rahman who was bound for Mecca; and el-Khenneyny had strictly enjoined Sleyman to see that direct convoy to Jidda be provided for the Nasrâny so soon as forbidden ground were reached at Ayn ez-Zeyma, half a day short of Mecca. If none else were found to ride with him, Abd-er-Rahman's own servant would go. But Khalil trusted neither this promise nor any of his guarantors. Except for his sake none in that caravan was bound for Jidda, and it would be much to expect of an Arab after two weeks and more of desert travel that he should defer entering into the Holy City in order to bring an infidel other hundred miles to the sea.

The goodness of some at Aneyza never faded from his memory. When thirty years later he found the maker of an abridgement of his *Arabia Deserta* proposing to omit certain pages, he wrote:¹ 'In the part dealing with Aneyza I have felt a little sorry that the venerable patriot, Yahya, was left out. . . . I think it is remarkable that in one Nejd town were four such men as Zamil, Abdullah Kenneyny, Abdullah Bessam and Yahya.'

To the memory of two of these four, when long afterwards, as told above² he was able to make gifts to his protectors in Arabia, he dedicated two bowls 'of solid silver made to my order (old English model) and inscribed in Arabic and English' to be conveyed 'to representatives of my late friends and benefactors, Abdullah Abd-er-Rahman el-Bessam of Aneyza and Basra and Abdullah el-Khenneyny merchant also of Aneyza and Basra'.³ The bowls were consigned in 1913 to Mr. Devey, at Damascus, and by him committed for

¹ To E. Garnett, September, 1907.

² p. 59.

³ Letter to G. P. Devey, 25th January, 1914.

delivery to Mohammed el-Bessam. But as Khenneyny¹ was found to have no surviving descendant but an imbecile boy, one bowl ultimately found its way back to the donor, who presented it to Caius College in Cambridge. The other, after being held at Jidda by Sleyman el-Bessam, passed to the hands of his brother Mohammed, who treasures it to-day in Damascus.

On the 6th July, therefore, Khalil rode the first stage towards deliverance with much misgiving; and when Shibbibiya, Russ, and the last palms of Kasim were left behind, and the strain of riding long days in the hottest of the year (his thermometer marked up to 42° Centigrade in the noontide shade), began to tell, he found the temper of his companions anything but reassuring. None would willingly give him to eat or drink; the water was often kept from his knowledge, and he notes on the eleventh day that, when he discovered the fact and asked he was 'threatened with curses'. At last six days further on, when Ayn ez-Zeyma and the holy frontier were but a few hours ahead, it became patent that not even Abd-er-Rahman's man would agree to pass by Mecca; and that his master, who would not force him, had found no better substitute than a lout in whose faith and competence as *rafik* in so perilous a pass Khalil could not bring himself to believe. 'I found him a raw Bedouin lad and quite unknown; to go with him had been an extreme danger in that he himself miserable and cowardly had not been able to protect me from any insult.' He heard instructions being given to avoid Mecca 'upon which the stupid lad could not fail to judge me a *kafir*'. However it afterwards came out that when he learned the truth about the Nasrâny the boy said 'he would not have carried him for 100 reals!' 'I rode', noted Khalil, 'through the weary night with an extreme apprehension . . . Abd-er-Rahman neglected me.' This eighteenth and last stage of the journey opened on the 23rd July. The caravan leader and most of the principal persons were gone ahead on the better camels. Khalil trailed behind wearily on a weak *thelul*, which he had had to press continually over the whole four hundred and more miles since Aneyza. His was the only figure not stripped to the *ihram* and his the only voice not crying *labbeyk!* and thus was reached Ayn ez-Zeyma, for a Christian the most perilous parting of ways. He had

¹ For his death at Basra three years after Khalil's departure from Aneyza, see *Arabia Deserta*, vol. ii, p. 456.

seen to his revolver in the night-time and stowed spare ammunition under his belt.

How all but his worst fear was realized there the diary tells in a continuous narrative, of which some twenty pages of *Arabia Deserta*¹ repeat and expand all the elements without adding or taking away. It was evidently written after he had won through to safety at Taif on the 26th of the month. He had had the narrowest of escapes. Not in the Kella at Medain Salih, nor at the Kasr gate in Hayil, nor in Boreyda had he to face a death so present. It was the only time in two years that he drew a weapon in defence, and the only time that he had to proceed wholly disarmed, but for a stone privily slung in his kerchief. His appearance when he had come through to Taif he describes: 'The tunic was rent on my back, my mantle was old and torn; the hair was grown down under my kerchief to the shoulders, and the beard fallen and unkempt; I had blood-shot eyes, half blinded, and the scorched skin was cracked to the quick upon my face.' Elsewhere it is to be gathered that not only was his strength spent but boils, from which he had suffered in Kasim, as a result (so he believed) of a dog bite on the knee a year before, were succeeded by a 'Hejaz button' on the face, which remained with him five months.

His caravan sponsors, it should be said, had made honest efforts to spare him this trial. After failing to persuade any cameleer of the *Kafila* to go straight to Jidda, or to find a Bedouin of their Meteyr escort who knew the road, they did persuade a nephew of Bessam's to act convoy; and after waiting at Ayn ez-Zeyma for Khalil to come up, they actually got the pair mounted and ready to ride away. But before the over-weary *thelul* could be whipped out of a walk, a hot-head *sherif*, one Salem, who claimed to be in charge of the place, rushed again and again on the Nasrâny with uplifted knife, and raised so loud and murderous a brawl that Maabub, an old negro officer of the Grand Sherif, who, on Khalil being presented by the caravan leader, had greeted him with all courtesy, could impose precarious peace only by ordering that the Christian be haled to his master's judgement seat by no other than the would-be assassin. In the *mêlée* Khalil was robbed of some clothing and a coverlet, but not of his saddle-bags. A Meccan caravan which was to proceed

¹ *Arabia Deserta*, vol. ii, pp. 485-506.

towards Taif at sunset, should convoy the pair, and the officer and Bessam's nephew, who readily gave up his unwelcome commission for Jidda, would follow. Abd-er-Rahman rode off to catch up his caravan and Khalil endured a long day of contempt and insult, varied by more than one earnest or feint of murder. The way ran back for thirty miles to last night's halting place at Seyl, and Khalil, on pillion behind a Meccan cameleer (he had refused to risk riding in front of the man), who slept in the saddle, was obliged to draw upon an obstinate assailant during the dark. The news of his pistol spread, and at Seyl it was demanded with all else he might carry upon him. He showed fight, but, seeing no way to safety, submitted to be violently robbed; and, when seated on the ground, despoiled and dejected, was smitten over the nape by the heavy camel stick of his fellow rider, persuaded that he had been faring all night at the mercy of a hidden weapon.

Tardily then the negro officer, coming on the scene with Abd-el-Aziz el-Bessam, frightened Salem and the other assailants into quiescence. Salem, having now Khalil's few reals and the pistol upon him, was after all for turning off to Jidda, for Maabub had warned him that, at Taif, he would have to disgorge; but, fortunately, bystanders supported his victim's determination to appeal indeed to Caesar, and to Caesar, not sorry to add the vaunted amenities of Taif to his experience, Khalil went. The weary Nasrâny had still forty miles before him, but, with fear of the Sherif fallen on Salem, his danger was at an end. Through the long evening and longer night warder and prisoner waked and slept on camel-back, and before dawn reached the outskirts of the town, with nothing worse befallen than a curse or insult now and then from fellows on the road. A few hours followed for rest in a grange known to Salem, and a brief absence of the latter to attend the Sherif's audience (he returned severely chastened); and Khalil was led forward, his troubles past, to the house of a Syrian officer of the Dowla, which garrisoned Taif during its summer occupation by the Emir or 'Grand Sherif' of Mecca.

Husein, newly preferred in the previous year to that mediatized throne whose ambiguous independence varied in degree with successive occupants, was a man of Stambul education and mild politic habit, who honoured a common tradition of rival Sherifian clans by

seeking friends among Infidels and especially the English. At his hands Khalil was sure of redress and humane entertainment. Indeed, the change in the Nasrânî's fortunes was more than, at first, he could enjoy. His stomach revolted from the Turkish cookery, and passing 'suddenly from a poor Bedouin to be clothed as a Bedouin prince, I felt, as it were, a player upon a theatre'. But he added to his diary that night the reflection that other poor men than he 'had been princes, and princes poor men of another fortune!' Two long conversations with the prince convinced him of an intelligence and humanity beyond his expectation in an Arab ruler, and not two years later it was with horror that he would see a 'telegram that the Shereef of Mecca was stabbed to death as he entered Jidda'.¹ 'Perhaps', he added, 'he was too liberal.' Many years later Doughty used this dire instance to warn T. E. Lawrence, whom he knew to be about to fulfil a mission at Jidda; 'And now let me say a word as in duty bound. Do look out for murderous fanatics at Jidda. I cannot forget what befell that great and good Sherif Huseyn who received me so kindly at Taif. He was loved and had lately succeeded a brother who was much loved. Probably he had no enemy. But a raging fanatic is a blind and deaf madman.'

Restitution of all of which he had been robbed on the road was exacted; the money was but four dollars. All had been taken from his person and nothing from his bags; indeed, as he bore witness long afterwards, none of their contents, strangely enough, was ever lost by robbery from first to last—a striking testimony to the Arab code! But the Sherif deferred sentence on the Nasrânî's assailants till the latter should be beyond reach of their kin. Till the *thelul* should be fit for the road again, Husein made his guest free of Taif, to go where he would and see its rude monuments. The place disillusioned Khalil, who found it ruinous, its 'dreary streets unclean with many dogs', and the whole set among 'craggy black mountains of gloomy dire aspect'. Despite six thousand feet of elevation, he noted it was fever stricken, and that he urged the Prince to see to the draining of its marshy plain. In this ending of July, its noon-tide temperature was less than 90° Fahrenheit.

By the 29th the *thelul* was ready, and under convoy of a nomad sherif, attended by men of the Bishr bodyguard and by servants, the

¹ Letter to A. Sprenger, 28th March, 1880.

Nasrâný started at evening on his last Arabian journey. As the prince had given a merciful order that the sick man be spared as much as possible, the passage of something more than a hundred miles was spaced out over five days, the stages being covered in the evening hours and the first of the morning. Khalil saw again the scenes of his trial at Seyl and Ayn ez-Zeyma, and near the former, by Husein's express wish, a Himyaric stone. Then, leaving Mecca aside, he was conducted down Wady Fatima to the Pilgrim road at Hadda, and as the sun set on 2nd August, he alighted at the prince's house in Jidda after twenty-one months of such solitary adventuring as perhaps no one of his race, station, and culture has sustained before or since.

With this evening the diary closes. *Arabia Deserta* adds the bare fact that on the following day Khalil was received into the British Consulate. He stayed there perhaps two months, but probably less, since there is good reason to date to early autumn his arrival in India.¹ He was in sore need of rest and a doctor's care, which last he seems to have sought from Dr. Gregory Wortabet, a British Syrian, then Officer of Health for the Red Sea and stationed at Jidda.² A letter written by this doctor six years later from Beyrout shows that Khalil consulted him about the parasite which he believed had passed into his liver.³ He also made acquaintance in Jidda with Sleyman, Abdullah el-Bessam's son, and Manager at Jidda. To him he must have delivered the father's *thelul* which had carried him five hundred miles since Aneyza. Subsequently we find him corresponding with Sleyman and sending him a knife⁴ and Sleyman in return forwarding a map—probably a native sketch—and some topographical details of Kasim. Much later, when Khalil wished to mark his gratitude to the father, then deceased, it was to Sleyman, not to his brother Mohammed of Damascus, that he insisted his present, a silver bowl, should go.⁵

Besides his fruitless representation to the Consulate in favour

¹ See next chapter.

² *Arabia Deserta*, vol. ii, p. 509.

³ 'Since you first directed my attention to Bilharzia, I have seen five cases, etc.' wrote the doctor, who went on to tell of his success with a certain treatment in one case. See p. 58, above.

⁴ Letter signed 'Sleiman Abdulla Bassam, Jeddah, 20th May, 1884'. Cp. *Arabia Deserta*, vol. ii, p. 456, for correspondence also in 1881.

⁵ Letter to G. P. Devey, 25th January, 1914, quoted above, p. 85.

of a British subject then reported to be in Mecca,¹ the only recorded occurrence of Khalil's stay in Jidda is his recovery of some 'little scribble-books' which had been 'examined . . . by the Turkish officials at Medina and lastly carried safe through Mekka and delivered safe to me at Jiddah by one of the Nejd Bessams'.² The books in question must be five of those smaller note-books (unbound sheets roughly stitched together, probably by Khalil himself), which having been used chiefly for casual jottings in the first year were stored in his bags when he arrived at Kheybar and therefore impounded and sent to Medina. They are paged consecutively 1 to 169. The next book in order, which contains notes made both before and at Kheybar, must have been on Khalil's person when he was called on to empty his bags; and thus, like his diary, it escaped confiscation. The wanderings of these 'scribble-books' (now at rest at Cambridge), in pursuit of their writer can have been only less tortuous than his!

¹ See *Arabia Deserta*, vol. ii, pp. 513-14. is known.

No confirmation of this report seems ever to have come to hand, and no sequel to it

² Letter to S. C. Cockerell, 11th May, 1922.

FIRST-FRUITS OF ARABIA

ON HIS DEPARTURE FROM JIDDA KHALIL, though long to be remembered under that name by Arabs,¹ became again Charles Doughty. He was bound for India in accordance with the intention which he had expressed to his teacher at Damascus (see p. 34), to Ibn Rashid's lieutenant in Hayil, and to Muthkir on the road;² and probably he sailed on some returning vessel that had brought pilgrims. At Aden he broke his voyage in order to rest; and reached Bombay, in October 1878, so feeble that on arrival he lay down in the waiting-room of the station, more dead than alive. A good samaritan, finding him there, took him to his own house, until room could be found for him in the hospital, where, however, he had spent some time before, on 9th November, reading to the local branch of the Royal Asiatic Society the paper published in its *Journal* for that year.³

How he came to enter hospital, the doctor who admitted him tells thus:⁴

'I was resident surgeon at the European Hospital, Bombay, when I saw a tall man with a red beard come up the steps on to the Verandah; he said "I want to come into the hospital", and I replied "Only Europeans are admitted"; he then said "But I am an Englishman and my name is Doughty"'. We had some conversation about his life with the Arabs and I then took him to hospital and admitted him. We found him to be suffering from a complaint caused by bad water in Arabia, and as little was then known about it, he did not get much benefit from medical treatment, though the rest certainly did him good. He was much interested in the disease when he saw the cause under the microscope.'

¹ e.g. on 11th November, 1912, Beshir Agha, son of the Kellaji who had received Doughty at Medain Salih, acknowledged a present of £10 from 'Mr. Khalil'. Even in 1918 T. E. Lawrence found the name remembered in Arabia. See his Introduction to a new edition of *Arabia Deserta*, 1921, p. xxvii.

² *Arabia Deserta*, vol. ii, p. 464.

³ Vol. xiv (1878-80), pp. 161-3. *Notes of a Visit to Inner Arabia—Of 'Eyya or Medyn Çalih, a reported Troglodyte City in North Western Arabia*, by M. C. [sic] Doughty.

⁴ Letter from W. K. Hatch, F.R.C.S. (late I.M.S.), dated Cheltenham, 1st January, 1927, to myself. Also a second letter dated 13th January.

While under treatment he wrote the following letter:¹

Europ. Gen. Hospital. Tuesday. [1878.]
W. M. Wood Esqr. Secy. B. Asiatic Socy.

DEAR SIR,

I have had a bad foot added to my other infirmities which has prevented my coming down since to see you. As I know no one in this strange place I am determined to ask you to be so kind as to enquire of those about you for me where I might find a clean furnished room in a healthy quarter of the town. I care nothing with what religion or nationality.

Dr. Pinkerton if you will send me a few books will be responsible for them and I can deposit also 10 or 20 rps. with the Officials: on your consenting I would ask for the vols. of Chaucer, not the Canterbury Tales. Regarding a Communication to the Society of my scientific expedition of two years in Central Arabia and Hejaz, Country fully unknown to Europeans and not reached by them, I shall be ready on being invited by the Society to speak particularly of the antiquities at Medijn Çalih, the Nabathean inscriptions upon the monuments there, the Himyaric inscriptions of the neighbourhood.—Of antiquities at Teyma and inscriptions there in a singular character—of Kheybar of the Jews famous in the Moslem annals. Then passing to physical geography the modern immense vulcanic system of Inner Arabia the volcanoes and lavas extending some nearly 300 miles. The rising and course of the vast Central Arabian Valleys of which very erroneous relations are current in Europe. The physical conditions and shape of all the country visited by me with the barometrical measurements. Then the simple geological structure of the great Arabian Peninsula.

But I will look from you on your part for some little kindness to me also a stranger. If you are scientific men will you let me languish here?

I am dear Sir, Yours very truly,
CHARLES M. DOUGHTY (of Theberton, Suffolk)

The desired loan of books was refused, and it appears from a letter published below that another request, for help towards procuring cash against a bank-draft, was not acceded to by the Secretary or members of the Society. Consequently Doughty, when invited to address it, did not feel called upon, in his feeble state of health, to

¹ Rough copy preserved among his papers.

prepare anything elaborate; and at one moment he contemplated throwing up the engagement altogether, having unexpectedly secured a homeward passage which he thought would forestall the appointed date of the Society's meeting. While in the hospital, he learned that a cousin, Captain Frederick Proby Doughty, was in command of the Indian troopship *Crocodile*, now in the harbour and homeward bound. Having boarded her and presented himself to an astonished relative, who had thought him lost and probably dead in Arabia, he was invited to be the captain's guest on the homeward voyage. The sailing, however, proved not so immediate as he had expected, and, though he had prepared but little, he was able to be present at the Society's meeting on 9th November, show his copies and drawings of the Hejr antiquities and read a brief paper on these and on the 'four or five palm villages in clay, each of them surrounded by a wall' whose traces alone represent the Seven Cities of the legendary Thamud. The *Crocodile* must have sailed very soon afterwards; for she was at Portsmouth before the middle of the following month. A rough copy of a letter written a few months later to some one unspecified¹ and preserved among Doughty's papers sheds some light on both his stay in Bombay and his voyage home:

'I have in the last days arrived from Syria and am now settled here for a time. I found my papers lying safe at Damascus with the impressions from Medyin Çalih. All the inscriptions are together about 250 in which a few old Arabic or Kufic from the neighbourhood of el-Hejer.

'Some account of Medyin Çalih I gave the Bombay Society in November last year which may probably be now printed in their proceedings. More I was not well enough to undertake, nor thought it worth the pains when there was no one there, I could perceive, who had any sort of notion of Arabic and they thought so little of my painful travels in the cause of science that when I requested a loan of a few very ordinary books to amuse my langours it was denied with that supercilious air of suspicion which is intolerable to any forlorn man. Much less when I arrived desperately sick, and having saved only my book of Bankers cheques about me, could I obtain or durst I think of asking such scientific persons to have the humanity to recommend them, but I was obliged to go lie in the wretched

¹ Perhaps von Kremer. It is headed 'Vico Equense, Gulf of Naples. 21 June, 1879.'

hospital till I could send a letter to England. The like treatment I found from the Anglo-Indians at Aden because arrived from Arabia I was clad as an Arab, and the little cockney adjutant in the camp insulted me before his British troop and the Commanding officer would not permit me to visit Perim, which I desired to examine geologically and bring into relation with my observations of the great volcanic country of the Arabian peninsula. . . . In sum they had taken me in their imagination for a Russian spy.'

A daughter of Captain F. P. Doughty, who, as a child eight years old, was then awaiting at Martlesham in Suffolk her father's return, recollects¹ the latter saying that, on the voyage his cousin Charles was in 'bad health and terribly thin and had great difficulty in eating and digesting European food, complaining then and for a long time afterwards that meat burnt his mouth. . . . The ship life interested him. . . . At first bewildered by the large numbers who sat down together, he gradually selected three or four to whom he was always glad to offer tea in the Captain's cabin.' The same correspondent recalls the singular figure made by her strange unknown cousin when, with her father, he appeared in December at Martlesham with 'whitish cotton clothes of some soft eastern material, and a green² band often twisted round his waist; sockless, feet thrust into heelless sandals, and using when he went out a large green umbrella. This in December struck us immensely! . . . He spoke seldom and when he first returned with some hesitation, as if his native language did not come quite easily to him.'

He wrote as soon as he landed (his letter was dated 13th December) to the Consular dragoman in Damascus to learn the fate of his precious 'squeezes' and drawings, which he had committed to the returning Haj at Medain Salih; and it seems that, without much more delay, he addressed a letter to the Royal Geographical Society asking for an interview with the Secretary and offering to communicate a paper on the geographical results of his Arabian journey. Through some misunderstanding this interview was not arranged; and though, in March 1879, Doughty saw Sir Henry Rawlinson and was invited by him to submit a communication, he seems to have

¹ Letter from Mrs. Doughty Montagu to myself, 3rd January, 1927.

² A silk band with green, gold, black, and

white stripes, now in Mrs. Doughty's possession.

considered that his reception had been below his pains and his merits and that the Society which had failed to help him to go to Arabia had not established, since his return, any claim upon his immediate services.¹

His letter to Damascus was answered on 15 January, 1879. Mr. Selim Meshaka told him that his two packages had arrived at the Consulate, but as they had remained unopened, the writer could say nothing about the condition of the contents. It appears, indeed, that he had never received the letter which Doughty had written to him from Medain Salih,² and had only just discovered the presence of the packages. Another letter written at Medain Salih, that to Miss Hotham, had lain unforwarded at the Consulate, and now came back into its writer's hands; for his aunt had died before his return. Upon receipt of Selim Meshaka's letter Doughty must have written to Mr. Jago himself; for a letter, dated 17th February, from the latter has been preserved. This says again that the two packages had duly come to hand in March or April 1877 by favour of a certain Mikhail el-Taweely, clerk of the Haj; and that, having been put in a cupboard, they are still there. The writer states also that he holds in deposit a sum of money, about one thousand piastres, left for Mr. Doughty by his banker, when the latter gave up business in 1877. Doughty seems to have said in his first letter to the dragoman that if his packages were safe, he would himself come to Damascus to reclaim them.

This intention he realized in the spring of 1879, as the letter of 21st June quoted above³ sufficiently attests. He brought his squeezes and everything else away, and in passing through Beirut took the opportunity to submit his aneroid to a sea-level test at the American College's observatory. In spite of all shocks and adventures the instrument was found to be still reliable.⁴ In June he settled down for the summer at Vico Equense on the Gulf of Naples, and, with all his material once more under his hand, began not only to write a literary narrative of his Arabian wanderings,⁵ but also seriously to explore

¹ See letter to H. W. Bates quoted below, p. 108.

² See above, p. 49.

³ p. 94. Cp. also letter of 22nd September, 1879 to A. Sprenger.

⁴ *Globus*, xxxix (1881), p. 8. He had it

tested again in London at the Meteorological Office in January 1884, and (Sir) R. Strachan gave him then the necessary corrections.

⁵ See below, p. 114 and letter to A. Sprenger, 20th September, 1879 there cited.

ways and means for scientific publication of his archaeological and geographical results. In addition to abortive overtures to the Royal Geographical Society and Sir Henry Rawlinson, he had written, while in England, to Joseph Halévy in Paris, sending hand copies of a few inscriptions at el-Hejr and at Teyma. Since Halévy in an answer, dated 17th February, apologized for delay caused by illness, Doughty's original overture must have been made very soon after his return from India. He wrote again on 18th March, while on his way to Syria, but Halévy, replying on 27th, pleaded that, without seeing squeezes and the whole body of the inscriptions together, he could make little headway in decipherment; and on the 13th July he wrote again, in reply to a further letter of Doughty's, and reiterated his difficulties, offering, however, to contribute an epigraphic chapter to any narrative that Doughty might write. From Vico Equense Doughty replied in French on 3rd August (a rough draft is preserved). He is quite willing to allow Halévy to publish notes on his inscriptions, but demurs to any publication of the actual texts except by himself as a whole. They are, he says, more than two hundred in all. But he hopes to pass through Paris in the coming spring or summer, and will then show Halévy all his material and consult him about it.

This promise, however, he would not in the event keep. In that same August he received a letter from Professor Alois Sprenger of Wabern near Berne, author of the book *Die Alte Geographie Arabiens* which had travelled as the one indispensable *viaticum*¹ in his camel-bags from Damascus to Jidda. From Doughty's answer,² dated 31st from Vico Equense, it appears that Sprenger had offered to help in procuring publication of scientific results through the medium of German periodicals. Doughty, as appears from a subsequent letter (10th November, 1879, from Capri), had wondered at Sprenger's silence hitherto, thinking that the latter must have seen his own letter from Medain Salih to von Kremer, and the Bombay publication about el-Hejr; and now he welcomed a proposition from one for whose scientific competence he had so high a regard. A long correspondence followed, which was to lead to personal friendship. At

¹ *Arabia Deserta*, vol. i, p. 54.

² The originals of Doughty's letters (as well as Sprenger's replies) are extant, having been preserved by Sprenger and

considerately returned to Doughty at a later date in order that the latter might use them for the composition of his articles in *Globus* (see below, p. 100).

the outset, in a letter dated 4th September, Sprenger, approving a proposal that Doughty himself should publish his inscriptions in a quarto volume, with notes of location but not any decipherment ('that learned men may be at the pains to interpret them as they please'), conveyed a strong hint that it would be imprudent for Doughty to put himself too frankly into Halévy's hands. Better to get the texts published, and then let competing Orientalists do their best. The effect of this hint is seen in the cessation of the Halévy correspondence after one more interchange, the French *savant* winding it up on 27th December with an expression of disapproval of any publication which did not aim at completeness, and a refusal to undertake it himself on any other terms.

The Sprenger correspondence was maintained with regularity throughout this autumn, winter, and spring (1879-80), and, indeed, would be continued intermittently for many years. On receipt of Doughty's reply of 31st August Sprenger wrote to the German Asiatic Society in Leipzig urging it to offer to produce Doughty's proposed volume of texts. The reply was prompt and encouraging, but not decisive. The Leipzig Committee would like to see a few specimen texts. Doughty, however, was not prepared to go quite so fast. If France and Germany were both so eager to publish the texts, London might equally be so, and out of so much competition ought not something more substantial than glory to accrue to him, who had gone through so much danger and hardship, and expended time, money, and moreover health? For on 22nd September, replying to a pressing invitation to Wabern (Sprenger had written on the 15th that his wife could offer 'at least as much comfort as Khaybar offers'!), he pleaded, 'It is only in the last week that I have felt a little recovered from the miseries of Arabian travelling'. In the same letter he defines his present position. He had gathered in London during the previous winter that both the Royal Asiatic Society and 'a new Society of Biblical Archaeology' might publish for him; also 'some learned committee sitting in Paris was publishing all the Semitic inscriptions known—probably M. Renan might apply for those of mine. . . . My thought is therefore, whoever will treat me best, Paris, Leipzig, London—bismillah!'

Sprenger did not reply for a month and Doughty wrote at last a little uneasily from Capri, to which he had moved in October for the

winter. He had too much need of Sprenger's help 'in the Arabic learning', as sponsor with 'the only learned academy which has much cognizance of Arabia',¹ i.e. that of Berlin, to pick a quarrel; but fortunately Sprenger had equal need of this new correspondent who could give precision to so much that was vague or erroneous in the previous data for the ancient geography of Arabia. So the pair mutually fell back on another proposal—that Sprenger should introduce Doughty's Hejr work to the German scientific world by a short communication which might be read to the Geographical Society of Berlin, and this in a letter dated 25th November he definitely undertook to do, if he could overcome the serious difficulty of reading Doughty's hand-writing! The latter replied with promise of amendment, followed later by confession of sheer inability to maintain for long any clearer script; but if his correspondent would send back his letters with particular passages or words marked, he would try so to re-write them that they should not be doubtful.²

On 10th November, then, he dispatched to Sprenger a long letter describing, in particular, el-Hejr and the Medain Salih neighbourhood. From this Sprenger composed a brief report which he sent to Berlin. It came into the hands of Henry Kiepert, who put it at once into type and, without consulting Sprenger, included it in the next issue of his illustrated geographical periodical, *Globus*.³ Further, he appears to have written to ask Doughty himself to furnish a fuller report of his whole Arabian adventure.⁴ Doughty, who had been reproached by Sprenger⁵ for carrying modesty too far and hiding his light under a bushel, seems to have welcomed Kiepert's proposition as offering him a chance to justify himself. Sprenger, indeed, had indicated the Royal Geographical Society's *Journal* as the proper medium (why, he asked, did not Doughty 'try for the Gold Medal'?). But Doughty was still sore enough about his treatment by that Society to feel no compunction about accepting another offer: Germans had done most for him. 'I carried but the good word of one man, Von Kremer, into Arabia,' he wrote to Sprenger;⁶ and he seems quickly

¹ Letter to A. Sprenger, 3rd December, 1879.

² Some of the letters to Sprenger have interlined readings in pencil; but these are not in Doughty's hand.

³ Vol. xxxvii (1880), p. 201.

⁴ Sprenger, writing on 26th March, 1880, says that his own report was inadequate, he not having composed it to be printed.

⁵ Letter of 26th March, 1880.

⁶ Letter of 14th April, 1880.

to have agreed with Kiepert. On 14th April he was writing from Capri that as he was 'at present at the description of Medyin Çalih', would Sprenger kindly let him have for comparison the November letter in which he had described that district? And a month later Sprenger sent it.

The first part of the resultant report translated into German and accompanied by sketch-maps began to appear in *Globus* early in the year 1881;¹ an editorial note being prefixed to call attention to its value and singular character. A second part, dealing chiefly with the hydrographic system of the Wadies Hamd and Jizzl, followed in the next issue. A third instalment, concerned chiefly with Kheybar, appeared in the second half of that year,² and a final part, divided into two, was published in 1882.³ The whole report covers in summary fashion the area of Doughty's wanderings between Maan and Aneyza; though not without romantic relief—it includes, for example, the saga of Rashid's dynastic murders at Hayil—it is primarily a document, setting forth not its author's adventure or personal story but his scientific observations and information gathered by the way. Its purpose is both altruistic and self-regarding. Doughty held it his duty to make knowledge as soon as might be known; his right to register his own priorities in discovery. About these he was uneasy. He knew that Wilfrid Scawen Blunt and his wife had reached Hayil about six months after his own departure from Arabia; and Sprenger had told him, in November 1879, that Richard Burton, who was going again to Midian, had asked questions of von Kremer with a view to possibly visiting Medain Salih, and although Sprenger reported on 26th March, 1880 that Burton had involved himself in litigation with the Egyptian Government, and was unlikely to get farther in that year than Cairo, his interest was evidently aroused, and he might be expected, on the first opportunity, to push into el-Hejr. Even more seriously to be considered was the Alsatian, Charles Huber, whom Doughty knew to have been dispatched by the French Ministry of Public Instruction to North Arabia in 1878, and to have reached Jebel Shammar before he himself had left Aneyza. At the beginning of 1881 Huber reported to the Société Géographique de Paris that not himself, but an Englishman who went by the name of Khalil, was the first European to travel in North-west Arabia; where-

¹ Vol. xxxix, pp. 7 and 23.

² Vol. xl, p. 38.

³ Vol. xli, pp. 214, 249.

upon the editor of the Society's *Bulletin* conjectured that this Khalil was Blunt. Richard Kiepert sent Doughty news of this, adding a true prophecy:¹

'Here you have the last letter of Mr. Huber, published in the "Bulletin of the Paris Geographical Society". . . . If it is true that he has killed or wounded two beduins, I don't believe, that he will finish his travel in safety. Mr. Blunt was never nearer to Khaibar than 170 english miles; it is therefore strange, to believe that *he* was that Khalil. But I shall write to the Editor of the "Bulletin", to settle that error.'

The *Globus* publication had secured his priority in the geographical discoveries by which he set most store, those, namely, of the true nature and courses of the main drainage channels in northern Arabia;² of the great group of volcanic tracts between Tebuk and Kheybar;³ and of the scenery, relief, and geology of Kheybar and neighbourhood. But that publication, while effective for Central Europe and to some degree for all the learned world on the Continent, would remain, he knew, almost unknown in Great Britain; and, moreover, and more important, it left practically untouched and unprotected his archaeological discoveries, anticipation of which was confidently to be expected sooner rather than later. Therefore two further tasks, both strongly recommended to him by Sprenger from the first, appeared to impose themselves before his scientific credit could be assured: he must make some public communication of his geographical discoveries in London, and he must procure publication of his drawings of monuments and copies of inscriptions.

The second task was the more urgent. As has already been said, Doughty was convinced both of his right and of his ability to get his archaeological results published not merely without cost but with pecuniary compensation to himself. He paid no heed, therefore, when Joseph Halévy, after reading *Globus*, returned to the charge with a fresh offer⁴ to place the inscriptions over Doughty's name in

¹ 5th July, 1881.

² Sprenger wrote to him on 11th January, 1881, after reading *Globus*, 'The question respecting Wadi Hamd is settled for ever'. This question had been raised first by Wetzstein in 1861. See my *Penetration of Arabia*, p. 289 f., for his errors.

³ Wüstenfeld in his *Medinagebiet* had

anticipated Doughty's discoveries in this matter more than the latter knew. A little later than this, Sir Richard Burton took care to tell him: 'In my Pilgrimage, ii, 23, etc., you will see that I notice sundry "Harrahs" which you have omitted' (postcard of 28th October, 1884).

⁴ Letter of 14th January, 1881.

successive issues of the *Journal Asiatique*, with addition of an essay of his own on their decipherment. Sprenger had told him that the Paris Académie des Inscriptions was preparing to issue, under the direction of Ernest Renan, a Corpus of Semitic Inscriptions, and had advised more than once that Doughty should agree with that scholar.¹ In spite, however, of the obvious expediency of arranging quickly not only for the publication of the archaeological material but also for a public appearance in London, more than two years elapsed before serious negotiations for either object appear to have got under way.

This long delay, which, in the matter of the archaeological publication, proved unfortunate, was apparently of Doughty's own choice. Throughout 1881 and 1882, which he spent almost entirely in Italy, he was throwing all the energy that persistent ill-health left to him into the composition of his literary narrative of his Arabian wanderings, of which at least a quarter was in a more or less finished state in March of the former year,² while the whole would be sufficiently ready by the end of 1883 to be submitted in manuscript to a publisher. Not till the opening months of the year 1883 or at earliest the latter part of 1882, when he was living at Viareggio, does he appear to have recalled his mind to a publication which three years before had seemed his chief care.

Any patriotic obligation in the matter he held discharged by an original offer made to the British Museum :

'I may as well say of the Inscriptions, obtained for science with so much difficulty, that when I offered them to the British Museum they were refused rather contemptuously by Dr. Birch. To publish them there was an only way left. I followed Dr. Sprenger's advice and they were added to the Corpus then first issued as a separate volume by the Institut which was then being prepared in France by Renan.'³

This account Doughty repeated with more detail in a later letter:⁴

'Mr. Renan's acquaintance I made first in 1883 or -4. The B. Museum treated the Medain Salih inscriptions apparently with con-

¹ In a letter dated 11th January, 1881, Sprenger wrote, 'I hope you have made arrangements with Monsieur Renan'.

² Note in his hand on the cover of the first diary book '*Read again and compared*

throughout with the Text, 1 week March 1881'.

³ Letter to D. G. Hogarth, 27th January, 1903.

⁴ To D. G. Hogarth, 19th August, 1913.

tempt. Prof. A. Sprenger, whose work treating of Ancient Arabic had been so useful to me, and with whom I now corresponded, wrote to me that the Académie was publishing a *Corpus* of Semitic Inscr. and counselled me to communicate with Mr. Renan. I accordingly did so, and I saw him in Paris.'

The British Museum's refusal may have been made as early as the first months of 1879. The interview with Renan fell more than four years later. An extant letter of that scholar to Doughty, dated 8th June, 1883, alludes to it as recent. When it took place, yet another negotiation on the same subject was pending or already afoot. On 23rd May Doughty wrote to Professor Eduard Sachau, offering to sell to Berlin. Sachau replied on the 17th:

'I hasten to inform you that the Royal Museum of Berlin is inclined to acquire the *200 Nabatian and Himyaric inscriptions which you brought from N. Western Arabia and impressions of the epitaphs which you found at Medyin Salih (el Hijr)*. The director of the Museum desires me to ask you two favours, *firstly* to send the inscriptions here to Berlin, and *secondly* to mention the price you demand.'

The writer adds that his interest had been aroused in this matter when he read for Kiepert the *Globus* proof-sheets which contained Doughty's reports.

Doughty lost no time in naming £500 as his price, but sent no inscriptions. Sachau replied to this on the 17th June, suggesting that £300 would suffice: he had experienced much opposition from Conze on the ground that Museums were not in the habit of buying mere copies of inscriptions: but some samples at least must be sent for approval, and he ends by warning his correspondent that Professor Julius Euting of Strasburg is to start in the autumn as companion to Huber on the latter's second journey to North Arabia. This piece of information, with its menace of the imminent anticipation of his work by an expert Oriental epigraphist, seems to have decided Doughty, and he wrote to Renan to say he proposed to accept Sachau's offer. Renan replied on 25th June that Doughty was wise to do so, for 7,500 francs would be hard to come by in Paris; but would Berlin publish the inscriptions at once or hold them over?

More than a month then passed without any party committing himself further in this three-cornered bargain. On 12th August Doughty wrote again to Sachau telling him, apparently for the first

time, that he was treating also with Renan. This letter drew from Berlin a more pressing demand for inscriptions on approval. But once more Doughty refused to accede to it. Sachau then proposed a compromise. Would Doughty, who was now in Scotland, submit his book of copies to Professor William Wright in London, who would judge of their value and report to Berlin? Doughty agreed, and on 10th October Sachau wrote again that, having received Wright's report, he would recommend Conze to purchase. About a fortnight later, however, he wrote that Conze was away; that the money was going to be difficult to get out of him, and that if Doughty received any better offer, he had better close with it! The latter was probably not surprised when after yet another fortnight, he was informed that after all Berlin would not buy! With that the correspondence closed.

There was nothing for it but to return to Renan telling him of the Berlin refusal. Would the Institut buy for 5,000 francs? Renan said neither yes nor no, but that he must see the inscriptions: would Doughty call on the French Ambassador, Waddington, in London and confide his material to him for transport to Paris? Then the 'Commission des travaux de l'Académie' would consider equitable terms of publication under which the author might expect 'une légitime rémunération'.¹ Doughty duly called on Waddington with his material and this was forwarded to Paris and acknowledged by Renan² with, however, an objection to evidently re-copied copies of inscriptions; where were the original rough copies made from the monuments themselves?

Whether Doughty sent these does not appear. Either a letter from Renan has been lost or some further negotiation was carried on not by him but by Waddington; for the next extant letter of Renan's, dated 10th February 1884, refers to Doughty having demurred to a suggestion wholly different from any made in earlier correspondence, namely that the Institut, instead of acquiring his inscriptions for ultimate use in the Corpus, should undertake to issue them at once in an independent volume, paying all expenses of publication and remunerating the author with a hundred free copies. On receipt of a proposal so destructive of hope of adequate pecuniary compensation from the Institut, Doughty seems to have reiterated his demand

¹ E. Renan to Doughty, 20th November, 1883.

² 15th December, 1883.

for 5,000 francs and to have written to Professor Robertson Smith at Cambridge,¹ asking if, even at the eleventh hour, there was a chance of his own University coming to his aid. The reply dated on 12th February was discouraging: the Cambridge Museum was not in funds: it was just possible that some money might be found if Doughty would both deposit his inscriptions in the University Library, and publish his book at the University Press; but first France must decide.

France's decision must have reached Doughty by almost the same mail. Renan had written on 10th February as follows:

'Ce qui vous a été répondu à Berlin est ce qu'on vous répondra dans tous les musées; les copies et estampages d'inscriptions n'ont pas de valeur vénale. Quand j'eus le plaisir et l'honneur de vous voir à Paris vous me paraissiez surtout préoccupé du désir, d'ailleurs si légitime, de voir publiés le plus tôt possible les textes que vous aviez rapportés. . . . Ce que vous désiriez c'est que l'on publiât vos monuments promptement et d'une manière qui ne vous fût pas onéreuse. Quand nous avons parlé d'un chiffre d'achat, par exemple de 5000 fr., c'était dans un tout autre ordre d'idées. Il se fût agi alors d'un achat pur et simple de vos documents. Nous ne les aurions pas publiés d'ensemble ni sur le champ. Nous les aurions gardés, pour les utiliser au fur et à mesure dans les différentes parties du *Corpus*. De la sorte la publication d'ensemble n'eût pas existé et quelques-uns de vos textes auraient pu attendre huit et dix ans. L'honneur eût été bien moindre pour vous: le profit pécuniaire n'eût pas été beaucoup plus considérable.'

And much follows about duty to Science, disinterestedness of the Institut and the glory of publication under its aegis. One feels that Renan protests too much. Like Sachau, he had led Doughty to expect what all the time he knew was unlikely to eventuate. Both *savants* would have pleaded in their defence that they could not but temporize till Doughty would put his cards on the table, for the value of maiden efforts in inscription copying by one who was not any Oriental scholar, still less an Oriental epigraphist, could not be taken for granted. And for Renan, in particular, this further may be

¹ A letter from Robertson Smith to Doughty, dated 28th December, 1883, asks the latter to write the article 'Oneiza' (Aneyza) for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

This letter probably initiated their acquaintance and led to Doughty thinking then and there of Robertson Smith as a possible purchaser.

said: though he knew, as well as Sachau, that Euting would probably make fresh and better copies of all Doughty's discoveries, he did consider himself so pledged, not merely to secure all possible material for the Corpus, but also to encourage Doughty, that, on the latter's behalf, he spent on publishing considerably more than the 5,000 francs for which he might have bought all rights. Moreover, to save Doughty's priority from anticipation by Huber and Euting, Renan pushed on the publication to such good purpose that it went through all stages in little more than six months, advance copies being ready before the end of August 1884. The process entailed much pressure upon the author for 'copy' and more protest against his reckless altering of proofs of both plates and text. In the end he was not too well pleased. His 'légitime rémunération' (the Institut increased his free copies to a total of one hundred and fifty) proved speculative. Klincksieck, the bookseller through whom Renan had recommended Doughty to dispose of those copies, refused to do more than sell on commission, without making any payment in advance;¹ his proof corrections had not all been incorporated; and the book was no sooner out than immediate correction and ultimate supersession threatened it, for Huber's 'squeezes' of the Medain Salih inscriptions reached Paris in July, and Euting had already republished and added to Doughty's texts from Kheybar.² Claims freely made on Huber's behalf of priority not only in archaeological, but also in geographical discoveries in North Arabia had served to increase Doughty's irritation; but his complaints were silenced by news received on 3rd October³ that Huber had been murdered in Arabia about two months earlier. The book itself was issued with the title *Documents épigraphiques recueillis dans le nord de l'Arabie*. Klincksieck presented a statement of account on 31st January, 1885, which showed that thirty-one copies had been sold to that date, leaving a balance of 614.85 francs to the author's credit. No later statement, if any there was, has been preserved.

¹ The rate was to be twenty francs per copy to the author on a selling price of twenty-eight francs. Doughty tried also to get an English publisher, but Quaritch, in a letter dated 24th January, 1884, warned him it was useless.

² Letters to Doughty from E. Renan, 28th August, 1884, and from Philippe Berger,

Secretary of the Académie des Inscriptions, 14th July and 25th November, 1884. It is Berger's correspondence, which begins on 16th June, 1884, rather than Renan's, that informs us of the process of publication.

³ Rough draft of a letter of that date to Renan. See *Penetration of Arabia*, p. 281 note.

As for the Royal Geographical Society, Doughty seems for much the same reasons as those which delayed the opening of negotiations about the Inscriptions to have let the years 1881 and 1882 go by without seeking to give practical effect to Sprenger's advice,¹ and not to have made a fresh overture till 1883. In the spring of that year it was arranged that he should read to an evening meeting in November a paper which would be illustrated by the map already made for and published in Germany,² and would appear subsequently in the Society's *Proceedings*. The earliest extant letter referring to this matter is one dated 18th October 1883 from Doughty to H. W. Bates, the Society's Secretary. 'I will use', he writes, 'the liberty to speak mostly at the evening meeting but have the paper written or nearly written then for the publication.' The map, he adds, had already been sent to the Society.

He was now staying with his uncle at Tunbridge Wells, having left Scotland about the end of September.³ The reading duly came off on 26th November in the theatre of the Board of Works in Burlington Gardens, Sir Henry Rawlinson taking the chair in place of the President, Lord Aberdare, who was unwell. The diary of a competent man of science⁴ in the audience contains this entry about the occasion: 'At R.G.S. C. M. Doughty, Arabian traveller; extraordinary story; remarkable diction. A tall wiry man with a fatigue-worn face.' The entry adds that there was no enthusiasm over Doughty 'even by Bates'; and Doughty said of himself forty years later,⁵ 'At the R.G. Society I had to make a very poor figure which I am ashamed of, being still much in the same state [of imperfect recovery from Arabian hardships].' The discussion which followed the reading gave little indication that either the value of the geographical information or the merit of Doughty's feat of travel was appreciated. It turned mainly on geological and archaeological points, the Chairman closing it with discursive remarks on Semitic scripts as observed by himself, rather than by Doughty. The only extant letter of congratulation upon this public appearance in London is one written by Sprenger

¹ p. 99, above.

² In *Petermann's Geographische Mittheilungen*.

³ p. 104, above.

⁴ H. O. Forbes, the distinguished naturalist and explorer. He communicated this

entry to S. C. Cockerell on 7th February, 1926, and by him it was passed on to me.

⁵ Letter to S. C. Cockerell, 31st March, 1922.

V on 12th December, 1883. Doughty's old Swiss sponsor and friend, greatly pleased, urges him now to take steps to obtain the gold medal of the Royal Geographical Society. To this end he recommends him to make interest with Sir William Muir and Colonel Yule.

If the experience of that evening's reading did little to mitigate Doughty's soreness in regard to the Royal Geographical Society, publication of the paper raised a host of contentious questions of which Mr. Douglas Freshfield, who was one of the Honorary Secretaries at the time, has written thus: 'Doughty's paper was accepted by the Society and had to be set up in proof. There arose a fierce discussion on stops, grammar, and obsolete phraseology between the Secretary (Bates), the printer and the author.'

What actually happened was, apparently, this. Doughty had spoken without having prepared any manuscript of his speech. The latter was taken down by a shorthand writer, and written out with considerable modification; it then was further edited drastically by the Secretary. The author then saw the manuscript result, and when he protested was told that the Society knew best and must be trusted—or words to that effect. Then he boiled over in the following effusion written from his uncle's house at Tunbridge Wells on 10th January, 1884.

DEAR MR. BATES,

I can feel as human the respect for a learned Society which they feel for me—nothing less and nothing more. I departed for the perilous Arabian Journey without any good word of the London Geographers, the loss of which was the loss of all Consular recommendations at Damascus; for which lack I suffered doubly in that horrible country and from thence am returned, by a miracle.

You have done me other injustices and though probably you are not aware of them. Returned to England (winter '78, '79), I wrote to you offering the information I possessed to communicate in a private manner to the Council of the R.G.S. To the amazement of my friends you did not answer my letter. When I called in London you made even difficulty to see me, which disgusted me of London Societies.

Later Mr. Blunt having made some communication of a journey to the borders of Arabia Sir H. Rawlinson summed up all Arabian

travellers and had the forgetfulness!!? not to mention me and though by the enquiry for inscriptions I saw that he very well remembered me. That was to make me as far as he could pass for no Arabian Traveller.

It should be remembered that the Society's proceedings are sharply criticised whether they would or no abroad. I had also little before that written to Sir H. R. at his invitation of the inscriptions and some communication which at his bidding me on their behalf I should prepare for the R.G.S. . . . No response. I was persuaded then, that the London Society was iniquitous and in disgust I sent my notices to be welcomed elsewhere. It is too much trouble for the R.G.S. to respond to business letters. Palmer and his companions' lives have been sacrificed lately and I cannot help thinking in my heart that if the Society had been in communication with me or I had been otherwise aware of it I should have (been) able by sending opportune information to stay their setting out.

Since my return here you have not answered my business letters preferring to hold me who have not strong health in a painful suspense and obliging me to write to Sir H. Rawlinson the Chairman and Mr. Markham Sec^y. for information and to correct misapprehension, as this is one 'that I should refuse all Editorial revision' or censure. Far from that as two heads are better than one I should welcome those slight cuttings away of the forms of addressing an audience which I never wished to remain. But as an English Scholar I will never submit to have my language of the best times turned into the misery of today—that were unworthy of me. Some words I should alter myself upon more leisure and better advisement in the revision to make all run more smoothly. It were a dangerous task for others to alter a phrase. Arabists can only perceive for example in 'Mohammed's factious religions' that the uncivil word is a strong beam of light and a mother of future volumes. Nobody has considered that the history of Mohammed's Religion is the growth of an Arabian faction.

Pray do not alter my English manner but mark where you desire any change and I will revise it.

Truly yours, CHAS. M. DOUGHTY.

Pray will you send me the notice which you once mentioned of Mr. Huber's Journey in Arabia.

After this ebullition, which owed some of its virulence, no doubt, to a coincident disappointment about the inscriptions,¹ Doughty's anger simmered down for a while to sorrowful acquiescence. On 17th January he wrote offering diagrammatic sketches, should they be desired as illustrations of the paper, and the Society's Minute Book records, on 28th January, 'letter from Mr. Doughty consenting to editorial revision'. The paper was then put into type and the author had a proof early in February. He boiled up again, re-wrote the paper largely if not entirely, and sent it back in April with this letter:

DEAR MR. BATES,

Of that printed from the shorthand report I found I could make nothing worthy whatever. I had as soon the good Sherif had hanged me at Tâyif as be made so to speak Middlesex-like. I have therefore written from my notes just as I would have spoken if I had found time. Pray let no word be altered or else I retire and must disown it altogether as not my work. It is chaste and right English of the best time and without a word of Costermongery and very hard for their best unstudied pens to amend. As you once told me we write not only for our own time (I have added at the end the answer to Sir H. R.'s political question: it will be of advantage at the present) but looking for the sympathy of those who will be after us.

I have ruined myself for clearness of writing in superfine paper, I think the former reader or who is used to scientific works, clever and *sympatico* should first with his pen in hand read over the MS. to adjust it reform illmade letters set the stops (and that needs some care) and amend with red ink. Then I trust it will be ready for the slow-spirited Compositors and they will not go about to find difficulties they ought rather to be ashamed being all their lives in it, not wittily to follow the drift uncorrupted of the mother language.

. . . Pray send me as soon as possible two proofs . . . and by their following the former prints they ought to be fair enough. I will correct them in a morning return the same day and that will end our labour in the matter.

I know not if there are to be woodcuts. I left my drawings as long

¹ See above, p. 104.

as possible (with Mr. Sharban) till I must needs have them again to carry all to the publisher's. Also I shall be glad to hear something about the map, there is no Geogr. Socy in Europe that would not gladly publish it therefore I hope the R.G.S. which is the first of all will have it well done at the first.

Truly yours, CHAS. M. DOUGHTY.

The Council of the Society, however, refused to depart from its earlier decision, and Doughty was informed that, substantially, the proof as printed must stand. He had now gone to Jersey and thence it was that, once more sorrowfully acquiescent, he returned his proof finally on 11th May. Further correspondence dealt only with the map, of which, as originally prepared by Kiepert in Germany for *Globus*,¹ considerable correction had seemed necessary to Doughty. A letter written from L'Ancrese in Guernsey on 20th September winds up this matter and also that of the publication of the inscriptions, towards which last one is glad to find Doughty showing a much more contented temper than he had shown previously:

DEAR SIR,

Building upon your letters I have had the necessary (unhappily very numerous) corrections made in the map at Stanford's. It will now be, I trust, for good judges as well as the other was pitiable.

I have received only today the five copies of the Arabian Inscriptions and send herewith a copy to the R.G.S. It is a special vol. of the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres; a rare honour I believe and awarded to a foreigner. The publication has cost them £260. They give me a *tirage* which is published by Klincksieck. I hope it may be favourably reviewed in the R.G.S. Monthly, but I may hazard to say that, for the inscriptions, there are not three Scholars in England who can enter into them at all.

Mr. Ferguson, I know well, will be pleased with the Architectural plates: will you pray say to him that if he would write any words about them, they are yet virgin soil and moreover true as photographs?

I shall shortly send copies of the map corrected.

H. W. Bates Esq.

Truly yours, CHAS. M. DOUGHTY.

There was another learned Society which he regarded as unfriendly—the British Association, from which he had had no word

¹ See above, p. 100.

when he applied for its help in 1875.¹ On returning to England he seems to have called on the Secretary and discovered that for some years past the annual volume of Proceedings—his due as a Life Member—had been sent, as he had directed on his election, to the library of his old college, Caius; and, on further inquiry, he learned that his name, after being italicized on the Society's list, as that of a member absent from this country, since 1874, had been removed altogether for the past two years, 1877 and 1878. Such a step, he thought, could only have been taken because he was presumed dead! Indignantly he exacted reinstatement and his back volumes. By some lapse in the Society's office, however, not only were the volumes due from 1873 to 1876 not made good to him, but none were supplied after his reinstatement. This fact, only becoming known to him when he visited Cambridge and Caius in the autumn of 1884, unchained his wrath anew. It was inexcusable, he wrote to the Secretary,² that his name should have been removed. 'In consequence my former scientific friends believe me to be long deceased,' and he proceeded to demand explanation of the Society's treatment of him in 1875: 'When I wrote to you years ago inviting you to take part in my Arabian expedition, of which the honour would have been yours, you did not so much as vouchsafe to answer the letter of one whom you had already slain so far as in you lay.'

The Secretary seems³ to have excused the Society on the ground that Doughty's application had been 'informal'. This not unnaturally did not appease the latter. 'Whether a plain letter', he wrote,⁴ 'from a life member to the Council inviting them to partake in an expedition for the advancement of Science, and supported by the recommendations, so far as I can recollect, of our very respectable Consuls at that time at Constantinople and Jerusalem, could be found by any ruling "informal", I cannot tell.' And he reiterated his demand for full satisfaction of his claim for past, present, and future volumes of *Proceedings*.

On 23rd January, 1884, he submitted to the Geological Society a paper on the 'Outlines of the Geology of Arabia'. He presented the paper through Dr. T. G. Bonney, to whom he must have written in

¹ See above, p. 25.

³ The letter is lost.

² 14th November, 1884. These letters were kindly sent to me by the present Secretary.

⁴ 19th November, 1884.

the late summer of 1883, mentioning the rumour of his death; for Dr. Bonney replied on 10th September, 'I have been in complete ignorance of your adventures for many years past and supposed that you were residing in peace at Theberton Hall. . . . I congratulate you on your return safe and sound, although you have been "assassinated".' He advised Doughty how to present a communication to the Society, but warned him that at the meeting there might be 'a wish expressed for specimens'. The paper itself was not printed in the Society's Journal, or, apparently, elsewhere, though Professor Joseph Prestwich advised Doughty to try 'more general scientific serials such as the "Popular Science Review" or the "Quarterly Journal of Science".'

All possible allowance must be made for a certain note of intolerance that sounds in much of Doughty's correspondence at this period. These were years of disappointment following disappointment and of cumulative anxieties, which would have tried severely men of stronger health and more equable temper than are usually vouchsafed to the *genus irritabile vatum*. 1884 alone saw on the one hand the frustration of Doughty's last hope of adequate pecuniary compensation from realization of his archaeological assets, on the other (as will appear in the next chapter), the development of a desperate crisis in his effort to secure publication of the vast literary labour of his past five years. Repeated friction with his Paris publishers, ending in a result far from satisfactory, had coincided with one fruitless negotiation after another in London. In their course his sensitive pride had suffered the most wounding depreciation of those very powers by which justly he set most store. 'I am by Nature self-willed, headstrong and fierce with opponents', he wrote in 1886 to his future wife, 'but my better reason and suffering in the world have bridled these faults and in part extinguished them.' It is true that often he provoked and kicked against pricks which men less withdrawn into themselves and more conscious how others habitually think and act would never have encountered. But who that appreciates the qualities of Charles Doughty will even regret their inevitable defects?

ARABIA DESERTA

SCIENTIFIC FRUIT, HOWEVER, WAS NOT ALL, nor the chief that Doughty looked to reap from his Arabian adventure. From the first—entries made in his diary books in the earliest days of his two years' journey virtually prove it¹—he had contemplated literary fruit, and even in Arabia, from time to time had sat down to draft longer or shorter passages of relation and reflection which might serve towards ultimate composition of a complete narrative. After his return to Europe he must have set to work upon this with very little delay; for in the unquoted sequel of the letter given on p. 94 he says: 'I am writing some account of those travels in Arabia as my little health permits' (i. e. in June 1879) and in a letter to Sprenger he said on 20th September, 1879, 'I have for some time amused myself with writing some account of my wanderings with the Arabs'. Further it will be remembered that, in the recital of his second visit to Teyma, which comes into the last quarter of the first volume of *Arabia Deserta*,² the author states that he was writing it in that same year, 1879.

His main and primary purpose was, in the purest sense, literary, as twice he stated explicitly in letters to the present writer. First, in 1902:

'In writing the volumes "Arabia Deserta" my main intention was not so much the setting forth of personal wanderings among a people of Biblical interest, as the ideal endeavour to continue the older tradition of Chaucer and Spenser, resisting to my power the decadence of the English language: so that whilst my work should be the mere verity for Orientalists, it should be also my life's contribution, so far to literature.

'That done, like the ant which has laid down her burden intended for the good of the rest, I go back, with a good hope, into the patriotic swarm,³ taking as it were no more personal regard of my own labour.'

Second, in 1913:

'The Arabia Deserta volumes had necessarily a personal tone. A

¹ See above, p. 40.

² On p. 532.

³ That is, to write patriotic poetry such as

Under Arms (1900) and *The Dawn in Britain* (1907).

principal cause of writing them was besides the interest of the Semitic life in tents, my dislike of the Victorian English; and I wished to show, and thought I might be able to show, that there was something else.'

But he had also a secondary general purpose, which was to the fore when he wrote *Prosit veritati* after likening his book¹ to 'a mirror wherein is set forth faithfully some parcel of the soil of Arabia, smelling of *sámn* and camels'. If the manner of the book was to reform the English tongue, its matter should redeem travel literature from inaccuracy and insincerity.

He seems to have grown ever more absorbed in this writing as time went on. If in 1880 he occupied himself with scientific matters and projects of scientific publication, the following two years apparently, as has already been pointed out, were devoted to single-minded elaboration of his literary narrative. He passed both years wholly on Italian soil, going from Capri in the spring of 1880 to Siena. The following autumn and winter were spent at Viareggio, and most of 1881 at Bagni di Lucca. This place he left for Florence early in 1882, and thence went on to Spezzia and Sicily, returning to Bagni di Lucca for the spring of 1883. He then made for England via Heidelberg, where he visited Sprenger, and Paris, where he saw Halévy and Renan, and was warmly welcomed. In the end of April 1882 he could write to Sprenger that the narrative would be ready ere long for publication. His aged friend replied with warm congratulations:

'Your book promises to offer much fuller information than could be expected from a single individual or in our days; we shall obtain from it a correct notion of the configuration of the soil and of that peculiar race of men bred upon it. It is extremely rare that a traveller has an eye for all the various phenomena that come under his observation.'²

Six months later Sprenger expresses himself 'delighted by learning from your card that you are on the point of putting your journey under the press'.³ But it was not till late in that year (at earliest) that Doughty brought himself to submit anything to a publisher. The first omens were not good. Doughty had sent the manuscript of his first part to a well-known London firm, calling its attention particularly to his English style. The firm replied on 19th February, 1884,

¹ Preface to *Arabia Deserta*.

28th July, 1882.

² Sprenger (at Heidelberg) to Doughty ³ Sprenger to Doughty, 10th May, 1883.

that it had found 'the style of the book so peculiar as to be at times hardly intelligible'; in fact it thought that 'most readers and all reviewers would . . . say that parts of it are not English at all'. It could consent to publish only if 'the book is put into shape by some competent man who can amend the style in accordance with English idiom'.

Two months later the same firm, after seeing the second volume, confirmed that depreciating judgement. Doughty tried his fortune elsewhere, but without success. Another publishing house after considering the 'two thick volumes of MS. copy' sent by Henry Doughty of Theberton on behalf of his brother who was now staying at Matlock, declined to take the risk, or even to publish on commission. A third firm, applied to in September, found the book too long and obscure; and the first publishing house of Doughty's choice, after reconsidering the matter, finally refused in November to publish on any terms whatever. 'The manuscript', it wrote, 'ought to be taken in hand, recast, and practically rewritten by a practised literary man.'

Thus a whole year was wasted in abortive negotiations, and the enormous manuscript, which had rolled about publishers' offices gathering damning endorsements, was still on hand. The author had but one hope left. Twelve months earlier Professor Robertson Smith had half invited him to publish another work—that on the monuments and inscriptions—with the University Press at Cambridge. Would that invitation be repeated, if he submitted *Arabia Deserta*? As it turned out, the proposal was to come from Cambridge itself. At the beginning of October, 1884, Doughty seems to have written to Professor William Wright, Arabic scholar and Syndic of the University Press, sending him a copy of the map of Arabia and alluding to his present difficulties; for on the 9th of that month Wright replied:

'I hope that your "Travels" will find a publisher speedily. If every other recourse fails, could you not try one or other of the University Presses, the Clarendon at Oxford or the Pitt Press here.'

A second letter from Professor Wright, written on 30th October, shows that Doughty had acted upon this suggestion, and had written again making some sort of proposal:

'On receiving your letter I walked over to Trinity College and showed it to Professor Robertson Smith. After some talk on the



Charles M. Doughty, *c.* 1880

subject we agreed that it would be best for you, as no other opening seems to present itself, to try our Pitt Press. The chance is not a very good one, because the funds of our Press are unfortunately not large, but still it is a chance.'

Wright goes on to advise Doughty to make a formal proposal to the Secretary of the Press, and to promise his own support when this should come before the Syndics. In due course the manuscript reached Cambridge, and was submitted to Robertson Smith. The vast knowledge of the Cambridge Professor embraced, as we have seen, Doughty and such publications of his results as thus far had appeared. Deeply interested in all things Semitic, he saw at once that the three bulky tomes of manuscript submitted constituted a mine of precious veins of Semitism. For the stylistic amalgam in which the ore was embedded, he cared little or not at all,¹ but as a Semitist pure and simple he proceeded to recommend the book to the University Press. That neither he nor Wright was blind to the peculiar difficulties and poor prospects of sale which the Press would incur by acceptance and that these were not hidden from Doughty either, a letter written by the latter nearly thirty years later makes plain:²

'Years ago I was with the late Professor Wright, a Syndic of the Cambridge Press and a great Arabic Scholar, and Robertson Smith (Editor of the B. Encyclopaedia etc.). These Orientalists with the late Henry Bradshaw, that good man, also a Syndic and the University Librarian, were those that persuaded the Syndics to undertake the work *Arabia Deserta*. R. Smith counted on his fingers the number of European Scholars and Institutions which would be likely to take the volumes. He made them 150 in all. The rest of the 500 volumes they agreed would be good for exchanges with other Educational bodies. Afterwards on account of the great expense of the Printing, it was agreed, I have understood, to print 1,000 copies; (which I suppose was carried out).³ The result was a disappointment to the Press.'

¹ Information from Dr. F. H. H. Guille-mard (letter of 24th January, 1927), who saw the manuscript in Robertson Smith's rooms and discussed it with him.

² To E. Garnett, 12th January, 1912.

³ Not so. The edition was only 500 copies.

Since there never was any credit for the author but, on the contrary, a large debit balance against him, which the Press did not try to recover, no accounts presumably were ever rendered to him.

These believers carried the day. On 3rd February, 1885, Wright told Doughty that the proposal would be considered 'next Friday'; 'I shall count it one of my few good deeds in this life that I have been able to give some help in this case'; and on 6th February the Syndics undertook to print and publish Mr. Doughty's *Travels* in two octavo volumes, the edition to be of one thousand copies, estimated to cost £700. It was noted that Robertson Smith had undertaken to help in the revision of copy and proofs. The first volume only was committed to the Press, the second being reserved by the author for further revision; and six weeks later the order was given to begin the setting up of copy, in order that the Professor might have type to work upon rather than Doughty's difficult manuscript. What ensued as soon as the author realized that he was to have a reviser may readily be inferred from the next minute of the Syndics, that of 19th June: 'Agreed that the further printing of Mr. Doughty's *Travels in Arabia* be discontinued and be not resumed unless Mr. Doughty gives an undertaking in writing to accept the suggestions of Professor Robertson Smith without discussion.'

Receipt of this ultimatum caused Doughty to write at once to Robertson Smith, who replied from Edinburgh on the 23rd June. The letter, it will be observed, implies that Doughty had visited Cambridge, presumably during the past spring, to confer with the authorities and advisers of the Press, and that on that occasion some friction threatened:

DEAR MR. DOUGHTY,

I have only now got your note having had to be in Aberdeenshire for two or three days on family matters.

I don't quite know what to advise. The wording of the resolution of the Press Syndicate seems to throw a very heavy responsibility on me and one which I could not consent to exercise otherwise than as I exercise my editorial duties in the *Encyclopaedia*. There the editor is so far absolute that he has the right to make such corrections of style as he deems indispensable. But I don't find that my authors complain of this, because I use the power sparingly and always consult them or (what comes to the same thing) give them an opportunity of remonstrance in second proof, where the change is serious. But in the last instance I decide. In the *Encyclopaedia* I have also

to condense. That is a much more serious thing to do and would not come in in your case. But it is really not my business to ask you to put in my hands *any* editorial powers. Only if the Press Syndics feel that the book would be a failure without certain corrections and think they can trust me—then if you also can trust me, I should accept the responsibility. I certainly don't court it.

I am very anxious to see your book in type; but I can't ask the press to do anything. They have consulted me about your book and I have reported to the best of my ability; the rest lies with the Syndics. The real difficulty is what I hinted before. They are willing to spend money on Arabia but not on your experiment in English. What amount of alteration they would expect me to make you can pretty fairly judge from what passed at our meeting with Mr. Aldis Wright. I fear you thought him and me obstinate, but I don't think that we were more obstinate than is necessary. For we must do our best to save a valuable book becoming a possible failure and loss to the Press as well as to yourself. If the book goes on you can very well do the work at Malvern just as our contributors do who have proofs (1) without and (2) with the editor's corrections sent to them.

Yours truly, W. R. SMITH.

The Professor proceeded to prove the sincerity of his goodwill by contriving a *modus vivendi*: and a fortnight later, on 9th July, the Syndics' order of 19th June was rescinded, and in lieu of it an undertaking was offered to Doughty to print and publish an edition of five hundred copies instead of the original thousand, under certain conditions. These, while meeting Doughty's objections to revision by leaving him to accept or reject Robertson Smith's suggestions, stipulated that he should contribute about one-third of the estimated cost of production, and should pay all excess cost of pages beyond 1,200 in all, for corrections of the first volume after it should have been set up, and for corrections of the second volume beyond the usual average allowance per sheet. The Syndics' pecuniary liability for illustrations was defined, the author presumably being asked to find any excess of cost under that head also.¹

¹ The Press, however, bought from the French Institut a set of blocks of the illustrations in Doughty's inscriptions volume. No part of this expense was

borne by the author, and indeed Doughty knew nothing of the transaction till many years later. See below, p. 197.

To these terms Doughty evidently agreed explicitly or implicitly, for printing went forward without further incidents during the rest of that year.¹ At the close of it the first volume was in type, and the printer began to clamour for copy of the second. The author, however, now wintering in Alassio, and not ready with his revision, asked the Syndics for more time, and his request was considered on 19th February, 1886. Whether it was formally conceded or not, Doughty certainly seems to have delivered to the Press the manuscript of his second volume without much more delay, for by April it was beginning to be made up into page-proofs. A glimpse of his day's work in Alassio is offered by a long-subsequent reminiscence:²

'Guy le Strange and (his Brother-in-law) Oliphant,³ both most agreeable men, visited Alassio (Italy) when I was spending a Winter there and le Strange spent a morning with me at my rooms: he among Inscriptions and I busy writing *Arabia Deserta*. I fell asleep

¹ [Throughout 1885 Doughty was engaged in careful revision of his material, as is shown by the following summary of letters to him from persons to whom he applied for help.

12th December, 1884. Dr. J. Birch, of the British Museum, acknowledges receipt of certain objects from Medain Salih, sent over by M. Berger in Paris, for analysis.

19th February, 1885. Dr. Birch writes to say that the analyst upon whom he had relied has fallen ill and cannot do the work.

18th February, 1885. Professor James Ferguson declines to write the Appendix on the monuments of Medain Salih.

20th March, 1885. The Marquis de Vogüé undertakes the Appendix (printed at the end of *Arabia Deserta*, vol. i).

14th March, 1885. Rev. W. Mackintosh, of the British and Foreign Bible Society in Damascus, replies to certain questions about the Maan district.

23rd July, 1885. Rev. A. H. Cooke, Curator in Zoology, Cambridge, identifies a Red Sea shell.

23rd July, 1885. Mr. M. C. Potter, of the Cambridge Herbarium, reports on certain specimens of woods, and of wickerwork,

but advises Doughty to go to Kew for fuller information.

28th August, 1885. Mr. Henry Bradshaw writes on *which*, *who*, and *that*: 'I am told there is a definite rule, but I know none except of my own ear.'

4th September, 1885. Mr. Barclay Head writes on the position of the ancient site of Adrâa, in Trans-Jordan.

13th October, 1885. Prof. A. Macalister reports on a piece of cloth, some resin and some leather from Nabathæan tombs. He finds the cloth to be 'quite indistinguishable from the linen which was used in Egypt for enwrapping mummies'.

October 1885. Professor G. D. Liveing sends an analysis of a sample of resin. This analysis and Professor Macalister's note are printed in *Arabia Deserta*, vol. i, pp. 187, 188.]

² Letter to S. C. Cockerell, 31st March, 1922.

³ Guy le Strange, a distinguished Orientalist with whom Doughty exchanged subsequently several letters. Lawrence Oliphant, who had married Alice le Strange, was a famous ex-diplomatist, ex-journalist, novelist, and leader of a religious Adventist Colony settled on Mount Carmel.

many times over my work, having never fully recovered from Arabia, which he good-humouredly did not mind.'

One of these visitors was at once so enthralled by Doughty's story and so shocked by the style in which he was narrating it, that, according to his companion, le Strange,¹ he talked seriously of proposing to the author that he, Oliphant, should undertake to rewrite it from start to finish!

Revision was not the only care, however, with which the book was vexing his sick soul in 1886. How was he to meet the financial obligations which his final agreement with the Cambridge Press entailed? In the beginning of the year (or late in 1885) this care had so wrought upon him that, notwithstanding earlier disappointments and differences, he brought himself to apply once more to the Royal Geographical Society asking it to guarantee him against loss by the publication. This application was considered in January and 'declined with regret'. On receipt of this disheartening intimation, he preferred a more modest prayer:

DEAR MR. BATES, *Villa Previ, Alassio, Liguria, Italy.*

I received your letter yesterday forwarded from Florence. I am sorry that the Council are unfavourable to my request. Perhaps you would ask informally at the next Council Table, unless you think the question excluded by the late decision, whether they will make a small grant out of their vast resources that I may have the aid (whose time must be paid for) of a competent Arabist to revise the spelling of my Arabian words as they are in the mouths of the Bedouins—very little known in Europe.

The obstacles are so great the vexations are so many the present terms of the University Press are so onerous my health is so weak and the ruin [?] of my time so disgusting that I begin to doubt if I ought not to wash my hands of the task after the first of the 2 volumes which contains above a year's travels. Why should I make such a sacrifice for a few persons called Orientalists and geographers nearly unknown to me? I am afraid it will be beyond my powers.

Truly yours, CH. M. DOUGHTY.

28 January. H. W. Bates Esq.

Before he received any answer to this, he apparently put to Cambridge the question whether if he postponed or suppressed his

¹ So Guy le Strange told me in conversation at Cambridge, March, 1927.

second volume, the first would be proceeded with. The negative result of this overture he communicated to Mr. Bates, indicating that, for a particular reason, he was anxious to get the first volume issued as soon as it was ready and would again urge Cambridge to agree. The reason was fear lest if publication of *Arabia Deserta* must await completion of its second volume, the voyages of Huber and Euting 'who wandered in my footsteps years after me may be published in the meantime and thus injure my laborious work'. Therefore in the interests of his priority he would like to get the first volume into the hands of the R.G.S. so that it might be reviewed as soon as possible in the *Proceedings*. Will the Secretary see to that? Also,

'Pray did you ask my question (of 28th January) at the Council Board? Giving all my time for years, it does not seem equitable that I should pay a scholar to help my Arabic, that I, a private man, may help Geography, when there is a rich society which professes to aid those enterprises and has no other cause for existing. I know you will receive my words right or wrong in a kind spirit and let me hear from you soon.'¹

Which impolitic letter, the overwrought man followed up a week later with another, pressing for a grant of £50 and suggesting that the Council could not say less than 'you have done so much and spent so much for the Cause, it is only fair that we should help you in this trifle'. Alas! early in April he heard that this prayer also had been refused, and after one more outburst, which may be left unquoted, he seems at last to have realized that he had been expecting the impossible when he asked the Society to subsidize a book for which the Cambridge Press had long ago accepted responsibility: and the rest of his correspondence of that time with the Secretary is confined to the minor matter of the review which he desired in advance of possible publication of the results of Huber's and Euting's explorations. Bates agreed to receive the printed sheets of the first volume, and Doughty, quickly pacified, wrote as follows:

DEAR MR. BATES,

Alassio (Villa Previ) 10 April.

According to your kind words I have written to the Cambridge Univ. Press and send Vol. I immediately in the sheets as it is

¹ Letter of 9th March, 1886.

(though I wish there were time for binding)—The map goes at the end of the vol. (it is not worked off).

Reviewers when they say good words are always tempted for the love of symmetry and equilibrium to give it a thrust or two, and therefore I wish there were time for me to see the proofs that I might have the chance of explaining this or that. I hope the learned man will not tilt at my English; he will but make Chaucer and Spenser bleed, and weep for me. It has occupied all my times for these many years and I have taken great pains and so far as the seeing of one pair of eyes can suffice and Nature can be portrayed in words, it is the mere truth of things according to my conscience. Vol. II will contain Kheybar—el-Kasim and the Mecca country: but the obstacles are many my health is weak and I have no assurance of finishing it.

Truly yours, CH. M. DOUGHTY.

This letter was followed by a post card¹ of some interest:

'As regards *the spelling of the Arabic words* (in which every Orientalist has his views) I would beg the Reviewer to consider that my writing the vulgar of Nejd is far more useful to Scientific Scholars than if I had reduced all to the book Arabic. I hope he will not think Ullah 'a gross blunder'. I write their [speech] phonetically. They never pronounce Allah but something between Ollah and Ullah (the first would be better). Four sheets will be sent beyond I. vol. to complete the description of Hayil and Ibn Rashid.'

Alassio

C. M. DOUGHTY.

He reckoned without his host. The Cambridge Press had accepted his book as a whole, the two volumes to appear together. It would not agree to have one reviewed, while the manuscript of the other was in its author's hands without date or certainty of delivery. Probably no publisher in the world similarly placed would have so agreed. The review, for which Doughty wrote in May that he was anxiously waiting, was never written.

Stickler though Doughty was for advertisement of his priority in discovery, which seemed to him inalienable rights conferred by fact and to be asserted against all mistake or misrepresentation—he always recognized the right of any one to revise his discoveries and expected that the revision would lead to correction. There was no

¹ To H. W. Bates, 11th April, 1886.

inconsistency between the assertive attitude with which he greeted the French claim for Huber that he had been the first to discover the truth about North Arabian hydrography,¹ and the modest candour with which the author of *Arabia Deserta* protested his own shortcomings in archaeology, history, and language. When Julius Euting wrote from Berlin and from Strassburg, first in October 1884 to say that Nöldeke had shown him the French publication of Doughty's inscription and then in November to announce his return, he received the sort of reply that a student might have written to him:²

DEAR SIR,

Smedley's, Matlock Bridge, 1 Dec.

At length to my joy the post has brought me back your kind and friendly letter which ought never to have missed me but for the oversight of the P. Office.

[Here follows the passage about Hamud, quoted above on p. 76.]

I shall look for your studies of the Nabatean inscriptions with lively interest and hope you will make out the connexion of Nabateans and Thamoud. I have not been able to see yours and Prof. Nöldeke's interpretation of the Teyma inscriptions.

Best thanks for the correction, Gofeifeh. I suspected there was a letter wrong. I should be grateful if you could tell me if my Sketch map is wrong between el'Ola and Wejh and whether you found it satisfactory for the rest. I suppose you occupied yourself more with your learned epigraphical studies than with Chorography.

I suppose 'Oneisa is still free in Kasim. Ibn Rashid certainly could not make any impression upon those townsmen if they thought it worth while to resist. I think they are alone as strong as he or were so before the Ateiba submitted themselves.

In the summer of 1886 Doughty visited Euting at Strassburg, and a year later was receiving from him corrections of a plate in his inscriptions publication.³

His financial prospect was become now the more anxious because he contemplated marriage. During the summer of 1885 Doughty had been living and writing at Great Wilbraham, near Cambridge. In the autumn of that year he was called suddenly to Florence to nurse a dying English friend; and, resolving to pass the winter in

¹ Doughty learned of this claim only in 1904 from my *Penetration of Arabia*.

² Doughty to Euting, 1st December, 1884.

³ Euting to Doughty, 8th July, 1887.

Italy, he took a small house, the Villa Previ, at Alassio. Here, through Robertson Smith, he made the acquaintance of General Sir Montagu McMurdo, son-in-law of Sir Charles Napier. The McMurdos some years earlier had built the Villa Napier on the slopes above the town, and Doughty became a frequent visitor to their house and beautiful garden. His interest was awakened by one of the daughters of the family, Caroline Amelia; in the spring he proposed, and was accepted by both the lady and her family.

The marriage took place in October 1886, at St. John's Church, Fulham, the only person present not of the family circle being Dr. Sachau; and the pair went off to Glendurgan near Falmouth, whence Doughty wrote in November to le Strange, in Paris: 'I have brought my Bride to this Cornish coast and we are living in a cottage in beautiful grounds, hoping to go on after this to Italy. . . . If we go to Syria will Oliphant answer a letter of enquiries?? I hear he never writes.'

During this first Cornish visit the Doughtys made many friends to whom they often returned in later years. It was one such friend, Miss Rogers of Carwinion, who took the profile photograph which was first reproduced in *Wanderings in Arabia*. The first year of their married life was spent chiefly in Cornwall and in Dorsetshire, with visits to Alassio and to their friends the Hanburys at La Mortola. In the autumn of 1887 they moved into London lodgings.

Work on the second volume of the Travels had, naturally, suffered from a rival preoccupation. How it stood in August, 1886 he described in a letter to Guy le Strange:¹

'I travelled home through Germany and saw Nöldeke and Euting at Strassbourg; Sachau at Berlin, and le Goeje and Snouck at Leyden. The latter has been living as a doctor of Theology in Mecca. All these have kindly promised to help me in the Arabic words for the rest of the book. Sachau is helping me very kindly at present. I have the second volume in type as far as the middle; and hope to have it out of hand by Christmas.'

Christmas approaching, he wrote again:² 'I am working again. The second vol. of Arabian Travels is half through. Insh 'Allah will be ended in the spring.' Revision must have been finished and

¹ From Great Wilbraham, 21st August, 1886.

² To G. le Strange, 19th November, 1886.

the last copy delivered to Cambridge not by the spring, but by the summer, of 1887; all the diaries and note-books having been 'finally revised' between 4th June and 30th July of that year. The whole text appears to have reached Sachau for revision in July, for he wrote in that month:¹ 'I congratulate you most heartily on your finishing your book. It reads like a novel and is certainly the most instructive of all books on the Semites and their home countries. People will object to your English, I myself find it very difficult to understand you. However, there it is, and people will use it largely; scholars must see it.' A remarkable judgement, had it been given by an English critic; but coming from a German astonishingly perspicuous and just!

The Press's order in regard to publication and price (three guineas) bears date 9th December, and actual issue took place early in the New Year 1888. Thus after nine years came *Arabia Deserta* to birth, a portentous birth of much more than 1,000 close printed demy octavo pages of text and appendices, with over forty pages of index and glossary thrown into the bargain. But the tribulations of all concerned were not quite over yet. While the author's financial dilemma remained insoluble, his publishers were still powerless to square the account. Two entries in the Syndics' Minute Book during the autumn of 1887 indicate that, at the eleventh hour, Doughty threw himself on their mercy, only to be told that the agreement had not been drawn up, as he supposed, 'with a pious intention and with no mind to enforce it'. The financial liability under its original terms had increased seriously since, thanks to the author's lavish altering of type upon proofs. 'Printing', he wrote in 1913,² 'I conceived of, in my early inexperience, as an adjunct to literature [meaning no doubt that he had regarded first printed proofs as mere suggestions to the author]; but I was deceived in that matter.' The measure of his deception was revealed to him by a letter from the printer stating that the amount now due from author to publisher was, in all, nearly £750! To the credit of the Cambridge Press let it be said at once that no steps to enforce payment of this sum, or of any sum, were ever taken. Thirty years later,³ when the Syndics finally closed their

¹ Letter of 24th July, 1887.

² Letter to D. G. Hogarth, 19th August, 1913.

³ Letter from the Secretary to Doughty, 15th December, 1919.

Arabia Deserta account on transferring the copyright back to the author, they wrote that their total loss had been £393, but that 'they do not regret it as thus publication was assured'. No publisher ever had author to deal with, whom temperament, inexperience, and ill-health made more difficult than Doughty, and no author ever received from a publisher treatment more generous, long suffering, and honourable than the author of *Arabia Deserta*.

The price of the books, then exceptionally high, barred the possibility of rapid sale; the strange style maintained throughout a work of over 600,000 words discouraged even the very elect. Among letters preserved by Doughty are two only received from readers of *Arabia Deserta* in its first year. The earlier, dated 29th May, 1888, was from Wilfrid Scawen Blunt,¹ 'I have just finished reading your book, every page of which has been to me of the deepest interest'. Blunt goes on to ask for the author's personal acquaintance. May he, a fellow traveller, be Doughty's coffee-host? Thirty years later (25th June, 1920) Blunt claimed to have been 'one of the first to recognize the position of the book as the best prose work of the XIXth Century and to spread its fame to Morris and Burne Jones'.² 'I cannot forget', Doughty had written³ shortly before receipt of that letter, 'that William Morris and Burne Jones were the first to discover the *Arabia Deserta* volumes.' The later and more remarkable appreciation reached Doughty in Syria from another poet, known then to few and unknown to him, Robert Bridges.

DEAR SIR, Yattendon, Newbury, England. Aug. 24. 88.
I have just got your address from the Cambridge University Press—not a very encouraging one for a would be correspondent—but having read your *Arabia Deserta* I am impelled to write to you. A friend, in an idle moment, when his good angel was near, turned

¹ Information from S. C. Cockerell, whose close association with Blunt is well known.

² Cp. Sprenger's letter, 3rd January, 1893, on the value of Blunt's and Lady Anne Blunt's approval. 'The recognition of your merits by Mr. and Lady Anne Blunt is in my opinion of much higher value than that of some learned society. They know the Arabs better than anybody else, and entertain a somewhat exaggerated opinion of them. As you represent

them sine ire et studio their admiration for your book can only arise from their having found it "a mirror, wherein is set forth faithfully your parcel of the soil of Arabia, smelling of Samn and camels" as you say.'

³ To S. C. Cockerell, 8th May, 1920. He did not make the personal acquaintance of either; see letter to S. C. Cockerell, 26th March, 1909, 'William Morris and Burne Jones whom I never knew'.

over its pages in a London Club-room, and told me what he saw. I had no desire to spend a month in the desert, but I was soon in the midst saying my *Shuf Tollogs* to myself; jolting on your broken jawed *naga* and wooden *theluls* and starving in those desolate places with an enjoyment you can never have known: for which merely to thank you were sufficient excuse for my writing.

But there's more, and that is the difficulty—to break through European decorum and take liberties with one whom I can only address as Sir. Nature is too much for my manners, and I am encouraged by knowing that the poet can estimate his own work, and secondly that yours is of too fine a quality to suit the common intelligence. So that while you measure your unknown correspondent by his judgement of your work, I shall not approach you among a tedious crowd of admirers.—Yet come so far as this, what can I say of your book? I hoped that I might meet you in London, or that you might be persuaded to come and visit us in our dira—my wife as anxious as I—but that being by circumstances forbidden, and myself in uncertainty whether my letter will ever reach you, make me allowance.

We say of your book that it stands out of the flatness of modern literature as Etna from Sicily—that the style and English are sustained at the height at which you boldly imagined them (it is not without a shudder that I write such a thing) and it is not an effort as reviewers will probably say, but a perfect accomplishment. Add to this you have won our hearts—that is the praise—that we have set you in a niche among the poets and friendly teachers of man. . . .

But what if many should write thus to you? I judge that impossible. Your book is too good for the many, too just and too poetic—it has too romantic an effluence. 'Tis a great wonder that you could engage the Philistines at Cambridge to print it. I was there lately and spoke with a syndic of it: but when I congratulated him he put on his wisdom, to show remorse rather than pride—while I laughed for you. Akhs!

It will be one of the greatest pleasures I can ever look forward to, to see you in the flesh and hear you talk. May it not be far . . . Till then I will retire into my shell and be, dear sir, yours truly,
C. M. Doughty Esq.

ROBERT BRIDGES, aet. suae 43

The book had, on the whole, a 'good press'. Reviewers in chorus admired the record of endurance and courage, congratulated the explorer on an extraordinary achievement and expressed astonishment at the elaboration and scale of the narrative; but few found much beyond reprehensible affectation in its literary style. The writers of notices in *The Times* and the *Spectator* respectively made the chief exception. The first of these reviewers hailed 'the most original narrative of travel published since the days of Elizabeth'; the second confessed that, with all other books of Arabian travel, Burckhardt's, Burton's, Palgrave's, Palmer's, taken into account, Doughty's remained the most remarkable. 'At the end of two long volumes', said the *Spectator*, Doughty 'though he has been his own single hero leaves us neither weary nor suspicious'. One reviewer, however, and that one of peculiar qualifications, held the book up to obloquy as a capital illustration of the truth *Μέγα βιβλίον μέγα κακόν*. This was Richard Burton himself, at whose disposal the editor of the *Academy* placed the two opening pages of his issue of 28th July, 1888. The writer, whom Doughty knew personally, did not care to conceal in this review his personal pique at having been ignored in *Arabia Deserta*, whose author, indeed, had frankly admitted that he had not read Burton;¹ nor did he succeed in concealing jealousy of a feat surpassing his own. Apart from those motives for harsh judgment, there was much in the book to irritate a man of Burton's type. The obstinacy of 'Khalil Nasrânî's' contempt for Islam was in itself a challenge to one who had thought it necessary to adopt that faith, and still professed it; and the tale of the consequent subjection of an Englishman to indignity and persecution over half Arabia and throughout the best part of two years seemed to him told with a nauseating insistence. Burton found many points of language, orthography, history, or custom wherewith to quarrel, undeterred by the authority of the expert revisers of the book or by any doubt of his own qualifications in comparison of Doughty's and theirs.

Such *succès d'estime*, however, was not commensurate with two years of pain and peril followed by nine of intense literary labour,

¹ An undated letter from Burton to Doughty shows that the latter was acquainted at least with the *Pilgrimage to Mecca*: 'Very glad that you find the

Pilgrimage agree with your observations; and now please read the *three* volumes of Midian.'

and the author was disappointed and discouraged as he implied many years later to a correspondent¹ singularly well qualified to count his costs. Although in the retrospect of old age, Doughty saw his earliest poetic studies and the poetic performances of the latter half of his working life as parts of one continuous endeavour, and therefore, looked back on the Arabian episode as 'a not wholly welcome life-day's interruption',² yet that episode during its whole duration from the first conception of the adventure in 1875 to the completion of the narrative of it in 1887 did, in fact, constitute for him an end in itself exclusive of any previously ensued, and demanding the devotion of the whole of his powers. He did not go into, or continue in, the Arabian enterprise to gain experience which ultimately should serve a paramount and different life's work; but, clearly, it had opened to him a new field, into which he entered and on which he worked as a man of science rather than poet, finding there material for an unexpected exercise of his literary faculty and for unforeseen realization of his aspirations for his mother tongue. Thus he came to put the whole of himself into *Arabia Deserta* without reservation or, while he was writing, any thought of other end in life.

That in Arabia scientific interest and motives had taken charge, he himself admitted:³

'I may be allowed to say that I was as much Geologist as Nasrânî: and that the careful determination of altitudes, the meteorology, the daily construction of the sketch map from the mouths of the sons of the soil (for the work of chartographers and containing many unintelligible names, of which no man of the country has ever heard I found when it came to the proof to be commonly of little worth), the day by day physiographical studies which led to the discovery and recognition of the Aueyrid, the great Harras, and the great valley systems of the North, the correction of the extension of Ajja and Selma Southwards, the relation of the Nefuds to the sandstones (which *underlie* calcareous and chalklike strata), the probable determination of the Monsoon limit and the geological structure of a vast area, were ever to me of the first interest in my humble endeavours in the interest of science in which I had been brought up.'

¹ Letter to T. E. Lawrence, 6th November, 1920, quoted below, p. 139.

² Letter to D. G. Hogarth, 1923.

³ Letter to D. G. Hogarth, 28th November, 1904.

Unless it be understood that throughout the Arabian enterprise and in all the long labours of relating it, Doughty was inspired primarily by a scientific purpose, much both of what he did and of what he wrote will remain without adequate cause. If he had not kept before him the ideal of a scientific study of Arabia and the Arabs, he had never incurred day after day the tedious ordeal and ever present danger involved in cross-questioning all sorts and conditions of men about matters on which inquisitiveness inevitably bred suspicion: nor when he came to compose his narrative, would he have so continually broken its thread to introduce all sorts of categorical information. To take one instance—the narrative is interrupted at the height of its dramatic interest, to admit of lists of the names given by Bedouins in general to their camels and their dogs! And in any number of digressions detailed information is given of places and peoples with which the personal story never came into contact. Again, without that scientific motive would Khalil's continual reversion to projects of wider and wider exploration of the peninsula, after ill health had led temporarily to plan speedy exits from it, be at all explicable? With all due allowance made for every possible contributory impulse—those given for example by his poverty, or by a desire to probe to its most primitive depths the 'pit out of which we were digged' (a desire be it said, of which never and nowhere does he give any sign)—we may be sure that he had never spent nearly two years in the peninsula and nine years in writing about it if he had not felt the strongest desire to contribute a profound study of it to science. That this study developed into a contribution to literature was due of course to the fact that with scientific interest coexisted the most penetrating capacity of observation, and a poet's inborn faculty for interpreting it in a literary medium invented and precisely adapted to the expression of it.

Arabia Deserta tells the story of its author's experience from November 1876 to July 1878, with no explicit account of how he came to be at Damascus in the first month and none at all of what happened after his arrival in the last at Jidda. A good deal, however, is to be gleaned from digressions in the earlier part of the book about his previous experience in Arab-speaking lands. These digressions have often been blamed for delaying the narrative and deferring its chief interest—the entry into Arabia proper; but they serve a very

necessary purpose—that of accounting in some degree not only for Doughty's joining the Pilgrimage but also for his ability to adventure in Arabia, and especially nomadic Arabia. Many larger digressions occur later; but, because their author has then reached his promised land, and the digressions themselves are obviously essential to the picture of it that he has set himself to paint, they are not equally impugned by his critics.

Doughty conceived and executed the narrative as a poem. He spoke of it later as 'only nominally "prose"',¹ and always included its composition in his services to *Ars Poetica*. This conception implied no concessions to fancy or imagination; on the contrary the book, as the motto of its preface—*Prosit veritati*—professed, was to be nothing but the truth and the whole truth of his experience in Arabia, so far as allowed by the notebooks, supplemented by memory when by stress of divers circumstances their posting had been interrupted, insufficient, or otherwise defective. But the poetic conception did imply a certain studious mode of expression and a certain treatment of the narrative and of himself as the single hero of it, which differentiate *Arabia Deserta* from all other autobiographies of travel. The mode must be rhythmic, conforming throughout to certain musical laws of assonance and cadence of which the author was both sole enactor and sole judge; the events and experiences narrated, and himself the one human character related to them throughout, must be spiritualized. Hence that strange detachment of the author from the self that he depicts, which has caused an acute critic² to describe that picture as Doughty reviewing Khalil. A quarter of a century ago the present writer, conscious of the pervasive effect of such spiritualization, felt Khalil 'to be less an individual than a type of all his kind undergoing a certain trial of spirit'.³ He feels now that the hero of the narrative is presented not only as Man but with something about him of the Son of Man; reading one is haunted by the familiar words, 'He was despised and he was rejected, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief'. Lawrence too was moved by just that effect of *Arabia Deserta* when he wrote in his Introduction to its first reprint (1920) that he had 'grown to consider it a book not like

¹ See letter quoted on p. 177.

² Professor Barker Fairley, *Charles M. Doughty, a Critical Study*, p. 31. His

analysis ought to be studied by all readers of *Arabia Deserta*.

³ *The Penetration of Arabia*, p. 276.

other books but something particular, a bible of its kind'. This spiritualized atmosphere is the determinant virtue of the book; the rhythm and magnificent phrasing of the English go for much, but for much less, in compelling those who can read *Arabia Deserta* at all, to read it again and again.

The transcendental effect is produced not by glorification of Khalil and certainly not by any suggestion of saintliness, but by the extraordinary impression conveyed of the plight of a being of a higher world who finds himself alone in another and lower. His incongruity, with its constant menace of peril, is accentuated by his mind's solitary continuous and implacable reaction against the religious and social system which had him at its mercy. As has been said already, his was a racial and cultural rather than a religious reaction. Doughty, as his letters show, was an agnostic Humanitarian of heart-felt piety and deep reverence for any *credo* based on Reason. He could have been, he says, a disciple of Confucius, but he could not acknowledge Mohammed. To accept that 'fatal Arabian's solemn Fools' Paradise' was for Doughty open-eyed to abrogate Reason and with it the civilization that was the hallmark of his own race. A western man, in his view, could not apostatize and remain a western, much less be still Briton; and he had 'a very uncomfortable opinion' of those of his countrymen who had made a show of conformity to Islam, such as Palgrave and Burton. He himself once at least, if not twice, was forced into *ketman*—concealment of creed—but never, when it came to positive profession, into any act of denial. Since Christian meant in wild Arabia western and British, Christian out-and-out he would be there and he was. If the sun made him an Arab, he was so but skin deep; his soul remained untouched by Orientalism.

It seemed to the poet in no way to impair his poem that he should introduce into it many and long passages of scientific information in all the 'ologies and even of single enumeration—those passages, for example, which give in catalogue fashion tribal, personal, and local names. He intended his 'nominally prose' poem to convey to the world all that its author had discovered or knew about Arabia; and to introduce passages of pedestrian, even statistical, information, provided the introduction were rhythmically effected, was not, in his view, to be prosaic, any more than Homer's Catalogue of Ships or

medieval metrical chronicles or the dialogue of Elizabethan dramatists¹ were lapses into prose. What Chaucer would not have hesitated to tell in metre, he, Doughty, might tell in rhythm, and be poet even when writing a list of Harb 'fendies'. None perhaps of his readers agrees with him there, and these passages are worst of the deterrents which have caused failure to read *Arabia Deserta*.

So much and such expert testimony has been borne to the book's fidelity to fact that no more need be adduced here. Hardly less had been borne to the amazing success with which the circumstance and atmosphere of Arab life are both realized and conveyed. The books smell 'of *sámn* and camels' from cover to cover, and remain without peer among literary portrayal not only of Arab society but of any alien society in the world. The secret lies, of course, in the ever alert curiosity and tireless observation of Khalil—the observation which could note that 'the shape of all those lightnings was as an hair of wool that is fallen in water'²—, in his infallible sense of the essential, and in Doughty's diligent choice in his copious vocabulary of the appropriate wording and phrasing—so appropriate that they seem inevitable and unchangeable.

The famous diction of the book, so much admired, so often challenged, expresses a studiously invented style, not that of the author's previous, contemporary, or even subsequent letters. It is as artificial a manner as the stage voices of certain actors. The notebooks reveal it in process of formation *ad hoc*. It sprang, of course, from a natural preference for and long-formed habit of grave stately utterance, reinforced by deliberate intention to recall the language to the manner of an earlier day—the attainment of this end being conceived as in its turn means actively conducive to restoration of old-time national patriotism. But the cause of its most singular feature—its continual use of Arabic words as English—is to be sought in the author's determination to convey truth. Only so, it seemed to him, could the atmosphere of his experience in a primeval world be reproduced in literary narrative; and he counted it by far the lesser evil that such use must be a sad stumbling-block to all readers unfamiliar with the Arab vernacular. Such, needless to say, it has proved, arresting too many ere far gone in his first volume, and disposing most, who nevertheless have persevered, to judge the

¹ See letter quoted on p. 178.

² *Arabia Deserta*, vol. ii, p. 305.

Denyse Simkin, the Millet of Trompington, deceiveth two Clerks of Schollars Hall in Cambridge, in stealing their Corn; but they so use the matter, that they revenge the wrong to the full. The Argument of this Tale is taken out of Bocchace in his Novels.

¶ The Reues Tale.

AT Trompington, not far fro Cam-
bridge
There goth a book, and quer that a
bridge,

Upon the which booke there stant a mell :
And this is very sooth, as I you tell.
A Miller was there dwelling many a day,
As any peacocke he was proud and gay :
Pipen he couth, and fisken, and nets bete,
And turne cups, and well wastle and therte.
Ape by his beir he bare a long pauade,
And at a wood full treshaunt was the blade.
A jolly popere bare he in his pouch,
Ther nas no man for peril durst him touch.
A shefeld thwitel bare he in his hole,
Round was his face, & camiled was his nose.
As pilled as an ape was his skull,
He was a market beater at the full.

There durst he no wight bond on him ledge,
But he ne swore he should fore abedye.
A theete he was forsooth, of come and mele,
And that a fle, and blaunt for to stele.
His name was hoten Deynous Simkyn,
A wise he had, comen of noble kin :
The parson of the toune her father was,
With he pafe full many a panne of was.
For that Simkyn should in his blood alle,
She was pfoctored in a nunnerie :
For Simkyn would no wife, as he said,
But she were well ynourished, and a maid,
To take his estate of romaunce.

And he was proud, and pert as a pie,
A full faire sight was it to see hem two.
On holy daies befoze her would he go
With his tipet wounden about his heed,
And he came after in a gite of reed,
And Simkyn had hoken of the same.

There durst no wight cleepen her but dame :
Was none so hardy, that went by the way,
That with her once durst rage or play,
But if he would be laine of Simkyn

With pauade, or with knife, or bodkin.
* For jealous folkes been perillous evermo
Agates they would her wivnes wenden so.
And eke for he was somelede smoterliche :
She was as digne as water in a dicke,
And as full of hoker, and of bismare,
As though that a ladie should her spare,
What for her kintred, and her noxtely,
That she had learned in the nonnery.

A doughter had they betwixt hem two
Of twenty yere, withouten any mo,
Sawing a child was halfe a yere of age,
In cradle it lay, and was a proper page.
This wench thicke and well ygrowne was,
With camiled nose and eyen gray as glas :
With buttoches broad, & dretis round & hie,
But right faire was her hair, I woll nat lie.

The parson of the toune, for he was faire,
In purpose was to maken her his faire
Both of his cattell, and of his meuage,
And straunge he made it of her mariage :
His purpose was to bestowen her hie
Into some worthy blood of auncetle.

For holy churches good mote ben dispensed
On holy churches blood that is descended.
Therefore he would his holy blood honour,
Though that he holy church should deour.

Great token hath this Miller out of dout
With wheat and malt, of all the land about,
And namely there was a great college (wage,
Ben cleepen it the Schollers Hall of Cam-
Ther was her wheat & eke her malt iground.
And on a day it happened in a stound,
Sicke lay the Manciple on a maladie,
Ben wenden wisely that he should die.

For which this Miller stalle both wheat & corn
An hundred time more than he did biforn.
For there befoze, he stalle but courtously,
But he now was a theste outrageously :

For which the warden chid and made face,
But thereof let the Miller not a tare,
He cracked, bosted, and swore it nas not so.

Then were there yong poe schollers two,
That dwelten in the hall, of which I say,
Tessie they were, and lustre for to play :
And only for her mirth and reuel,
Upon the Warden busily they cry
To yeue hem leue but a litle stound,
To gone to mill, to seke her coze yground :

And hardely they durst lay her neck,
The Miller should not steale hem halfe a peck
Of come by sleight, ne by force hem reue.
And at the last the warden yaued hem leue :

Johan hight that one, & Alein hight the other,
Of a town they were both, that hight Strother
Farre in the North, can I not tell tohere.
This Alein maketh alreedy his gere,
And on a horse the lacke he cast anon :

Forth goeth Alein the clerke, and also Johan,
With good sword and buckeler by her side.
Johan knew the way, him needeth no guide,
And at the mill doze the lacke down he layth.

Alein spake first : all haile Simken in sayth,
How fares thy faire doughter, and thy wife ?
Alein welcome (qu. Simken) by my life,
And Johan also : how now, what do ye here ?

* By god Simond (qu. Johan) nas no pere,
* Him behoues serue himselfe that has no
Oeis he is a folle, as clerkes saine. (swaine,
But Manciple I hope he will be dead,
Swa werkes aye the wange in his head :

And therefore is I come, and eke Alein,
To grind our come and carry it home agein :
We pray you spee us home in that ye may.
It shall be done (qu. Simkin) by my say :

What woll you done while it is in hand ?
By God, right by the hopper woll I stand,

Facsimile, reduced, of a page of the *Canterbury Tales* which Doughty carried with him through Arabia

second to have been the best reading; for come to this, they were masters of the Doughty language!

Those who, of Doughty's writings, know only *Arabia Deserta* insist on the archaism of its style. If they read his later poems they insist less. In fact comparatively few obsolete and totally unfamiliar words appear, and of these few only a very small proportion has long passed out of literary use. The general archaistic stiffness is created rather by the phrasing, and the author's carelessness of, or natural indifference to supply, links between expressions of one thought and another. Turns of phrase which have been softening since the sixteenth century have reverted in Doughty's pages to their pristine rough-hewn rigidity; jewels of thought are cast before the reader to be apprized uncut and unset. For composition, as demanded of literary art in these days, Doughty cared not at all (judging by his later poems, one might say that he must have either never considered it incumbent or been frankly incapable of it); and in *Arabia Deserta* he made no such concessions to readers' weakness, as he would try to make, oddly enough and *contra naturam*, in later works by which he hoped to touch the hearts of his people. Fortunately for the presentation of the narrative as a whole, composition was not of vital importance. Episodic treatment on no apparent prefixed plan exactly represented the actual experience. But in the several parts, the several episodes, and especially the several paragraphs telling of these or of the author's reflections by the way, one feels the need. The page of introduction to *Arabia* proper, for example, is a tumbled mass of splendid sentences shot at the reader's feet: let him find their interrelation, if any, and build them into a structure for himself.

Doughty has often been accused of lacking the 'saving grace' of humour. If this charge is based on *Arabia Deserta*, it is hasty and ill considered. Malicious or elvish humour, humour that aims at or secures its effect by any sacrifice, however slight, of truth—these its author rigidly denied to himself. But of humour the book contains quite as much as it contains of irony, with which it has always been credited. The humour is sedate, and not seldom grim; but it is there; and any one who can read Doughty's characterizations of divers individuals—of, for example, the Kellaji of Medain Salih; of the sheykh Zeyd; of the Commandant of Kheybar; of Ibn

Rashid's *vakil*, Aneybar; and of a dozen others—without perceiving humour as well as irony, must be himself insensitive to the former! But truth forbade Doughty to avail himself of countless opportunities for humour, which another would have seized; for he must not only keep to the truth, but give the whole truth. Even certain sides of Arab life for which he obviously felt utter repugnance, notably the sexual and homosexual habits of the race, are sufficiently in the picture if it be narrowly scanned. In the scarcely veiled publicity of nomad days and nights he had had no choice but to see what Bedouins do and to hear what they for ever say in regard to functions which supply their main zest in life. If *Arabia Deserta* is to be criticized on this score, it can only be because it does not so insist on this theme (as Arabs insist) as to convey an adequate sense of its pervasive obsession.

This prose-poem is the single literary product of its author's life-morning, and even as such it belongs to the last hour before his noon: for Doughty was forty-five when it was published. If his later flowering could be ascribed to retarded mental development there would be no more to be said; but, on the contrary, all previous evidence—letters, diaries, and so forth—indicates early maturity, and even precocity. It was simply force of circumstance—the wanderings which filled the ten years that in life-records of poets have usually been those of richest production—that retarded his literary expression, robbing this world of any youthful fruit of his genius. All his other major works belong to his late afternoon and his evening. The next in chronological order would not be completed till he had passed sixty. Future generations may (as Doughty hoped and believed) rank *Arabia Deserta* below one or another of his later works. But his own generation and that living now which have voted against rare and not convincing voices of dissent, that it is the greatest work of his singular genius, can prefer an incontestable *a priori* argument against any verdict deduced *a posteriori* from premisses that, perhaps, will never be unanimously agreed.

THE EPIC POEM

WHEN THE *ARABIA DESERTA* VOLUMES WERE published', wrote their author in 1913,¹ 'my wife greatly desired to see Palestine'; and so in February, 1888, *Arabia Deserta* being newly issued, the pair went out to Jerusalem, where six weeks were spent, and thence to Beyrout and Damascus, where they lodged for a fortnight with Khalil's former teacher, Abdu Kahil. Among other acquaintances, Doughty met with Mohammed Aly el-Mahjub of the Kella, who presented him with an ostrich egg.² The ensuing spring and summer were spent in a cool Lebanese village lying high on the slopes overlooking Beyrout. Here reached him the chorus and sharp discords of his reviewers; here too the few consoling letters of admiration, among them that of Robert Bridges, to whom he wrote:

MY DEAR SIR, 'Aitât, Lebanon Mountains, 10 Sept.

I have just received your letter of 24 Aug. which is full of kind expressions and marked sympathy for my tale of weary wandering in the vast deserts of N. Arabia.

Those desolate lands must be always interesting to us as the great theatre of Semiticism, whereto we must continually look for our better and lively understanding of the old Biblical record and manners.

The short critical reviews which I have seen have been so conflicting that I could learn little more in them than the very low ebb of English studies among us. Ullah raise up some fearless and disinterested spirits among the (eighty!) millions of English speakers!

I am spending again a year in Syria, that my wife might see something of the Arabic East. I am afraid that you and Mrs. Bridges would be sadly disappointed, if I had the pleasure of meeting you; I should be a little in terror of you, who have a thousand times too flattering an opinion of me.

¹ To D. G. Hogarth.

² This Doughty passed on years afterwards to T. E. Lawrence, saying of it, 'The egg I doubt not was from the neigh-

bourhood of Medain Salih where I have eaten myself of an ostrich omelette.' Letter to T. E. Lawrence, 6th April, 1920.

This is a pleasant land for those who have leisure. I hope you will never expose your health in the deserts.

With kind regards, believe me, my dear Sir,

truly yours, CHARLES M. DOUGHTY.

Bridges replied that, for himself, he had seen no review of *Arabia Deserta* except in *Nature*, 'the only Journal I see at all regularly—and that was incompetent, whether as scientific or artistic estimation. Criticism never was of any use and certainly is bad enough now. Critics, like most amateurs, try to be clever and cannot be blamed for distrusting their feelings since they have always tampered with them.' Than which scanty comfort Doughty got for the time none better!

From 'Aitât Mrs. Doughty and her husband visited Baalbek, and he went out 'in the night to greet her on her waking with a mass of the beautiful yellow wild roses' of the place.¹ For the promised Palestine trip they awaited autumn weather. On 27th October Doughty wrote:² 'We are about setting out for Tyre, Sidon, Acre, Carmel, Nazareth and the Lake of Galilee.' Of which itinerary the first part to Carmel, where their hopes of finding Lawrence Oliphant at his adventist colony were disappointed, seems to have been covered in fair weather; but not so the rest, rains compelling a long halt at Nazareth,³ and a longer one at Nablus, where Doughty fell seriously ill of bronchitis. Six more weeks were passed at Jerusalem, and in consequence return to Beyrout was deferred till near the end of February, 1889. Most of the trip had been made on horseback. How it had gone and what Doughty's plans were for the immediate future are set forth in a letter written on the 25th of that month to Robert Bridges:

'We were lost in our winter journey for a long time and could not send for our letters. We were not long out before the country, in which there are no roads, became well nigh impassable and we were endlessly detained by extraordinary rains which fell till Christmas, from which we at last escaped to Jerusalem, from whence we have arrived here by the last steamer.

¹ C. G. C(oulton) in *Cambridge Review*, 12th March, 1926.

² To Robert Bridges.

³ 'Your name has become quite a house-

hold word among us', wrote the head of the Scottish Mission (the Rev. W. D. Torrance), acknowledging a gift of eucalyptus seed three years later.

'In the long meanwhile I am afraid that you and Mrs. Bridges may have passed quite out of Italy, where, had all gone well, we should have been ere now. As it is we shall probably arrive in the first days of April, leaving this land, as I think nearly all leave it, with a mingled feeling of pleasure and regret. The time to visit it with most pleasure is from now onward till May in the season of greenness and spring flowers, and it is worth making some sacrifice to come hither. We may see some changes after a few years, roads will probably be made ere long, and a railway is about to be begun from Jaffa to Jerusalem: yet the country is too thinly peopled to be made much of in our time.'

Eventually the Doughtys sailed for Genoa at the end of March, stayed awhile at the Casa Napier at Alassio, and finally settled into a modest villa at Bordighera. On 10th November he wrote:¹ 'After almost a month of incessant wet the days are clear and warm again. From our windows we see the beautiful coast as far westward as the mountains beyond Cannes.'

Such would be his daily prospect for the next nine winters. They were to be devoted to tardy realization of his adolescent ambition to sing the beginnings of his nation. That ambition would, perhaps, have waited longer yet, had his prose-poem on Arabia been recognized more immediately and generally for what it was: 'When the printing and publishing of the *Arabia Deserta* volumes was completed, I found little interest was taken in such work at home. I felt therefore I had done therein what was in my power and as the Arabs say, I might wash my hands of it; and could turn now to what I considered my true life's work with the Muse.'²

We know that the idea of writing *Adam Cast Forth* long preceded his composition of the poem. Was it, when issued nearly twenty years later, sole fragment and survivor of the Arabian epic of Creation, which was to have followed upon *Arabia Deserta*?

If travels and adventures had postponed the composition of Doughty's chief poem to a period of life (he was now five and forty and would be well past sixty when *The Dawn in Britain* went to press) very far beyond that at which first verses are commonly composed, they had all, in his view, been to the good: 'It is the *Ars Poetica* to which I have been entirely wedded; and I have devoted

¹ To Robert Bridges.

² Letter to T. E. Lawrence, 6th November, 1920.

my life thereto ever since I left Cambridge. My travels, wanderings and sojournings in other Lands have been but incidents therein.’¹

And even Arabia, though ‘a life day’s interruption’,² had but deferred, not impaired, his pre-ordained task of self expression. To this task he now bent his energies with habitual singleness of purpose. Always withdrawn into himself and exclusive of other interests than those strictly germane to the subject under his hand, he shut his door on the external world and all variety of experience, devoting all day and every day to a rigid monotony of study. The régime which now began and continued prescribed that normally study in his closet should ‘begin at 6.30 a.m. and go on to 9 p.m. . . . except the hour (for letter writing) that I allow myself on Sunday’; and for nearly forty years he was thus to live on the experience of the forty that had preceded them. The remoteness of the subject of his present study, and choice of the literary expression of a long past century, served ever more and more to accentuate his detachment. In the ending of his life he would himself admit and judge it.³ ‘After more than 40 years consumedly devoted to poetical studies, since the 10 or 12 of Arabia and A. Deserta vols. I recognize they have produced in me a culpable forgetfulness of almost everything else.’

Since Doughty once spoke of *The Dawn in Britain* as a nine years’ labour,⁴ and it was not finished till 1903, it may be supposed that actual composition did not begin before 1894, and that the five preceding years were spent in preliminary studies. In 1892 and 1893 he seems to have been in correspondence again with Sprenger, who speaks of him ‘meditating about the ancient Gauls’.⁵

The British colony on the Riviera di Ponente, if it knew that he was ‘elaborating an epic on the Druids’,⁶ seems to have known little else. The austerity of his absorbed life was governed by a principle as much as by inclination: ‘There is a simplicity and, so to say, rigidity and standing up dignity of personal life which will carry a man through everything: and age will sufficiently mellow it, without a man’s laying it down of himself.’⁷

¹ Letter to E. Garnett, 15th February, 1922.

² Letter to Miss K. F. Doughty, his niece, 15th April, 1917.

³ Letter to D. G. Hogarth, 1922, written on the completion of a new edition of *Mansoul*, his last poem.

⁴ Letter to T. E. Lawrence.

⁵ Letter of 3rd January, 1893.

⁶ So Mr. Edwyn Bevan in a letter to D. G. Hogarth (12th August, 1911), about a visit paid by his brother (Professor A. A. Bevan) to Doughty at this time.

⁷ Letter to R. Kirkpatrick, 9th September, 1907.

The Doughtys' winter home continued to be on the Riviera until 1898, first at Bordighera, of which Doughty complained as 'quite bare of books or galleries; and there is almost no scientific converse'; then at San Remo and Ospedaletti, where in 1892 and 1894 two daughters, Dorothy and Freda were born; and finally at Alassio. For the summer of 1891 the Doughtys moved to Goeschenen, near the St. Gotthard, and for that of 1892 to the Lake of Geneva; in 1893 and later years the family made their summer home in England, at Henwick near Newbury. Here Doughty learned to cycle, and then and later he explored on his bicycle many parts of England and Wales, as at Goeschenen he had explored the mountain passes, gathering material for the Epic. Record survives¹ of one such tour, which he made in 1901, to St. Albans, where he passed an hour in the Cathedral and other four 'on the site of Rom. Verulam', and on to Colchester where, 'arrived at 10 A.M.', he 'spent the rest of the morning in the Museum and the afternoon in exploring the river (Colne) to the sea', and hoped 'to spend some hours' the next day 'at the probably British earthworks at Lexden'. In 1894 he attended some part of the British Association's meeting at Oxford, and was in communication with John Rhys, Principal of Jesus College, who answered certain questions on Celtic matters.²

In 1898 the Doughtys resolved to settle altogether in England, for the sake of their children's health and education. They decided on Tunbridge Wells, where not only Miss Hotham, the beloved aunt of Doughty's infancy, but also other members of the family, had long resided; and here they soon found many friends. He wrote thence from No. 2 Beulah Road in 1901:³

'We have set up our tent here at Tunbridge Wells and have almost reluctantly given up our home on the Italian Riviera: but we think before all of the little ones and their health is best in the fresh but uncomfortable English climate.

'I can only send little family news. In the Autumn of last year I spent a pleasant afternoon with your Uncle Ernest at Martlesham and found his daughter staying with him. I had cycled mostly from London. My brother and his Family were then in Scotland and I

¹ In a letter and two post cards to Mrs. Doughty, dated 31st August, and 1st and 3rd September.

that Doughty had not called on him sooner.

³ To Mrs. Doughty Montagu, his cousin.

² Letter of 20th August, 1894, lamenting

did not go on to Theberton . . . Our two children whom you saw at Ospedaletti are growing big little girls and though far from being robust have good health.

'We are now looking forward to the homely but joyous English spring. Our great and sorrowful daily pre-occupation is Kruger's cursed war—what numbers of precious English lives have been lost in it! but the end cannot now be far off. Happier are you in India that are more out of hearing than we of S. Africa.'

'Kruger's war' is the first public event which surviving correspondence of Doughty's mentions as a matter of grave national concern, and indeed it was the first rude shock to the Victorian confidence of virtually all his generation. His patriotic ardour impelled him to make some personal contribution to the national effort, and it took the characteristic form of a thin thirty-page volume of unrhymed octosyllabic verse, which he entitled *Under Arms 1900*. He had it printed, oddly enough, by the Army and Navy Stores, and published it himself at his own charge. It covers the period of the war to the Peace of Vereeniging in a series of some eighty short stanzas, varying from one to a dozen lines or so, grouped under eleven heads, and reflect moods hortatory, compassionate, reflective, and admonitory. It ends with warnings of a greater war to be and a vision of universal service. Unlike the Epic on which he had so long been at work, it eschews obsolete words, and no doubt was intended and believed by its author to make direct appeal to the common soldier and the common man. In fact it was about as congenial to their taste and intelligible to their intellect as a translation of an Arab *Kasida* in the metre of the original!

But to another audience, about this time, he was writing other verses. Dorothy, in her fifth year, received this Italian greeting from her absent father:

The Grosvenor Hotel.
13th Nov. '96.

BO-bo! Buongiorno
Carina
Mia bambina
piccina
Dorothina
Come tu stai?

Bint Khalila
 Cosa tu fai ?
 e la Mamma cara
 e la sorellina ?
 Te benedica il cielo
 e la casa tutta, Iddio.
 Addio, te dice ora, Addio
 Carina
 Tuo povero babbo.

And he wrote to Freda, upon her fifth birthday :

4th April '98

Freda my darling my baby dear
 This day ends the fourth and begins the fifth year
 Happy day how I would that dear Mummum were here
 With my Freda and Dottle or I with you there
 At Poppeletti methinks I can see
 Your very own little plummypuddy
 With four almonds clear each one for a year
 A piece for Dottle a piece for Mummum a piece for Anna
 A piece for Rosina
 The rest for little you, and none for Babbu.
 Oh how then would I be
 With you in the garden or by the sea
 Or in the terraces gathering pretty daisies
 Have you heard the wind blow and seen the white snow?
 So have I too
 Here in great London Town
 All alone all alone all alone
 Over hills and the sea far far away
 But I send the thousand loves, hugs and kisses today
 With the little red book for my Freda's birthday
 God bless thee my Fredina I daily pray
 Little Baby True I write this for you. Again I kiss you
 May we all see many happy birthdays together
 And never more go away from each other.

BABBU.

The daughters whom he loved so tenderly would grow up devoted to him, and their affection and care would help to prolong his life weakened by illness.

After seven years spent at Tunbridge Wells the death of a cousin put the Doughty's in possession of a house at Eastbourne; and to it they removed in 1905. His old love of the sea made the change welcome to Doughty; and an annual, much-valued holiday was made possible by letting the new house in the summer months.

The long labour of the Epic was now drawing towards its end, and once more, the question of finding a publisher to undertake a heavy obligation for prospects of return which were to say the least doubtful, imposed itself more insistently. He seems to have made his first application to the publishers of *Arabia Deserta*, sending to the Syndics the following statement, which, though undated, can be fixed by coincident letters:¹ 'I early felt (even whilst an undergraduate) after learning some of the low German tongues and reading in the great authors of the Renaissance, that my work in life would be, to help towards a better common knowledge and use of the Mother Tongue.

'In '88 the two Arabian volumes were published with a result which is known and honourable to the Syndics. Immediately after I began to write down and develop *The Utmost Isle*, a patriotic work, (and wherein Roman, Celtic and German *Origines* are treated of;) and which I had had in my mind since the year '65, and even during my wanderings in Arabia. With hardly any interval it has occupied me ever since. The work is distributed in two volumes, of 12 books each; being together less in bulk than is the *Faery Queen*.

'Modern poets' works have fallen into neglect, and perhaps it may be merito. Where is that mere sincerity, knowledge and right inspiration, which is required even in the humblest true work of art? Where is that intimate knowledge of language, without which there can be only deciduous handywork?

'Is not *ποίησις* an architecture of elect national words and eternal human thoughts; raised upon a well devised foundation, and builded of none but diligently found, chosen, and wrought, goodly stones, all truly laid:—built up into a temple which shall be in harmony with the human aspect of things, as is a tree, in the landscape?

¹ To R. T. Wright, 24th and 29th April, 1905.

‘To speak of the present MS. This book is my Life’s work; a continuation of Chaucer and of Spenser, such as conceivably they might have written in the present: and intended to be perfected in Form, as is the Shepherd’s Calendar, or the least of Chaucer’s tales.’

Doughty offered to appear in person at Cambridge with half his manuscript in his hand¹ but evidently was not encouraged; and after the meeting on the 28th April Mr. R. T. Wright, the Secretary of the Press, had to tell him that the Syndics did not see their way to publish *The Utmost Isle*. He acknowledged the news without protest² and began again the weary round of the publishing houses. No publisher would look at twenty-four cantos and over thirty thousand unrhymed decasyllabic lines; and an ever-growing likelihood that not only the fruit of so many years would not mature, but also that this message to his nation would be unheard, threw him into a mood of deep despondency.³ And indeed it is possible, even probable, that the Epic would have remained in manuscript to this day, but for the unexpected help of an individual till then unknown to its author. This was Mr. Edward Garnett, distinguished man of letters and critic, who has given me an account of what passed:

‘In the autumn of 1902 Mr. Sydney Cockerell having told me that *Arabia Deserta* was one of William Morris’s favourite books I borrowed a copy through a friendly subscriber of The London Library and, neglecting my work, I read it for days at a stretch and far into the nights. I spoke of the book to various literary friends but nobody I knew had heard of it, so I made it the subject of a paper in *The Academy*, one of a series entitled “Books Too Little Known”. I heard nothing of this article effecting anything till nearly three years later, when a pure coincidence brought Doughty to the doors of Messrs. Duckworth whose “reader” I then was. One afternoon in the autumn of 1905 Mr. Duckworth came to me and said “Come and see Mr. Doughty the traveller. He has brought with him a specimen of an Epic he has written and he has shown me an article on his ‘Travels in Arabia’ written by you in *The Academy*, and he said ‘That’s what they think of me!’ And I answered, ‘Why, we’ve got Garnett in the next room’.” On shaking hands with Doughty I was captivated by his manner, by his curiously abstracted

¹ Letter to R. T. Wright, 24th April, 1905. ³ Information from Mrs. Doughty.

² Letter to R. T. Wright, 29th April, 1905.

gaze and by his sweet and benevolent smiles. He radiated courtesy goodness and modesty when he spoke, which was but little. He greeted me with warmth and, on leaving, invited me to spend a week end with him and his family at Eastbourne.

'I read the manuscript of Book I of the Epic Doughty had left and at first I felt confounded by the strange style. But on reading the MS. for the second time all the difficulties vanished and I became enthusiastic. It seemed to me, alike in conception imagination and language, to be the work of a titan. I told Mr. Duckworth that Doughty was a great genius, and, like a good sportsman, Mr. Duckworth rose to the occasion and agreed to publish the Epic.'

Messrs. Duckworth's acceptance appears to have been communicated to Doughty early in September, with, however, some objections which may be divined from the author's reply:¹

'I am painfully aware that my handwriting is bad to read. For the punctuation, I have found out a system which is invariable, and I believe, correct (I have attentively used it). . . . A work of the kind, after all, presupposes a Reader who has some patriotic acquaintance with his own language and the tradition of Chaucer and Spenser. . . . I know how dangerous Printer's expenses can be etc.'

Printing of the four cantos of the first volume was begun in October. It seems already to have been decided that, instead of two, there should be six volumes; and presently, in deference to some objection taken by Mr. Garnett to the title *The Utmost Isle*, it was changed to *The Dawn in Britain*.

'Partly moved by what you said, I made this change of Title, which I hope you will like and think appropriate. The corrections (chiefly commas and colons) to my disappointment have been very heavy indeed in this vol. I. I am using every effort, however, to ensure that they should almost disappear in vol. II. Whilst the Dawn in Britain is in the Press, I feel I shall have to give my whole soul to it and to nothing else every day from morning till night till the work is accomplished.'²

A month later³ the first volume was in type and the copy for three more nearly ready. When the second volume was through the press

¹ Letter of 15th September, 1905, communicated by G. H. Milsted, partner in the house of Duckworth.

² Letter to E. Garnett, 17th November, 1905.

³ Letter to E. Garnett, 9th December, 1905.

it was published with the first, early in 1906. The first reviews did not please.

'I have only seen three slight and trivial Reviews; all of them unwholesome and ill-natured. To the Writers the Patriotic art of English Philology must be entirely unknown, as an art on a level with the best efforts in architecture, sculpture and painting, which it takes a lifetime of effort to learn. Nor can they see that epic language in any tongue cannot possibly be the decadent speech of the streets. And they have treated vols. I and II as if they were an entire work instead of what they are, an introduction to a large work. After all there must be 700 persons, many times over, in Britain to whom Spenser and the tradition of Chaucer are dear.'¹

Mr. Edward Thomas, however, in the *Daily Chronicle*, with Mr. Garnett himself in the *Speaker* and a *Times* reviewer made some amends. The third and fourth volumes appeared in early autumn and had a respectful reception, which was as much as their disillusioned author had come by now to expect. As he wrote while they were still in the press:² 'I hope the second and third pairs of volumes may be fairly received. It will not be your fault if they are not. The first two vols. standing alone must needs seem very odd to the press Reviewers. I have feeble personal ambitions: my position is that of the ant who desires to cast in the mite he has to the good of his nest.' The fifth and sixth volumes completed the poem at the New Year, 1907. Mr. Edward Thomas, who had been begging leave of the poet to include passages from *Arabia Deserta* in an anthology,³ hailed the full emergence of a 'new splendid thing', but the vulgar verdict was expressed by another reviewer, distressed by the 'somewhat irritating features of the poem'—that, while this 'vast epic' was 'a very dignified and spirited contribution to poetic literature', it was impossible that it should ever be popular, and not to be desired that it should be imitated.

The Dawn in Britain is the epic story of the growth of a national consciousness and a British patriotism in a race compounded of immigrant Celts and immigrant Teutons. Its first national hero is

¹ Letter to E. Garnett, 8th April, 1906.

² To E. Garnett, May, 1906.

³ Letter to E. Garnett, August, 1906. Doughty declined, but some years later

(1915) did allow passages from his poems to be included in Mr. Thomas's *This England*.

the elder Brennus and its last, Caractacus. The action, therefore, covers about five hundred years. Throughout the poem Brennus's name recurs as that of a Hero-father, but the effort to keep him alive in his seed does not succeed in impressing a unifying personality upon the record of half a millennium. Even if all the action before the Christian era (i.e. a book and a half of the poem) be regarded as a prelude, too long time remains for any one personage to unify the remaining twenty-two and a half books. In fact such unity as the poem has depends not on any person, but on a land and its race.

The main theme is the unavailing struggle of this race against Rome, who avenges her ancient humiliation by Brennus. She stands for the Power of Evil; the British Confederacy for the Power of Good. The latter remains pagan throughout the poem; but coming conversion is foreshadowed by a subsidiary theme, which, prefaced by poetic treatment of episodes in the Gospel story, and further related thereto by parenthetical allusions to incidents of the Apostles' time, narrates the voyage of Joseph of Arimathea with a shipload of saints and their fortunes after arrival in Britain.

The whole poem is extremely long, more than twice the volume of the *Iliad* and more than thrice that of the *Aeneid* or of *Paradise Lost*. Most of it is a poetized Chronicle, shot through and through with imaginative beauty. The rest is pure vision of amazing vividness and enchantment. Immense tracts never for an instant prosaic, but of a blood-spattered monotony of which the author himself feels the weariness,¹ have to be passed by the reader. His perseverance will depend on capacity to dispense with a personal hero, which, in its turn, depends largely on his sharing the author's view of the conflicting Powers. If he feels with the poet as between 'blue Britons' and Romans, and has sufficient mental stamina, only lesser impediments stand between him and the last sleep of Joseph of Arimathea. But these, though less, are not slight. There is first the strangeness of the story, with its endless procession of rude folk with names as uncouth as Cogidaba, mostly Latinized from Celtic, Germanic, and what not; none of these personages brought into an easy focus by such individual characterization as would clothe him or her with our flesh. Compared with the fewer personages of the *Iliad* and still fewer of the *Aeneid*, Doughty's Britons are of so monotonous a

¹ See Book XXI, 11.

similarity that memory hardly distinguishes one from another; and they are so little alive that, perhaps it is not only our unfamiliarity with them which makes their battles long ago seem things so much more forgotten and farther off than those of Troy. Then there is the poet's chosen mode of telling which challenges the peace of both eye and ear—a style surcharged with study, and with thought that is expressed (especially in the main narrative) by such frequent use of inversion and parenthesis that every line requires unflagging attention. Little help to understanding of the sense is to be got from the author's own 'invariable system' of punctuation which, as in far-away times when poems had to be read by the few to the many, serves primarily the interest of sound; and there are abundant archaisms of phrase and word—far more than in *Arabia Deserta* though doubtless due to the same combination of motives, namely, desire to create an appropriate atmosphere with desire to recall English to better days. Sometimes the author is constrained to translate his words (some of which were never in English) in footnotes, and at the end of the poem he concedes a brief glossary—necessary devices, both, but not unreasonably abhorred of readers!

Such and so great are obstacles set by the poet to the popularity of what is undeniably not only his greatest metrical work, but one of the greater achievements of English poetry. The result has been that in twenty years it has met with but rare and doubtful acceptance, and no sign or likelihood is yet to be discerned of its emulating the belated apotheosis of *Arabia Deserta*. It remains unread by the great majority even of lovers of literature. By many of the minority who have read it, it is judged too lengthy, and too exacting for the intrinsic interest of its theme. More is the pity! for a wealth of poetic imagination, thinking, and craftsmanship has been lavished upon it, which, quality with quantity, can hardly be credited to another single poem in English. Of all its more than thirty thousand lines there is hardly one that does not betray the most careful study—that nine years' labour of every hour in every day that the poet confessed. By this deliberate enrichment, as also by its general purpose and the treatment of its main theme, *The Dawn in Britain* challenges comparison with the *Aeneid*, without, however, owing anything recognizable to that predecessor.

The war-chronicle is varied by songs of bards—these, however,

in the decasyllabics of the narrative; by speeches of men and gods, the supernatural apparatus being immense, and equally effective whether Christian or pagan; by countless passages of exquisite beauty and tenderness descriptive of natural circumstance and particularly of birds and flowers; and by the splendid visions, like that of insurgent Hell in the seventh Book, inevitably dubbed Miltonic, though it owes nothing to *Paradise Lost*. What a quarry will these provide to future seekers after poetic inspiration, ideas, or expression at second hand! *The Dawn in Britain* may not, of itself, qualify for that immortality which is confessed by familiar quotation or use in common speech; but probably it will never be forgotten or neglected by poets.

ARABIAN AFTERMATH

IN THE EARLIER YEARS OF HIS PATRIOTIC STUDY Doughty had found time now and then to interest himself in Arab things. For example, he negotiated for certain Arabic manuscripts, and wrote to Guy le Strange:¹

'It may perhaps be interesting to you that I have obtained two of the seven Sacred Books of the Druses. I *believe* one or both manuscripts are of the last or higher book which we have not got in European libraries. I have paid for the books but they are still beyond seas, as it is difficult to get them out of the country by a safe hand. I have also a small MS. account of the manners and customs of the beyond-Jordan Bedouins written for me by a Lebanon schoolmaster who was some years in the Hauran. It may be of some interest.'

The last of these manuscripts excited Sprenger's curiosity² and he urged Doughty to publish it in the periodical of a learned society, telling him at the same time of some of the Bedouins in question whom he (Sprenger) had met 'at Damascus in the house of Mrs. Digby (Lady Ellenborough)'. Doughty, however, seems to have passed it with the other manuscripts to the Cambridge University Library, without publishing. In the following year he wrote to le Strange a long letter³ about the desert, its pasture, and the times and seasons at which this makes travelling and raiding possible. The letter, which was called forth by certain questions from his correspondent, in which Gifford Palgrave's authority seems to have been raised, contains a paragraph of some interest about that enigmatic personage:

'I suppose that P. may mean that 1/3rd of the peninsula is wild deserts or Bedouin country. I have read the compendium in Zehme but not his work except that part which deals with er-Riath; but I think he describes the Nejd town-dwellers to the life. I could make nothing of his map and was repelled from his volumes by his air of *habile homme*. In his Jesuit life near Beyrout I heard from most respectable missionaries at Beyrout he was reported a prig and a liar. I cannot doubt, like the Germans, that he travelled across to

¹ 24th June, 1891.

² Letter of 4th November, 1891.

³ 18th January, 1892. This with the other

letters to Guy le Strange is now in the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge.

the Persian Gulf, but I believe he called himself Abdullah and played the Moslem. A man of his character—and if he really lost his notes by shipwreck which is probable—cannot be expected to be conscientiously exact.'

From which judgement no one who has considered Palgrave's book dispassionately will be inclined to dissent. But it did not imply any such view of Palgrave as a sheer fraudulent impostor as has been propounded of late.¹ Since this view is obstinately maintained and gains adherents, it might be well to cite here Doughty's considered opinion, as expressed some years later² in reply to questions put to him by the present writer:

'Palgrave at Hayil: as there was no one, in such universal bitter fanaticism, whom I could quite trust (except perhaps Hamud) I hazarded no enquiries. Turning to *Arabia Deserta* vol. I. p. 589, line 30 I have exactly recorded a remark of a kindly old sheykh which I thought possibly referred to him: and I thought the same of Hamud's words p. 604.

'The Hebrew folio mentioned at p. 602 was according to a German criticism of *Arabia Deserta* seen by Palgrave there.

'Palgrave seems greatly to have exaggerated the population of the town.

'At Boreyda I was surprised at the cry, "that no Nasrany had ever entered this town before" (vol. II, p. 326) but that does not to my mind disprove Palgrave's alleged visit.

'El. K(h)enneyny said to me at Aneyza something like this, "How can you go about in such a lawless land calling yourself a Nasrany and Inglezy? . . . (that name I cannot recall) did not so when he journeyed through the country".

'I thought I had recorded this also but cannot find it today in conning over the pages.

'The above is all that I ever heard in Arabia that may possibly refer to Palgrave: but then I was only occasionally in the towns. I sojourned amongst the Bedouins who would probably have known nothing of his passing near them in the wilderness.

'I have casually met with several persons (in Europe) who were

¹ Chiefly by Mr. H. St. J. B. Philby, one of the few Europeans who have been in Hasa since Palgrave's day, and the only

one who has been in Aflaj.

² To D. G. Hogarth, 29th October, 1902.

friends of Palgrave and have heard the old missionaries of Beyrout speak of him, when he was for some time among the Jesuit Fathers in the establishment, in the Lebanon. And of course I have heard it surmised that he travelled in Arabia in the interest of Napoleon III: but that seems almost beyond comprehension.'

Meanwhile *Arabia Deserta*, though the original edition had not been exhausted in nearly twenty years, was far from being what publishers call a dead book. New copies still sold and old ones very rarely appeared in the second-hand market, where the demand for them was constant and considerable.¹ Evidently there was a public which would long ago have bought and still would buy were the book's price sensibly reduced; and probably there was a yet larger public which would read, were it more accessible and less ponderous. If no one would have dreamed at that time of reprinting and re-issuing the original edition, the idea of an abridgement did occur to more than one admirer of *Arabia Deserta*, but only to be put aside in view of the author's habitual insistence on the equal value and necessary interdependence of all parts of the book.

In 1905, however, when Doughty visited Messrs. Duckworth with his epic poem and there met Mr. Garnett, it occurred to that sincere admirer of *Arabia Deserta* that the circumstances might be brought to conduce to what he believed would be to the advantage both of book and author, namely, that both should be introduced to a wider public. When, therefore, the epic was under the consideration of Messrs. Duckworth in the early autumn, he suggested to Doughty the publication of a volume of *excerpta*. Finding him willing to consider the suggestion, he wrote to the original publisher and owner of the copyright, the Cambridge University Press. The Syndics replied² through the Secretary that, for themselves, they were not prepared to make any further use of *Arabia Deserta*; they had lost to date close on £500 by the original issue of the book, and the actual stock on hand was less than fifty copies. They had always been willing to transfer the copyright to the author, if he would pay the £200 for which originally he had accepted liability in respect of the cost of production. Now, however, half that sum would be

¹ In the late nineties I commissioned a well-known London bookseller to get me a second-hand copy. He told me that already he had a long waiting list. After

long and vain expectation I bought a new copy in 1902.

² 10th November, 1905.

accepted, and the Syndics would throw in the remaining stock, bound and unbound.

A few days later¹ Mr. Garnett communicated this reply to Doughty, telling him that the stock consisted of thirty-five bound copies, worth fifty pounds in the second-hand market, and of a few more copies in sheets which could be bound up for some five pounds, and sold like the rest. Of the initial payment of £100, therefore, a good proportion would quickly return. Doughty answered promptly:²

'Now as regards "Arabia Deserta" I think what you have done is very good. It is also favourable to me if I understand rightly that the C.U.P. will cede 35 copies, which can be disposed of to a Second-hand Bookseller, for £50. There would then be only the difference between £55 and £50 (£5) which I should have to pay, to receive back the copyright. Then, as Mr. Duckworth will publish it, giving me a royalty, it would be best to leave the business of the transfer and sale to the Second-hand Bookseller to his firm.

'Would it be a volume of Selections? The work is already condensed, so that it could not be condensed further? Would you undertake it and make the Selections and see it through the Press.'

Mr. Garnett accordingly dropped the idea of condensation, and in his next letter³ spoke only of a small volume of Selections to be issued at a popular price. Though he foresaw difficulties in selecting satisfactorily from a work of the character and bulk of *Arabia Deserta* he thought it worth while to try an experiment which might result in creating a demand for a reissue of the complete book. He proposed as a title *Wanderings in Arabia*. To these suggestions and to certain business proposals Doughty replied:⁴

'Half a million words does indeed seem a terrible length for the modern reader, the subject also being a desert land, which is, in the present horizon, of little importance.

'If you were kindly to undertake it, the Selections plan would I believe be a good one; if as you say, an arrangement might be made between Messrs. Duckworth and yourself that an adequate fee should be allowed by the Publishers as remuneration for the time and labour. To this end, I should of course gladly contribute by giving up the royalty.

¹ 15th November, 1905.

² 17th November, 1905.

³ 21st November, 1905.

⁴ 26th November, 1905.

'If this could be arranged, there remains the question of my finding £55, by which I should re-acquire the copyright. This blocks me at the present moment. In these low times I should not be able to find it, I am afraid, and this matter troubles me a good deal, for I should like to get back the copyright very much indeed.

'I should much like to run over and see you and your shrine of the holy Muses: but I am like the humpless camel, that has no reserve of strength, and my health hangs on a slender fibre; and yet I hope to achieve it, at some favourable season.'

To shorten the story, it may be said at once that Doughty, after some further negotiations, eventually found the price of the copyright, which had been reduced by the Syndics to £50, it being understood that, in addition, the stock be taken over at a valuation.¹ This Messrs. Duckworth agreed to do; but in the event would not be called upon to honour their undertaking; for, before the appointed day, the University Press succeeded in itself disposing of the copies.² The copyright was duly transferred, and thus after eighteen years Cambridge closed its concern with *Arabia Deserta*. The account showed a net loss of a little less than £400.³

By this time Mr. Garnett had been for some months at work. As he had foreseen, the difficulty of making any satisfactory small book of selections was great. In the end it proved insuperable. The thread of Doughty's narrative cannot be broken without bewilderment of the reader, and, if abridgement must be made, only those passages in *Arabia Deserta* through which that thread does not run can usually be chosen for omission, if the rest is to be both intelligible and interesting! Gradually it became clear that, not a volume of choice passages (of which singularly few in the book can stand by themselves) but two volumes of continuous narrative, rendered by excision of passages not essential to the story, equal to about one-half the bulk of the original book, must be contemplated. The author was consulted about omissions and several letters passed, of which that quoted in part above⁴ in regard to the Four Good Men at Aneyza and the following are of most interest.

¹ Secretary of the Cambridge University Press to Doughty, 19th May, 1906.

² G. Duckworth to D. G. Hogarth, 14th March, 1927.

³ See above, p. 128, and letter from the Secretary of the Cambridge University Press to Doughty, 15th December, 1919.

⁴ See p. 85.

DEAR MR. GARNETT, I *South Cliff Avenue, Eastbourne, 28 Sept.* '07.

I have marked, as you invited me to do, 7 lines in the 2nd Column to omit. The Mohammedan idea, that is common, in the great lowlands (Syria, Egypt, etc) of a *mejnûn* (literally a man bejinned); that his mind, in some religious sense, has been ravished to Allah, is not common, (so far as I may remember, it is not found at all) among the Arabians. It would be foreign to their directness of mind and their quite surprising freedom from all superstition. The half-witted brother of Hamud at Hayil, was not called *mejnûn*, but *kchibel* (in Freytag's dict. *mente alienatus*): but they are ever religiously and ingenuously kind, to every kind of human infirmity and suffering, and otherwise it would seem to them, they were guilty of horrible impiety, and likely to draw upon them a divine chastisement. I never heard it whispered by any man, that I was a *mejnûn*, though they expressed their minds freely. They would not in my opinion think of saying this of an *Hakim* (= really, Wise-one, in Freytag, *sapiens, doctus, sciens, medicus*), or *Mudowwy* (Medicine-one), from whom they expected cures.

I have marked in the same place, the third sentence for omission, as it might be misunderstood. Women are an oppressed sex, in the Mohammedan Religion. In the ingenuous freedom of the desert tribal life, when all are each other's cousins ('Son of mine Uncle', 'Daughter of mine Uncle') they can speak their minds freely and the good spirits among them, which are many, can and not seldom do sympathize with any, who is crazy, suffering, or oppressed. In Aneyza however, I found low-class feminine fanaticism most troublesome; and the street children seemed to be set on by them.

I have also marked the last sentence in Col. 4 (to omit); because of course I perfectly approve as I did beforehand of the plan you have followed and your good judgment therein; and it need not be mentioned (I think better not) that I have read the proofs and made a short glossary.

When are you coming this way? I have today removed to this small house; the Spare room is small; but might do, for a night or two.

With kind regards and remembrances, and love from the children.

Yours very truly, CH. M. DOUGHTY.

Doughty himself read the proofs, corrected the Arabic names,¹ and compiled an Index and Glossary. He washed his hands of the map—‘a sad disappointment and a *pas en arrière!*’² The grounds of his discontent are sufficiently foreshadowed in the following letter, addressed to Mr. Emery Walker, to whom the publisher had committed the reproduction of a drawing compiled in the cartographic room of the Royal Geographical Society:³

DEAR SIR, 6, *Derwent Road, Eastbourne*, 13 Sept. 07.

Please refer to what I have said under *Map* in the Index to the Vols. *Arabia Deserta*; and especially the last paragraph but one.

Perthes' Map seems much the same as Kiepert's was, corrected in parts, which I traversed, from my Sketch Map. Stieler's for such parts as I know so well (much of it as well as my native village), is not equally honest. . . . He apparently makes use of my colours, which hitherto alone illustrate the great volcanic and wady-system, of all that part of Arabia, without any honest acknowledgement whatever. Neither can the comfortable R.G.S. alter the Work of God's Hand written on the Earth's Face, nor from their armchairs give any competent opinion upon a matter with which they [have] no acquaintance nor any real knowledge whatsoever. Specimens have been sent me before of German freehand Chartography (Arabia) in which imaginary watersheds were with a light heart filled in, and valleys; and in such positions that they [sic] would have flowed uphill. How can this be put in comparison with real knowledge, painfully acquired in dangerous travels, mostly by actual seeing with the eyes and part by careful enquiry of highly intelligent Beduins, men as Nomads of exceedingly large views and acute in all such *materia*; and upon which, in part, their very livelihood depends.

I do not know how far this Stieler's Map may have been influenced by Huber's Itineraries, nor what is their value, since I have not seen Huber's work. . . . Only it is evident that Huber's or the French claim set up for his falsely alleged 'discovery' of the Water-system of N. Arabia (which I first read of in Hogarth's book), is palpably dishonest, and appears to be highly dishonourable to him

¹ Letter to E. Garnett, 29th July, 1907.

² Letter to the same, September, 1907.

³ Kindly communicated by the actual draughtsman, H. W. Cribb.

and them. If my countrymen care not, I am also philosophically and personally different.

In a word please keep wholly and only to my Map; as is only fair and right since it is to illustrate my Wanderings; and I cannot be responsible for anything else [than] my humble map; but which is absolutely to be relied on to the last letter and cipher.*

I remain dear Sir, Yours truly, CH. M. DOUGHTY.

? Who is I wonder Prof. Habenicht. He or they write ridiculously Wady 'Ermeck' for Rummah. Perhaps they mistook Rummah for Rummah. The French Orientalists do not seem (Renan for example) to be able to pronounce ح (h. i.e. hh) which they sound as their Heb. ח ch, nearly.

*Except for the ascertained position of Mecca.

Professor Habenicht was the able compiler of the excellent Arabia sheet in Stieler's *Handatlas* (1905). The reference near the end of this letter to a book by the present writer is to *The Penetration of Arabia*, pp. 164 and 283, where it is written, 'Doughty's priority, secured by communications to *Globus* in 1879, is surely incontestable'. In thus objecting to adjustments of positions on his map of a quarter of a century before, Doughty, nursing still an old grudge against 'the comfortable R.G.S.', was betrayed into an absurdity. What he demanded that cartographers should no more dare to question than the Tables of the Law, was not the writing of God's hand on the face of Arabia, but his own necessarily imperfect copy of it, based on no better than compass directions and rough route-distances, without not only points astronomically fixed, but even crossbearings between route and route. His views on cartographic accuracy may be quoted from a letter to the present writer:¹

'Though it seems almost absurd to speak in European wise of the discovery of the great land lineaments of the Peninsula; since these have been perfectly known to the not less gifted Arabians in such matters for ages. The minor accidents of surface, the right placing of well or village, or the displacing of the error of only a few miles does not seem to my mind to be more than of trivial importance since, when these hang well together and we have a few fixed points

¹ [Letter to D. G. Hogarth, 28th March, 1904. The quotation here printed was found with the manuscript of this chapter, with a note that it was to be inserted.]

they can only lead at worst to a microscopic distortion in our maps, in which there is so much of nearly no account and due only to the facile pencil of map-draughtsmen. These slight corrections may be left to the Future as we leave niceties of Arabic erudition to the learning of the great sedentary scholars.'

It had been suggested that a preface by some well-known public man would be of advantage to the book, which had received the proposed title *Wanderings in Arabia*, and Doughty had written¹ welcoming the suggestion:

'A preface by Lord Curzon, if he were willing to write it, might, no doubt, add interest to the volume, for many readers.

'That he has cast an eye upon Arabia is probable, for under his administration a Civil Service Officer was specially sent to the Persian Gulf, to collect information; and most of his report (based largely on *Arabia Deserta*) I have seen lately. Further a Relative of mine returning home on furlough who visited most of our stations on the Gulf, found *Arabia Deserta* in the hands generally of the Indian Government officials, and that it was valued by them.'

But it does not appear that action was taken on that suggestion (though Doughty seems to have expected it: 'In due time I shall be glad to hear of Lord Curzon's reply, on the matter of the Selections' he wrote a few days after the letter quoted above), and the preface was contributed by Mr. Garnett himself. He paid the present writer the compliment of quoting his appreciation, published three years before.²

The book was issued early in 1908 and the reviewers to a man greeted it with enthusiasm—some of them also with surprise that so long they should have known so little of the classic from which it derived. As was said in *The Times Literary Supplement* (whose generosity was in no way impaired by the fact that the book came from the enemy side in the then rampant 'Net Book War') *Arabia Deserta* had 'remained the treasure of a few'; and it is safe to say that, within six months, Doughty's admirers were increased a hundred fold. Inevitably, moreover (though of few abridgements in literary history could the same be said), it created a new demand for *Arabia Deserta*—the more so since the latter, as now became

¹ To E. Garnett, 21st December, 1905.

² *The Penetration of Arabia*, pp. 274-7.

known, had gone out of print. Many readers of *Wanderings in Arabia* found that without knowledge of its original its fascinating story could not everywhere be easily followed, more were curious to know what it left out. Inquiries poured in on the second-hand booksellers, but (the 'remaindered' copies being astutely held up), supply was rare and increasingly expensive. Five years later copies were fetching six times their published price; ten years later, more than eight times. The present writer, requiring a copy for the library of the Arab Bureau during the war, hardly obtained one for £25 by special grace of the most famous bookseller in London. The author, who had never made a penny piece by the original issue, remarked, with a touch of cynicism, these fruits that others reaped of his labours while himself still must compass heaven and earth to make one proselyte among the publishers. Writing, in 1912,¹ about the original issue of *Arabia Deserta*, he said: 'For years, hardly any copies, I heard, were sold. Now Friends tell me (who have tried), to my surprise, they cannot be bought.'

In another letter addressed to the same correspondent earlier in that year² he shows that he knew the price that copies would fetch, if any came on the market—'Volumes which . . . the World values at, I am told, nine or ten pounds.'

Whether because Doughty's eyes had lately been turned back on Arabia, or simply because *The Dawn in Britain* was ceasing to fill his mind, or for both reasons, he began, early in 1907, to work upon that Arabian theme, which, some twenty years earlier, he had hoped, perhaps, to use as the opening canto of an Epic.³ By the summer his treatment of it was far enough advanced to be brought to the notice of the critic to whose literary counsels he had come chiefly to defer:⁴

'I have a small work in my hands which I have hope to write, after the completion of the *Dawn in Britain*.

'The Arabian Legend of the *Mountain-of-Recognition*, near Mecca, has always been of great interest to me. Adam and Hawwa, cast out from the Garden, there meet together again and recognize each other. My small work, equal to perhaps 90 pages of the *Dawn in Britain* is in the manner of a sacred drama. It is now roughly finished and should be finally revised and ready by the Autumn.'

¹ To E. Garnett.

² 19th January, 1912.

³ See above, p. 139.

⁴ Letter to E. Garnett, 2nd June, 1907.

Mr. Garnett invited the author to submit this work too to Messrs. Duckworth, and Doughty agreed, having then in mind another title than that eventually chosen:¹ 'When more nearly ready, it will be a pleasure to me to forward to you the little Book of the "Recognition" which may be named *Hawwa* (Eve): and of course it will be at the disposition of Messrs. Duckworth.'

Four months later, when the poem was in shape, he still proposed this title:²

'*Hawwa*, the Hebrew and Arabic original of our Eva, Eve, is now about ready in my hands. In the Arabic legend, the first human pair cast out of the Eden were parted from each other; and after an hundred and more years, they meet together upon a mountain in Arabia. I have always looked forward to writing this small work, which is now accomplished.'

He had adopted the dramatic form for, doubtless, more than one reason. Perhaps he felt that the single episode of 'Recognition' was too slight and brief a theme for his massive epic style; perhaps he shrank from offering the latter again to his thankless generation. In fact he was to offer it only once more,³ all the rest of his poems to be falling, more or less decisively, within the category of literary drama. But the following letter,⁴ written just before that last quoted, suggests (all allowance made for the particular circumstance that evoked it) that he had also a weightier and less personal reason; that he had been meditating the possibilities of drama and of its gaining a new impulse and a better direction:

1 *South Cliff Avenue, Eastbourne. 8th Oct.*

DEAR MR. GARNETT,

Best thanks for your kindness in sending me the Censured Play. I feel very sorry as a Friend, for the contretemps of its 'censure', for though one may disdain a stupid criticism, it is painful to the spirit. I have been reading so far as the prolegomena, this morning, which as all that flows from your pen is of literary excellence.

The Theatre is a world of which I personally know almost less than nothing. Once or twice only, I have entered an English theatre in forty years. In Italy I have been three or four times and even

¹ To E. Garnett, 5th June, 1907.

² To E. Garnett, 10th October, 1907.

³ Eight years later in *The Titans*.

⁴ To E. Garnett, 8th October, 1907.

enjoyed what I heard and saw, for they are born actors and their language fills the ear.

If you and other talented dramatic Writers would lift up the English stage from (to every patriotic soul), its present abject degradation, it would indeed be a noble lifework.

I feel, for one, with the Japanese correspondent of the *Morning Post* in Manchurian wartime; who one day wrote thus, as nearly as I can remember:

'Europeans commonly find fault with the tediousness of our National Dramas, Let me also say my word. I go to a London theatre; the *mise en scène* is striking, the European women are handsome; I remain watching the play with interest. But when I rise up to go home to my lonely lodging, the thought rises in my head, Am I the better man for that which I have now seen? Was there any sparkle of light and worth to encourage me in the dark way of my lifelong struggle with the evil in myself and the World? Was there anything agreeable to the devotion, to the consuming love for Country, which is first in every Japanese soul?'

Why should you not found and help to found a new National Drama founded upon patriotism; beautiful, entrancing and that can be stern and also healing (as Scott's novels are); which last is so needed in the fin de siècle atmosphere of the present tinsel malicious times.

Yours very truly, CH. M. DOUGHTY.

Two years later when he was working on another dramatic poem of his own, *The Cliffs*, another of Mr. Garnett's plays¹ evoked from him similar reflections:

I *South Cliff Avenue, Eastbourne. 20th June [1909]*

DEAR MR. GARNETT,

Many thanks for the Icelandic drama which you very kindly sent me and which I read last evening. Though I have no faculty of criticism in literature I may say, it is to me a powerfully written mirror and truly coloured, of the dark passions of human hearts which are still active in the Scandinavian North; where a man's Winter horizon is a long valley with lonely homesteads between gloomy walls of mountain plateaux, in whose bottom lies a brackish fjord, or else there runs a melancholy glacial river.

¹ *The Feud*, by Edward Garnett, A. H. Bullen, 1909.

Helga is such a woman as Gudrun in the sagas; and I believe even to our time (I have been familiar with the country and language—I speak of Norway) men in extreme cases to void their savage quarrels, have fought girdled together, with knives until their deaths.

What I wonder at is, that an English audience could receive an Icelandic Viking drama. Our language is so overlaid with Norman, that even an Anglo-Saxon drama would seem now strange and weird or as Chaucer would say ‘marvellously quaint’; and though the men were our blood-ancestors and this of ours was also their country.

I should like to see you consecrate your dramatic powers to our Country as we know it, or seem to know it and that is since the Norman kings.

A patriotic band of young literary men putting forth every year national dramas might do great good to the Commonwealth, besides gaining honour to themselves; and now seems to be the fit time when our drowning People is at length being stirred.

Sincerely yours, CH. M. DOUGHTY.

The manuscript of *Hawwa* went to the publisher early in 1908,¹ with an alternative suggestion for a title:

1, South Cliff Avenue, Eastbourne. 7th Feby. '08.

DEAR MR. GARNETT,

At last I am able to send *Hawwa* or Adam Cast Forth. In the reviews I saw of the *Dawn in Britain* what surprised me was to see how they nearly always complained of the English ‘style’ as not plainly to be understood etc. But what we really want is to my mind not decadence, but in all things and not least in letters a patriotic *renaissance*. I hope you may find nothing difficult in the Adam C. F. if you should have time to read this little work, in its printed garment, which I fear must have been sadly troublesome to your eyes in the crabbed MS.

Sincerely yours, CHARLES M. DOUGHTY.

A fortnight later the alternative title had found favour:² ‘I am very glad to hear that the *Adam Cast Forth* will be published shortly; and the present would seem to be the opportune moment.

¹ Letter to E. Garnett, 7th February, 1908.

² To E. Garnett, 19th February, 1908.

I hope when you see it in print, and not in an atrocious handwriting, you will like it.'

The 'Sacred Drama in Five Songs' was in the hands of reviewers by May. Accepting a primeval theme as justifying a massive rugged treatment they spoke it fair, gibing only a little at punctuation and archaisms. In point of fact the latter are few, in comparison of *The Dawn*, and none but foreign readers need have felt the difficulty that a distinguished Dutch friend and admirer confessed:

DEAR MR. DOUGHTY,

Gernsbach, 16 July 1908.

I have finished now—reading in small tempo's—the lecture of your 'Adam cast forth', and feel deeply ashamed of having used in my innocence the term 'pleasant reading' of this highly poetical drama. On the contrary, it is a work that requires meditating and study to understand and enjoy it, and I must confess that not a few passages, especially in the first song, are beyond my understanding, containing words and expressions unknown to me. I will try again when back in Leiden where I have at least a dictionary to consult, though I am afraid that even that will not help me in all cases.

That Adam at his expulsion lost his eyesight for a time has no support in Muslim tradition. According to the latter he comes down in Ceylon, where the trace of his foot is visible to this day, and thence proceeds to seek for Eva. From the bunch of Paradisiacal branches which he had in his hand when cast forth, grew all the aromatic plants in the East India islands.

With my best thanks and kindest regards.

Yours sincerely, M. J. DE GOEJE.

Many, and among these some of Doughty's most competent and appreciative judges, while they would reserve the epithet, greatest, for *The Dawn in Britain*, account *Adam Cast Forth* the finest of Doughty's poems in verse. Certainly it is the one that conforms most satisfactorily to accepted canons, having and preserving the unities throughout, and with the gigantic but not superhuman world figure that is its hero, achieving that spiritualization of human experience which is commonly expected of poetry. On this account and others, over and above the fact that with exception of *Under Arms* it is the shortest of the author's poems, it offers the least difficulty and the most attraction to the ordinary cultivated reader.

Of very simple dramatic structure—substituting indeed for action the choric comments of an ‘ideal spectator’—it develops to an orthodox *catharsis* the fortunes of the universally familiar primeval Pair, prototypical of Everyman and Everywoman. If that development led the Pair only from disgrace by expiatory endeavour and suffering to grace, the *catharsis* would be merely mythological and make no stronger human appeal than does the Semitic story of the Fall, with that unreasoned disproportion of punishment to offence which is common to all mythologies. But with rare insight and power Doughty has invested his drama with far more sympathetic significance by representing its expiatory action as the necessary process of transition from superhumanity to humanity. The Pair pass within an easily apprehended duration of time—finite between dim infinities previous and to come—from the state of Fallen Angels to that of Primitive Man, flesh of our own flesh. Under his hand vast ghosts of the Mosaic prediluvian world take on the humanity of our lineal First Parents.

In order to win our sympathy the poet was content to assume the original Fall as a chance long past, not for him to expound, still less to justify; and Adam and Adama, convinced in themselves of ancient Sin, of which the poet knew his readers to be themselves so long convinced that they would not question the propriety of the prime cause of his drama, enter the scene at the moment of reunion as human beings, naked, helpless, and tormented in a pitiless Limbo. They proceed to act as sheer human children, with a simple tenderness one towards the other, whose claim on our sympathy transcends all the strange other-worldliness of their circumstance and continual intervention of the supernatural. Moreover, even that circumstance is far from being unrelated to actualities of our own world. Readers of *Adam Cast Forth*, who knew no other work of its author, have felt that, highly imaginative as the poem is, imagination is not its basis. It rests on things seen and things felt. But those who do know his other works not only feel but also recognize that underlying personal experience. In great measure Adam is a Titanic Khalil, faring almost as solitarily over the sun-smitten ‘coasts’ and horrid *harras* of Arabia Deserta; and so largely is Khalil’s experience used that *Adam Cast Forth* comes more near than any other poem of Doughty’s to being a fruit of his manhood’s prime.

Earlier in the year 1908, and before *Adam Cast Forth* was pub-

lished, Doughty received his first public honour—a degree of Doctor of Letters, from the University of Oxford. It had been suggested in the previous autumn to Mr. (afterwards Sir Herbert) Warren, Vice-Chancellor since 1906, that the University would honour itself by conferring an honour on Doughty. He consulted leading authorities on Arab studies, who unanimously supported the proposal. Here it will be enough to quote Professor D. S. Margoliouth:¹

‘I am unhesitatingly in favour of this step, as Mr. Doughty’s contribution to our knowledge of internal Arabia is recognized by all experts to be the most considerable that has been made in recent times. It is sufficient to cite the opinions of Sprenger and Wellhausen in vol. xlv of the *Zeitschrift der Morgenländischen Gesellschaft*. I have no doubt that such a step on the part of the University would have very general approval. I may add that some years ago Mr. Doughty at my request lectured in the Indian Institute on Arabia Deserta.’

Accordingly the Vice-Chancellor himself, whose catholic knowledge of literature strongly disposed him to be favourable, proposed the degree to the University Council. It was agreed and, on consultation with the recipient, the 25th February was fixed for its conferment. Doughty expressed great gratification; for example, to Mr. Garnett:² ‘I must say I feel very grateful to the University of Oxford for the Degree (D.Litt.) which the Council have resolved should be conferred upon me (on 25th).’

With Mrs. Doughty he spent two nights in Oxford at the Vice-Chancellor’s house, making a striking impression on both his hosts and others by his fine patriarchal presence, shy erudition, soft measured speech, and address of bygone fashion. He talked much of Arabia, but when he heard a wish to visit it, protested, with a significant passing of a finger across his throat, against holiday adventuring there. For, as he had written³ a few months before:

‘The Arabians themselves cannot travel without danger, in their own vast country; which is full for them of old enmities and violence. The Beduins, in general, know little beyond their own dîras; and those of the settlements little without their Beduin Friends’ wander-

¹ To the Vice-Chancellor, 16th October, 1907.

² Letter of 19th February, 1908.

³ To D. G. Hogarth, 26th September, 1907.

ing-grounds and their own caravan routes. The Stranger must pass, with his life in his hand, unless he travels with a force—in which case he would be able to observe little.

‘I do not know of anything in the Land or in any department of knowledge, which is likely to recompense a man’s dangers and fatigues, which must be very great, unless it were the study of the Semitic man, in which there is surely a great Field; but that can only be taken in hand by devoted specialists, among Semitic scholars.’

The present writer then saw for the first time in the flesh the man of whom he had first heard (in Cyprus)¹ twenty years before.

Doughty’s own University rejoiced at the honour paid him. The Master of Caius wrote:² ‘Just a line to congratulate you on your honorary degree at Oxford. We feel that Oxford has paid us a great compliment.’ That Cambridge had not already conferred a like honour upon him was due, before all else, to his being a member of that University; for it is unusual for either University to confer honorary degrees on its own sons, who are expected to proceed to doctorates, if they desire them, in the regular way. It will be seen how in 1920 the difficulty was got over.

¹ In 1888, in a hill village of the Limasol district, from Dr. F. H. H. Guillemard, who as a friend of Robertson Smith, had been cognizant since 1885 of the fortunes

of *Arabia Deserta*, then just published to the world.

² E. S. Roberts to Doughty, 5th March, 1908.

PROPHECY

N EARLY TEN YEARS BEFORE THE DATE NOW reached, Doughty had brooded on coming wars greater than that which had inspired *Under Arms*:

Already frowns
Dire tempest which must fall upon the world
Nigh to our shores, and shall be greater wars . . .
Ware thee to sleep, Lion, in thy pride henceforth!
Lest thou be taken tardy, in an evil day.

Upon such text he exhorted his countrymen to invent new engines of war

Secreting hid forces that in Nature work
and to prepare new Military Service,
In sign whereof ye put on the Queen's cloth.

Judgement to come in Fool's Paradise is often prophesied in his letters after that warning, unheard by the many and unheeded by the few, had failed of effect. He had cherished sanguine illusions that the Restoration of Literature which he intended *Arabia Deserta* and *Adam Cast Forth* to promote would conduce to 'the safety of the Patria' for whose sake he had written *The Dawn in Britain*.¹ But he saw no fruit of those labours. Some way more direct must be found to the slumbering soul of his race. Not by Epic would he reach it, but he might yet prevail by Drama, presenting dramatically the realities of a war in this not inviolable isle. *Adam Cast Forth* was hardly in the hands of readers before the solitary seer went to work on a second dramatic poem. The quarter to which he looked for the storm was, of course, Germany. It was the day of the 'mailed fist', of sabre-rattling, of wild talk about newly invented Zeppelins, and the High Seas Fleet. Doughty could not understand why his countrymen showed so little concern. Two letters, written when his Warning was almost ready to go forth, give, in his own words, its reason and motive:

¹ Letter to E. Garnett, 17th April, 1909.

[5th April 1909] 1, South Cliff Avenue, Eastbourne. Monday.

DEAR MR. GARNETT,

Many thanks for your kind letter.

The instant danger to our Nation is that which is pointed out in *The Cliffs*. There is no thought of aggression, more than there is in prudently having a lock put upon our doors and shutting them at night, when in sleep. To be prepared and exercised makes for peace; and else the antagonistic Nations will not respect us; so that we should lie wholly at their mercy.

Nothing astonished me so much, after living long abroad, as the strange want of patriotism that appeared to be in all classes of our Countrymen, and I know the feelings entertained towards us by most peoples of the Continent.

I am of them that feel that there is no time to be lost; and we must otherwise certainly and deservedly be overwhelmed; and that perhaps shortly. And through our fault our Children will remain to live on unhappily and humiliated in a destroyed and perhaps annexed England. And personally I desire to run every risk, for that noble Patria and Foster Soil which brought us forth and our Fathers; as every man would in the dear and sacred defence of his own Mother. This has been long in my mind, but I did not know what form it might take. It is now in *The Cliffs*.

Sincerely yours, CHAS. M. DOUGHTY.

Wednesday [8 April, 1909] 1, South Cliff Avenue, Eastbourne.

DEAR MR. GARNETT,

I think I fundamentally agree with your philosophic opinions. My belief is that Humanity is the ultimate Religion of man; but that millenniums by likelihood must pass before that can be reached. *Fraternité universelle* was tried in the days of our fathers and grandparents, and failed; and all Europe was drenched with the blood of an hundred hideous battles.

The most Germans are full of worth, their heads are a few ambitious insolent men, wielding the organised mighty force of their Nation's manhood and manufacturing their enthusiasms (as Germans have admitted to me) by word of command. Their fleet, that might meet us *tomorrow* with a chance of success, is not Ocean-going, as pretended, but a North-sea fleet. The conclusion seems obvious.

Is it not, the destruction, bleeding to death and desolation of this Island Power, which stands in their way? If we let our armour rust, will not our dejected descendants justly condemn us?

In *The Cliffs*, murderous war and tyranny are held up to execration: on which account some of the beasts are preferred, in angels' eyes, to mankind, and you will find deepest sympathy is expressed for the poor and wretched.

I value all the more your too kind criticisms of this work; in that your philosophic attitude is not wholly one of approval. I should be glad to reconsider of course any passages which you point out to me.

The Work is of course the expression of one man's conviction and humble judgment: but I am sure that every man should do what he can for his Country. Sincerely yours, CHAS. M. DOUGHTY.

So persuaded was the seer of the urgency of his message that he applied himself to *The Cliffs*, as he named his drama from the first, with even more than wonted absorption and concentration. On 17th February, 1909, he wrote:¹ 'I have been and am looking forward to sending you *The Cliffs* shortly. I give all my time to it and it may take about another month.' And when the month was up: 'Not to delay *The Cliffs* longer, I have made now a fair copy, so as to be able to send it in at once. There is a good deal in it, and the interest appears to me to increase from the beginning.'²

The manuscript went off three days later, with instruction to Mr. Garnett that it be offered to Messrs. Duckworth.³ '*The Cliffs* I may say is entirely patriotic and I hope it may be useful in that sense. As to my bad handwriting I hope it has somewhat improved so that the reading will not be so troublesome as before.'

He chafed at even three weeks' delay in hearing from the publisher, and set to work again on his rough copy 'to avoid further loss of time' and wrote to Mr. Garnett⁴ that he had 'carried the building of the work (which I sent in not yet perfected) a course or two higher'. It was, he added, 'the fruit of a long year's effort and I bring it, to lay upon the altar of Alma Britannia'.

The book passed through the press that summer and was published in July, the author having finished his part by the middle of June.⁵

¹ To E. Garnett.

² To E. Garnett, 23rd March, 1909.

³ 26th March, 1909.

⁴ 17th April, 1909.

⁵ To E. Garnett, Sunday (14th June, 1909).

'I am just free after a good deal more than a long year's severe effort, having sent off the last pages for Press today, and I hope it will do good, although of course there must always be conflicting opinions. I hope you may like it better in print than when you had it under your eye in tiresome crabbed handwriting; and even when it drops to something like Comedy, and the language of the village and the street; for in such also it is faithful, I hope, to the mingled picture of human life, which is in all our eyes here and in every country.'

Reviewers in general accorded to it a more doubtful reception than to any previous work of the same hand. They recognized high poetic quality and sustained interest, and more than one was found to applaud with both hands the fairy Comus, which Doughty had introduced partly as *leitmotif*, and partly (perhaps in the greater part) as a reminder to his countrymen of sixteenth-century England, the age of simple patriotism. The *Morning Post* pronounced his elves 'the best of all Elves' in English poetry, and the *Westminster Gazette*, less suspect of partiality to the author's ways of thought, said of his fairies that they 'spin Part II into the most delicious fantasy that has enriched poetry since the day when William Shakespeare laid down his pen'. But most of his reviewers were moved to much criticism. The metre and rugged beauties of the poet's narrative style had suited *Adam Cast Forth*, but what did they here? The story was judged overloaded with detail and digressions; the drama lacking in directness, variety, and appropriate climax. *The Times*, with many saving reservations, wrote down the poem a failure, its modern subject ruined by the poet's small acquaintance with actual men and things. Doughty may have reflected that probably Cassandra was discounted for much the same reasons.

These and other strictures did not pass unseen, for the Doughtys collected reviews, the poet himself never making any pretence of being indifferent to them. Often he took up points and protested to his friends. One sentence, for example, in *The Times* review of the first two volumes of *The Dawn in Britain* long vexed him; for three years afterwards he writes to Mr. Garnett:¹

'In your letter of the end of April you kindly speak of writing an article treating of my Poetical work for one of the Monthly Reviews.

¹ 14th June, 1909.

If you have time to carry this out would you fundamentally contradict the "Times" Reviewer of *The Dawn in B.* in that part of his favourable article (I think most unfortunately adopted and printed by Messrs. Duckworth in the beginning of Vol. III.) in which he speaks of my "Version of the myth of Crispin and Aggyia". *There is no such myth and there is no such version*, the original is that in *The Dawn in Britain* itself.'

Now he took up arms again:

'When lately in London I saw a disingenuous criticism of I think *The Cliffs* in the Edinburgh Review. I had but few minutes to glance through it and found that the writer proves to his small malicious satisfaction that I had copied something from a book with the strange title Mr. Hardy's *Dynasts*. Not moving in the Literary World or reading the Literary Periodicals, I have never heard either of the book or the Author and remain in my ignorance till now and shall continue to do so.'

And apparently he did so continue: for expressing in 1913 to the present writer¹ a hope that he had 'always passed well at Reviewers hands' he added: 'For my part I have not sometimes found them satisfactory. An Edinburgh Reviewer (!) speaking of *The Cliffs* was good enough to state that I had evidently copied from some work recently published by some gentleman; of which and of whom I had not heard.' On which admission comment suggests itself, that such crustacean attitude towards the world without, if it had made *Arabia Deserta* possible, was a principal cause of the failure of *The Cliffs*.

For fail of effect the poem unquestionably did, just as *Under Arms* had failed, in that it too was not read by that public to which it was intended to make instant appeal. This fact comes out in a reply written in 1912² to Mr. Garnett, who evidently had revealed the publisher's disappointment, adding some criticism of his own. Few, even of those who did read it, recognized that it conveyed a message; hardly any acknowledged its truth. So far as it was taken seriously at all, it earned for the author such epithets as 'jingo' or 'scare-monger'. But Doughty was not of those minor prophets who will refrain from good words because they find them without honour. Six months after the publication of *The Cliffs* he was as

¹ 19th August, 1913, cited above.

² Letter of 19th January.

persuaded of coming peril as ever, and as determined to persuade his people:¹

‘It was a painful and rather arduous labour of love and duty to complete *The Cliffs* in a short time. It ends, not with a cessation of National Peril, but with a Respite only: and I have at present a small work in hand dealing with the (perhaps inevitable) conflict.’

For, as he would say,² when that ‘small work’, on the point of publication, rounded off his message:

‘To my mind and humble reading of Nature, a Nation without some fervent Patriotism, without Religion; that is lacking those aspirations and higher ideals which lift men above themselves: is already self-slain. It is a decadent mass of men. The Future belongs to those Communities in whom the qualities are dominant, which swell and sanctify the souls of their best sons; that thrust them on and with them *impell* the body of the People as a Tide towards the best that human nature can attain to.’

For the moment he had not yet (he thought) written his warning up on the wall in characters sufficiently large and clear. *The Cliffs* had failed because it left too much to be supplied by a reader’s imagination. To complete and drive home his message he must draw a picture of actual invasion. Accordingly he sat down again to work in 1910, and after some months wrote³ to tell Mr. Garnett: ‘I have some little work in hand, continued from *The Cliffs*: but the subject, upon which opinion in England is so divided, is a difficult one and requires perhaps some little technical knowledge; and so my *opusculum* is hardly *inchoatum* even yet.’

To what authorities he turned for that ‘technical knowledge’ we do not know. The family had been living for some time in small hired quarters at Eastbourne (1, South Cliff Avenue) but now moved back to their own house there (Lavrock, Grange Road). The two children were grown into big girls. A year before he had said of them that they were ‘almost twelve feet of naughtiness between them: otherwise they are a happiness to us’. He conveys to their friend⁴ greetings and news of their white rabbit, writing, despite near approach to three-score years and ten, like any young affectionate father. Evidently the delicate health of youth and middle life had

¹ Letter to E. Garnett, 7th January, 1910.

² Letter to E. Garnett, 20th January, 1912.

³ 23rd June, 1910.

⁴ E. Garnett.

not precluded a very green old age. He could still welcome new acquaintances, who would become friends. Two such that he made about this time were destined to render signal service to him and his. One, Sydney Cockerell, Director of the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge, who came down to Eastbourne to see him for the first time on 20th March, 1909, had long before, at the instance of William Morris and Burne Jones and Wilfrid Blunt, enrolled himself among his admirers. He found the poet 'a tall upright man with thick red beard and thick greyish hair',¹ ageing, that is, but not yet aged. Afterwards they met in Cambridge whither, to attend Feasts at Caius and Jesus, Doughty went in the successive years 1910 and 1911. His old College had made him an Honorary Fellow in 1907, much to his surprise. 'Cambridge', he wrote to his cousin Mrs. Doughty Montagu, 'I hardly see once in a score of years; and when I received a letter from the Master of Caius on Monday here, announcing that they had elected me to an Honorary Fellowship, I read it with astonishment.'

None the less he was greatly gratified and three years later presented to that College the silver bowl which, originally intended for the heir of his Aneyza friend, el-Khenneyny, had returned on his hands² after wandering to Jidda and back to Damascus.

The other visitor was one Thomas Edward Lawrence, an Oxford undergraduate, who had written to the poet early in 1909. Late in the year came a second letter:

DEAR SIR,

Jesus College, Oxford. Nov. 30 '09.

You may remember my writing to you in the beginning of the year, to ask your opinion on a walking tour in Northern Syria. That has ended happily (I reached Urfa [Edessa] my goal) and the Crusading Fortresses I found are so intensely interesting that I hope to return to the East for some little time. It struck me that I ought to see you first (having been much scorned by an Arab near Lake Huleh, for not knowing you), and so I asked Mr. Hogarth if it were possible. He gave me the enclosed, but I must confess that I am more interested in the author of *Dawn in Britain* and *Arabia Deserta* than in the traveller. I hope though that you will not put me out of court therefore, since there are really some points on which I wanted your advice.

¹ Notes from a diary kindly communicated by Mr. Cockerell.

² See above, p. 86.

If you are willing—then I am due in Eastbourne about the 15th or 16th of next month (December). Of course that would not prevent me coming down earlier or later, if you wished.

This whole letter sounds rather offensively inane, but your books are at any rate the begetters of it.

I would be most delighted if you could fix a day.

Believe me, Yours sincerely, EDWARD LAWRENCE.

Doughty, as was his wont, drafted in pencil on the back of his correspondent's letter a brief reply that he would be pleased to see Mr. Lawrence; and the interview duly came off. It diminished in no way the disciple's fervour. The present writer heard from him during the next two years so much of *Arabia Deserta* that, forgetting his own introduction and its sequel, he was moved to put him in contact with the Master; and, chancing to write to Doughty after return from the excavation of Carchemish, he mentioned as one of his aides there 'a boy of extraordinary aptitude both for archaeology and a wandering life among Arabs', and added, 'Some day I trust you will see him; he knows *Arabia Deserta* very nearly by heart'.¹ As a matter of fact in the following winter Lawrence wrote² on his own account from Damascus to inform Doughty about a commission that the latter had entrusted to him. Part of the letter is worth quoting, not merely for the light it throws on circumstances antecedent to the sending of those gifts to Arabs which have been noticed above,³ but as evidence that memories of Khalil still kept green after more than thirty years:

'I arrived this morning, and asked the consul about el-Bessam. He took me to the house, and I left your letter, but afterwards returned and found one of them at home. He was Haji Mohammed el-Bessam, the son of Abd-er-Rahman. He had opened your letter as his Father had died seven years before, in Basra. The one I met last year was another, but elder son, Suleiman, now in Cairo. I am exceedingly sorry to have made the mistake, but even Devey was not aware that they were not your Bessams, for both of them remember you very vividly, as a "very tall man with a beard"; the Arabs, said Haji Mohammed, called you a spear-length. He thought that he was too young for you to remember, although you seem to

¹ D. G. Hogarth to Doughty, 21st August, 1911.

² T. E. Lawrence to Doughty, 11th December, 1911.

³ pp. 59, 86.

have vaccinated him or his brother. I found his Arabic exceedingly difficult, though nothing like he found mine.

'I asked him when he came up from Nejd, and he said eighteen years ago: they have now a very fine house at Salahiyeh, the upper quarter of Damascus, and are prospering very much. Haji Mohammed has almost a monopoly of forwarding Europeans in Arabia. All the people of the last eight or ten years have gone to him for introductions and travelling companions. He quite agreed with your criticism of the Soleyb scheme of mine,¹ and besides, said that they did not go far enough into Arabia to please me. Still he will be charmed to send me amongst his own people for a time, so there is still hope. He said that the danger was nothing near as great as it was thirty years ago. In fact with a good servant, almost nothing at all. I asked him about Motlog. He is still alive, and wandering between Kasim and Jebel Tir: a very old man, he said, and he heard but seldom of him. I gave him a few other names out of your book, but they were all unknown to him. Some he knew were dead. However if Motlog lives a few years longer I will hope to interview him. He asked many questions about you and your health and fortune.'

Meanwhile the *opusculum* that was to complete the warning of *The Cliffs* was going forward. Oblivious as usual of his own inability to refrain from infinite retouching, the poet wrote sanguinely² early in 1911 that it was 'now nearly completed'; a month later that it might 'take yet two or three months'. But the year went out before the manuscript was ready for submission. It was posted to Mr. Garnett in January 1912: its subject, wrote the author,³ being 'The Invasion of Britain' and its title, *The Clouds*.

His friend must have lost no time in reading it and writing a letter of more chastened approval than Doughty had learned to look for from that quarter at least; for only two days later we find him replying with some asperity:

'Forgive my being quite unrepentant. To my mind there is not a prosaic line in the whole volume; which is woven without seam.

¹ Cp. *Arabia Deserta*, vol. i, pp. 280-4. The Soleyb or Solubba are a tinker, donkey-riding folk admitted everywhere among the Bedouins but not reckoned of the Blood. They are great gazelle-trackers and reputed to eat their kill raw. When

Lawrence discussed his plan with me at Carchemish, I reminded him of that last habit, and it seemed to give him pause!

² To E. Garnett, 6th February, and 11th March, 1911.

³ 17th January, 1912.

How can a Newsboy's cry be a prosaic line? What would become then of the poor Elizabethan Dramatists?

'If Messrs. Duckworth have lost anything temporally by the former volume it is due to their putting on the Copies the price they did. My work is not intended for the philologically uneducated, untuned Victorian and present common English sense. But for the few, volumes with some English scholarship have also, from their position, some power of persuasion and redress. The common 7/6 would have been more just to all, but as many copies would have been sold, if 10/- or 20/- had been put upon them and all the volumes they have published in my name, since they will ultimately be of price as the *Arabia Deserta* volumes are now; which have gone through the very same experience; volumes which are only nominally "prose" and the World values at, I am told, £9 or 10.'

None the less the long-suffering publisher did not fail his man, and *The Clouds* was printed by Clay of Cambridge, and presented to the public at the end of April. It met with a distinctly worse reception than *The Cliffs*:

'The Clouds has been received by a chorus of snarls amongst the Reviewers; but *The Times* has not spoken yet. Anything savouring of Patriotism and human religious sense these *nebulones* condemn unconsidered and unheard. To them Chaucer and divine Spenser are "unknown"; and as every time they attempt to quote, they absurdly misquote, they must be wanting in the metrical sense.'¹

So felt the author in the month following, and not without some reason. Looking over a dozen or more of the 'worthless fellows' notices, one finds none, not even those of Edward Thomas (who reviewed the poem both in the *Daily Chronicle* and the *Bookman*), that would bring balm to a poet's soul. For the most part they said definitely harsh things, and when they did not (as the *Spectator* did not), they offended by brevity. The note of surprised respect no longer sounds. Reviewers write as though they knew now what to expect of a Doughty volume. None fails now to read the poet's message—he had writ it too large; but one and all refuse to take it seriously; some regret that a great poet should have lowered himself to scare-mongering and preaching conscription. Not that sermons preached in that diction and style could have, they affirmed, any

¹ Letter to D. G. Hogarth, 5th June, 1912.

practical effect; 'it is inconceivable that the people of these islands should ever read Mr. Doughty.' And much more to like effect.

He was to be justified, of course, only too quickly and too thoroughly against those who had called his message untimely, causeless, or absurd. Can he be justified also against the other criticisms which impugned the form and mode of the message? Comparison of *The Cliffs* with *The Clouds* suggests indeed a doubt whether he himself would have justified the first at any rate with a whole heart; for the second clearly was written to repair faults which the author recognized to have marred its effectiveness. Evidently he was conscious that, by providing no final catastrophe (*The Cliffs* ending, in fact, abortively with dissipation of the danger by no explicit sufficient cause, not even a supernatural one), he had left a supine generation too little purged by pity and fear to adopt his implicit moral. Further, that by uttering almost all his satire on that generation by the mouths of fantastic or supernatural beings, he had offered too much opportunity to incredulity to parry and to self-deception to ignore. Lastly, that though he had endeavoured to bring the speech of the street and pedestrian affairs within the exigencies of his poetic diction and his metre, he must endeavour yet more to depress his Muse if a people was to hear and understand. Therefore, though Governmental notices, and telephone conversations and the talk of shepherds, and villagers and parsons and sailormen, and inspectors and registrars must still be decasyllabic, a greater effort was made in *The Clouds* to reconcile metric versions of such utterances with something that might conceivably have been heard from another mouth than a poet's. It was an effort to achieve the impossible, of course, and its failure in *The Clouds* is only less conspicuous than in *The Cliffs*. But, at least, Doughty thought it worth while to try, even if his verse must inevitably 'sink somewhere safe to prose'; and it does so sink not infrequently in *The Clouds*.

Therefore, too, there is nothing in *The Clouds* so airily unreal as the bye-episodes of *The Cliffs* with their exquisite troupes of sprites, elves, and goblins, their stately personifications of ideas, and their celestial and demoniac agencies. By their introduction the poet had avoided the necessity of expounding his main motive through the mouths of human characters, who, subject to human limitations, could not reasonably have been invested with such omniscience.

Moreover, not only, as it seemed to him, would his satire have been far less convincing but his dramatic human story must have been clogged with much tedious exposition of things antecedent to its action. Having introduced for that purpose in Part II beings of superhuman vision he re-uses them for another in Part IV—to detect and proclaim the general revival of national patriotism following events of which his story shows only a particular parochial fraction; and, like a Hellenic architect with his peristyle or a Gothic architect with his flying buttress, the poet proceeds to invest his device with such self-sufficing beauty that its auxiliary function comes to be scarcely apprehended, or, at any rate, but little regarded by the reader. In token whereof, Parts II and IV of *The Cliffs*, published apart from Doughty's drama, have served as fitly as any of *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, for pure unrelated visions of faerie.

Realizing that thus he had too highly poetized in *The Cliffs* his exposition of the essential ground of his Message, Doughty fell back in *The Clouds* on another device for investing that Message with the authority of omnivision—namely, on narration by his own disembodied spirit, viewing events from 'an Holy Mountain lifted up Above the World'. But before ascending into the rarefied atmosphere of that 'Muses Garden' with its august shades of 'death-purged blameless Sons-of-men', and in chief, 'dear Master Edmund', he was careful this time to address his generation in a Proeme as direct and unambiguous, as lay in him to write. Thus should no excuse be left for misapprehending or ignoring the allegory to come. Refraining even (though it were pain and grief) from good archaic words and restrained only by his decasyllabic fetters, he lashes the somnolence and blindness of his nation, six times invaded, six times vanquished, and now 'ripe and over-ripe' for the seventh wave. Has it no ears and eyes? Is there a hill top or a plain of England that fails to show the earthwork or the buried bones of a conquering invader? Then, after the briefest apparition of inevitable Dark Powers, with whom a solitary Archangel makes intercession, the Vision begins with the agony of a burnt East Anglian town and proceeds with the slowly swelling retreat of homeless folk from east to west till no refuge remains but the hill-tops of Wales. It is forcibly and finely imagined, with many touches of realism of which, between that moment and this, experience has fully vindicated the justice,

and with a masterly piling up of the agony to the climax of universal famine and general chaos. But for all that it must be confessed that the *catharsis* is not strengthened but rather, insensibly, weakened as the poem progresses. There are over-many repetitions of things similar, too many relaxations of horror by digressions into fields more congenial to the poet than those of war, too many intrusions of a less real world—in a word too much Poetry! The strong controlled voice of the opening quavers before the clear Vision has faded at the last in a mist. Brevity is the soul of such a Message as Doughty wished to make public; he had more to learn from Tyrtaeus than the spirit informing those lines that he prefixed for his text.

Cliffs and *Clouds*, as all the world now knows, uttered a prophecy of truth. That prophecy, however framed, would no doubt in 1911 have fallen on ears mostly deaf, but framed as in fact the poet framed it, it was foredoomed in any case. Posterity, however, which will not consider the two poems apart from these terrible events that they foreshadowed, may well esteem them of higher interest than did either their generation, or the poet himself, and again and again take them down from shelves where hitherto they have stood, the least read works of their author.

Whatever was thought of his Message, the Prophet felt that he had spoken his heart in the only way that he could have spoken it. He had acquitted himself of a patriotic duty, and if the generation would not hear him, he could do no more to avert its destiny. In his discouragement it was of some personal comfort that another public honour fell to him in this year, an honour which he did not depreciate because it was long overdue. The Royal Geographical Society's Council asked him to accept the Founder's Gold Medal. When the award was made public more than one friend, sending congratulations, and among them the aged geological tutor of his Cambridge days, Professor T. G. Bonney,¹ imputed the tardy act of recognition to the stir made by *Wanderings in Arabia* after long neglect of *Arabia Deserta*. Others twitted the Society with taking thirty years to realize facts. As, however, the present writer has good cause to know, Doughty's name was proposed and supported by those who had long been disciples of his and admirers of his original book; and the simple explanation of their ultimate success lies in the

¹ Letter of 31st March, 1912.

fact that Lord Curzon had become President, with no one left on the Council who felt any personal interest in far-off difficulties and disputes associated with that name. The award was unanimous and Doughty, glad to accept it in the spirit in which it was made, replied to the Secretary's notification:¹

'Thank you for the kind tone of your letter announcing the decision and Recommendation of the Council of the R. Geographical Society as approved by H. M. the King.

'I am greatly obliged to the Council of the Society, for their kind thoughts and remembrance of me. I am expressly bound as a loyal Citizen to His Majesty, for the Honour He has done me to express His royal Congratulations.'

Before the Medal was actually conferred, Doughty sent to the Society the aneroid which had travelled under his shirt through Arabia. The Council expressed its appreciation and gratitude for the gift, and after the presentation of the Medal, and customary Dinner, Doughty wrote again:

Lavrock, Grange Road, Eastbourne, 22nd May 1912.

DEAR DR. SCOTT-KELTIE,

Many thanks for your letter; and I greatly value the kind words (receiving the trifling relic) of the Council of the R.G.S.

I had only one disappointment on Monday, which was in not meeting with Sir Clements Markham in the evening. I looked forward to the pleasure of saluting him again, after so many years.

When I stood before an evening Meeting of the R.G.S. 30 years ago, it was his sympathetic Naval eye and kind voice which gave me my principal encouragement; and I was glad afterwards to find a slight tie in a common friendship with the Bunbury family of Barton, of that time. I was myself brought up for the Navy, in the naval traditions of my mother's Family (Hotham); but failed to pass the Doctor's preliminary examination in 1856.

Yours very truly, CHARLES M. DOUGHTY.

It may be added here that three years later Doughty sent a second gift, which the Society gracefully accepted and now values only less highly than the first.

¹ To Dr. Scott Keltie, 28th March, 1912.

Lavrock, Grange Road, Eastbourne,

DEAR SIR,

31st May, 1915.

In my possession is a small Terrestrial Globe, enclosed in its own shagreen case. The date may be of nearly 200 years back. California is seen as an Island; and that side above of the American Continent is marked *Terra Incognita*. New Guinea is part of New Holland whose E. half is undiscovered: and 'New Zealand' is shewn as probably appertaining thereto.

The little globe, I should think, has always been in the possession of connexions of my Family. I can remember it for some 65 years.

If it is likely to be of interest to the R.G.S. I should be happy to forward it, to be added to the Museum of the Society.

Yours truly, CHARLES M. DOUGHTY.

THE WAR

IN THE SPRING OF 1914, DOUGHTY WROTE:¹ 'I have not been to Town since last Summer, having been partly an invalid sometimes; but hope to go up soon, to call at 3 Henrietta St.² I am now completing a small work treating of the partial subjection to Man of the Powers of Nature.'

This 'small work' to which he had been applying himself unremittingly, so far as health allowed, since 1912 marked a return to a primeval theme and to the epic mode. It was, in fact, finished that summer, and set up in type by his publisher: but before it could be published the paralysis of war conditions had begun to be felt; and the book had to stand over for two more years, during which the indefatigable poet, now past the age of seventy, addressed himself to yet another work.

When war broke out he was feeling his years—indeed the ill-health of the past winter was never wholly to leave him—and the alarms and restrictions incidental to life, especially in a Channel town, pressed hardly. Eastbourne, of which he had said in April that it was 'looking very fresh and sparkling now with its down and clean streets and front upon the sea'³ was a very different place by September! Needless to say also, the Doughtys, like almost every one else, had deep personal anxieties—anxieties, for instance, for a nephew at sea and another who returned home from Abyssinia to volunteer for Gallipoli. Later he would write⁴ of those two with just pride: 'For my part, I am now past the age of activity in our Country's service; but of two nephews, one has fallen a posthumous V.C. leading the last desperate charge from the "Horse-of-Troy" at Gallipoli, and the other commands one of the last-built great Dreadnoughts in the Main Fleet at home.'

His thoughts had gone out long before to that grave on the ridge above 'V. Beach' where Charles Doughty-Wylie lay. 'The withdrawal from Gallipoli is painful and the abandonment for the time of our soldiers' and heroes' graves. I have, for one, trust in the piety of Moslems. In some things they are certainly more religious

¹ To E. Garnett, 26th April.

³ To E. Garnett, 26th April.

² i. e. at Messrs. Duckworth's.

⁴ To E. Garnett, 9th June, 1918.

than Europeans.’¹ That trust was to be justified so long as the War lasted; for amid general disorder and desecration, Doughty-Wylie’s grave was found after the Armistice still untouched.

When Airships began to come over on the East Coast he feared for the old home. ‘We have hoped’, he wrote on the 2nd April, 1916, ‘that the Zeppelin raid did not come near enough to alarm you all at Theberton. Our electric lights here were turned down at nine.’ But he was to be spared personal experience of a raid; neither airships nor aeroplanes ever, from first to last, bombarded Eastbourne. Only the distant roar in France came to his ears. ‘The sound of the cannonading on the British Front is wafted here. We have heard it day and night for three weeks.’²

The Arab Campaign naturally excited his interest, long past and, indeed, long neglected as were his memories of Arabia. He was pleased to learn from the present writer that ‘the *Arabia Deserta* volumes were in daily use in his department at Cairo’. So in fact they were so soon as the department in question, the ‘Arab Bureau’ could lay hands upon a book which then was of exceeding rarity. A private copy was loaned at the first, but later on a well-known missionary and traveller in Arabia was induced to sell another. It was much battered, scored in pencil with such notes as ‘colporteur to be sent here’ where Doughty’s narrative indicated some glimmer of interest taken by Arabs in western things, and to crown all, rebound in the Island of Bahrein with the title upside down on the back. When Sherif Husein’s messages about adherence of fresh tribes or occupation of new districts or villages came in, one turned for light first to *Arabia Deserta*, and often found there the only light! Two coupled and garbled names, for example, evidently intended to reveal a move towards Kheybar puzzled the office for hours, until a search through Doughty’s book brought to light the two negro villages of Hayat and Howeyat in the *harra*; and again and again his was the only mention of tribes and sub-tribes. As was said with astonishment by an officer who, having just crossed Arabia, was persuaded in Cairo to look up what *Arabia Deserta* had to say about the regions on his route, everything about Arabia seemed to be in the book, if one only read enough of it!

¹ Letter to Miss K. F. Doughty, sister of the fallen hero, 2nd April, 1916.

² To E. Garnett, 23 July, 1916.

News, however, of that campaign, while it was in progress was but charily vouchsafed to the public, and Doughty afterwards complained that his newspapers had left even him ignorant and mistaken about the whole course of Arabian events. 'Readers only of *The Times* in the Great War,' he explained to T. E. Lawrence,¹ 'we had nearly no intelligence given us of forces operating in Arabia, until you reached Maan and Kerak, and then only meagre notices without details and therefore hardly intelligible.'

Long afterwards, returning a copy of the provisional edition² of *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom* to its author, he confessed that then for the first time he began to understand:

16 May, '24.

Merriecroft, Sissinghurst, Kent.

MY DEAR LAWRENCE,

I return the valuable vol. you have entrusted to me, just as I received it, (its paper cover was rather used and torn) I have taken much care of it and not allowed it out of my hands. My eyes have served me well for in much I am still young and small print notwithstanding I have read it to the end.

It is unlike what I imagined, for the newspapers which I searched at the bitter time of the Great War were a blank or nearly so, as to what was going forward in Arabia.

My vague idea of the Campaign was that beginning from Jiddah—Mecca and on from Medina touching Kheybar the Warfare, in which you took a great and leading part, was upward passing el-Ally, Medain Salih and the Auweyrid in some nine months, victoriously to Wady Musa.

Now all that fog is dispersed, and I am able to view your vast War-work near at hand, with its almost daily multifarious terrible and difficult haps, experiences, physical and mental strains, and sufferings and dark chances that must needs be taken in meeting and circumventing enemies, in the anxious Leadership of an Armada of discordant elements, as often naturally hostile among themselves, of Arab Tribes, until, after two years you won through to the triumph of Damascus, after enduring all that human life can endure to the end.

¹ Letter of 20th October, 1920.

duced (in proof only) in double column

² i.e. the so-called 'Oxford edition', produced in 1922.

I trust that the long endurance of so many mischiefs may have left no permanent injury to health.

I am posting the book registered, to the address you gave me today.

Yours very sincerely, CHARLES M. DOUGHTY.

In the spring of 1916 appeared at last the poem begun and virtually completed before the War. For once he was content with the reception:¹

'I was most glad to receive your very kind letter yesterday and to know that you like *The Titans*. I had found it . . . a difficult subject to treat, as partly far removed from human feelings: but then such are the Elemental Powers. I have received a few indulgently pleasant reviews as from the *Daily Telegraph*, the *Observer* (last unsigned) and the *Bookman* (Mr. Thomas always kind) and the *Westminster Gazette* (long and kind), and for them I am thankful also.'

The Titans is, perhaps, the most rugged of his poems, as he seems to have realized; for sending a copy to his niece² he wrote: 'As it treats of superhuman beings, (a difficult subject that so far as I know has not been before attempted;) you will not of course look to find it light and quite easy reading perhaps. The printing was finished in 1914, just before the war broke out, which has delayed its publication, (it is as it were a series of pictures).'

The Titans, though not published till 1916, is a pre-war work, into whose revision in proof has been introduced only one definite allusion to the events of two previous years. This is the parenthesis ('and everywhere War is, This day, alas!'). But perhaps in those years all the latter part of the fifth book which describes the birth and terrible growth of the War Demon and his dire influence on Mankind, was, at the least, retouched. The idea of the poem is allegorical, but the allegory is set forth with much didactic descriptive matter of a Hesiodic kind, by which the origins and development of man's civilization are displayed with much greater fullness and longer historical perspective than in *Adam Cast Forth*. The author prefers a fictitious manuscript as the basis of his narrative, and as reason here and there for interruption or curtailment:

And here mine Author's leaves find I corrupted
Through rust of Time; and part by canker worm,
Consumed: nor many more remain.

¹ To E. Garnett, 23rd July, 1916.

² Miss K. F. Doughty, 2nd April, 1916.

The elemental forces of Nature are personified as Titans—inanimate parts of Mother rock, until and unless inspired to detach themselves by spirits that intermittently possess them. They finally are waked to full life in order that they may redeem their Mother Earth from the growing encroachment of later born Gods and still later Man. Helped by malign Powers of the Underworld they cross the Ocean-stream from an extra-cosmic Mainland to Man's Earth, and are joined by companies of Giants, personified Winds, and a vaguely pullulating horde of noisome creatures in an invasion of the Island of Manholm and an attack on its sky gods, who, however, with almost absurd ease blast them and all their allies to age-long insensibility. Manholm, presumably because of the neighbourhood of that stricken field, has to be evacuated and the infant human race is driven in pilgrimage across a Desert and River to a new valley home (apparently in Mesopotamia); and there not without tribulations it develops one after another the arts of life and the institutions of society till it attains knowledge of metals. At which stature arrived Man subdues to his service those elemental forces which once menaced his destruction, the poet's fancy strangely conceiving him as sending across the River to the old battlefield to dig out stricken hundred-handed Giant bodies numbed for long ages and senseless but immortal, which he proceeds to bury to the loins in his market places, and as they revive with spring warmth, he compels their every hand to supply him with power. At the last one community (Britain?) fetches and constrains not a Giant but a Titan to make it first in the World.

Doughty in his latter years confessed to a friend that his style was much more to him than his matter. Reading his earlier works, one would not suspect this; but with *The Titans* some such thought springs of itself. The story not only lacks constructive design—that can be said of other stories of his—nor is it merely disjointed to the point of incoherence; but it shows signs of a kind of *incuria* not betrayed by previous works. Never before had the poet used—now he uses it unashamed—such a labour-saving device as 'Mine Author's leaves corrupted', therewith excusing himself patently more than once from completing a description or episode for which artistically he had made himself responsible: never before did he curtail crucial episodes by such facile expedients, as, for instance,

decide the battle of the Giants and the Gods. But if the story now and then is left to go by default, the versification is never so left. The decasyllabics of *The Titans* are the most carefully laboured, their diction the most studiously recondite, that are to be found in Doughty's poetical works. Archaistic phrasing and obsolete words are so much the rule rather than the exception, that the reader more than half suspects that he is being played with or offered puzzles, whereas all that the poet is after is patriotically to add as many more Spenserian usages as he may to those that he fondly hoped were already in recirculation, thanks to his earlier works.

It is hardly to be disputed that *The Titans* does, indeed, betray some failure of Doughty's power. Often the descriptive passages, such, for example, as some of the fifth book portraying the blissful innocence of society before the birth of war, have a too familiar ring. The poet has given us before those conventionally fresh maidens and personable youths and reverend elders. And less than ever does he individualize any one of his *personae*. The landscapes are even more familiar—'immane' rocks and lofty frozen coasts of *Adam Cast Forth*, sweltering sands and flinty wastes of *Arabia Deserta*. For once more the poet's great experience of half a century before has been called upon for a background. In the pilgrimage of the human race from Manholm to the River Khalil fares again from one flank of Arabia to the other. If the poem had not gorgeous imagery, magnificent lines, and episodes of sustained grandeur and beauty, it would not be Doughty's; but those are like the rare full notes left to a singer who has passed, and far passed, the meridian of life.

The 'horrible War' which, in 1916¹ Doughty thought 'likely to continue for another eighteen months or more', and even in June, 1918, looked 'like lasting two or three years more, which is too far for me to look forward to who have almost completed my seventy fifth year', brought as time went on, an ever-nearer prospect of straitened means; for the Doughtys' small income depended almost entirely upon returns from commercial enterprises abroad whose future was on the lap of the war-gods. But the crisis was not yet, and the family, by letting their seaside house, was able more than once to get a change of air and scene, for instance in a cottage at

¹ Letters of 23rd July, to E. Garnett.

Bracknell in Berkshire for two late summer months of 1916. Wherever he might be the poet persevered with the poem that had been begun with the War. In 1916 it was well advanced.¹

'That which we all desire to know, the Riddle of our being, as I mentioned when we last met, is now my subject and has been now for two years, and my sketch is almost completed as much as it ever will be, and may be a small volume about as much as *The Titans*: but it is Mansoul seeking knowledge.'

In another two years it is ready: and after some weeks of illness he writes to his 'best and kindest literary Friend':²

'I have not been able to do more than devote all my days and hours to the work I had sketched out and had on hand when we met at Edenbridge. You said then, you thought it would be difficult (the Riddle of the World) and so indeed I have found it. Now at last I have completed what I undertook and it is I think my best work:³ to form one moderate volume such as those of *The Dawn in Britain*.'

But a publisher, in those hard times, was not to be had for the asking: 'It is a disappointment to find that on account of the greatly increased cost of printing and paper in these difficult times, Mr. Duckworth who has written very kindly could not undertake it till after the War.' So not knowing 'whom I should approach' he consults his friend about possible alternatives, who advises Messrs. Constable and another; but the former 'owing to the excessive prices at present for manufacture and publicity, will publish only at author's risk the manuscript that he submitted and this he 'could not well meet'.⁴ But, of course, the end of the War was much nearer than he had imagined, and within six months Messrs. Selwyn and Blount agreed to publish the poem. The copy, however, had to go to Ireland to be set up, and more postponements ensued: 'I had a whole year's trouble . . . with those unfortunate Irish Printers. Their long delays, broken promises and slovenly negligence were colossal. I had also to act as Press reader and corrector, on account of their gross incompetence.'⁵

Well—it was 1919, when other compositors than the Irish vexed

¹ Letter of 23rd July, to E. Garnett.

September, 1921.

² E. Garnett, 9th June, 1918.

⁴ Letter to E. Garnett, July, 1918.

³ He was still of this opinion when S. C. Cockerell saw him at Grayshott, 18th

⁵ Letter to E. Garnett, 4th January, 1920.

the souls of other authors! The prompt efficiency of Messrs. Duckworth's pre-war printers¹ had a little spoiled the poet!

Advance copies at last came to hand in December, 1919, and, among others, the President of Magdalen, ex-Professor of Poetry at Oxford, received one in memory of the earliest of Doughty's public honours,² and with it a letter:

12 Dec. 19.

18 Southfields Road, Eastbourne.

DEAR SIR HERBERT WARREN,

During all the sorrows and anxieties of the War, wherein (owing to my advanced years) I might take no active part; I have been engaged in the composition of this Book: which treats of that which is surely never far from human hearts, though it is not very often expressed. I have said it, as I might, in my native tongue; and you may perhaps like to have it among the voices of Britain's Muse. It will be published after Christmas.

With kindest regards and remembrances to yourself and Lady Warren
sincerely yours, CHARLES M. DOUGHTY.

Mr. Garnett, who, as earlier letters suggest,³ had questioned the project of *Mansoul*, now tempered his approval of its completion. But the poet replied with more indulgence than he had shown towards his friend's judgement of *The Clouds*:

'Not having heard from you I had begun to fear you might be unwell. It was a relief to receive your letter as well as a pleasure, to read your friendly criticism of the vol. *Mansoul*.

'What of this very old solar Earth-planet, so minute in comparison of the million other suns? How came it into being? What of Mans later World therein and each brief human life therein; and what of aught beyond? has long been to me the Question of questions.

'In such momentous enquiries hardly any two thoughtful minds can see the same shadows and apparent gleams, since we are indeed all gropers in thick darkness. Though I do not always quite agree with them I am glad of those your friendly criticisms of my Work.'

In truth, despite belief that *Mansoul* was his best work, Doughty was not satisfied that it was yet the best possible; and the poem was hardly in readers' hands before he began to emend and in part re-

¹ T. and A. Constable, of the Edinburgh University Press.

² See p. 166.

³ See p. 189.

write it—a process which was to end only with his death, and then be incomplete. Reviewers endorsed both that belief and that qualification. The writer of *The Times* notice thought *Mansoul* ‘perhaps’ its author’s finest poem; Mr. Robert Nichols, of the *New Statesman*, while expressing a very high opinion, found it ‘extraordinarily uneven’. On the whole the reviewers never gave him less cause of complaint and he was duly grateful. But it still irritated him that his archaisms should be criticized, and he writes to a friend:¹

‘Thank you for sending the “Observer” criticism. Mr. Garvin the Editor I knew to be a friend and felt sure that only something kind would be said in his newspaper. There was an extremely kind one in *The Times Literary Supplement* also shortly after *Mansoul* was published. I can almost imagine it might be from the generous pen of a distinguished Friend not 100 miles from Magdalen. Some scoffers and scorners there have been as well, as there were when the A. Des. vols. were issued, cavilers of malicious kind who should know better or their own language better or should have a better ear; who pretend that I have none or write gibberish because I use some literary beautiful English words, which they ignorantly know not, as *fere* etc. I believe a, now aged, Professor Friend in our University would have included them in those he esteemed to be “mean cusses”. I do not grumble but give their temporary ill humours as I think they deserve to the flames.’

That he should still be hailed as an esoteric poet for the few, he expected: he expected also that they would persist in finding in his work influences of other poets than his two acknowledged Masters, and he protested only to his friends after a revised version of *Mansoul* had appeared: ‘The *Mansoul* volume has not any predecessors that I know of, since it is taken solely from Nature seen through the eyes of Chaucer and Spenser and a life’s (patriotic) study of Mother Tongue. I am content to leave it a legacy to a future generation.’²

And again:

‘A single line of Spenser excepted, it derives *nothing* that I know of, from any former books. It was the devoted work of nine late years of my Life, and is my best Work.

¹ R. B. Townshend, 29th February, 1920.

² Letter to T. E. Lawrence, 29th September, 1923. Compare the quotation from

the *Odyssey* which he prefixed to both editions of the poem.

'For such, it is I suppose *geason* for some empty-souled present day young critics, who scornfully ignorant of a little philosophy of Mother Tongue, cannot even rightly scan an English Verse; and to whom an introductory Couplet in Italian, (taken from the Odyssey), is altogether incomprehensible. No notice, a little to my surprise, has been taken hitherto of it, amongst "Reviews" in newspapers of the first rank. I am content, as with "Arabia D." that it should remain to a future generation.'¹

Mansoul has for theme nothing less than the quest of a reasonable understanding of this Earth's relation to the Universe and of the Finite to the Infinite. It puts the intellectual agnosticism of a long life against a life-long instinct of religiosity and leaves victory in principle to the latter, without prejudice in favour of one creed:

We as men, to human reason, must hold fast.
 If aught there be beyond Mans reasons reach:
 We thereto accède by FAITH, and not by sight.²
 Seeing all their pieties and their several Faiths
 Accord in One; which do devoutly seek,
 The cleansing of Mans soul, towards Life, through Death.³
 The Sum of all is, There be many paths;
 Of Man's endeavour, seeking RIGHTEOUSNESS
 Wherein, reborn, a soul may fearless walk;
 Towards the Infinite Unknown, in eternal paths.⁴

If a creed must be, the aged poet makes no concealment of his preference for the Christian Faith, of whose Founder he speaks as of no other Teacher—Zarathustra, Buddha, Confucius, or Socrates—of whom *Mansoul* inquires:

Words that He taught, were words of deathless Life:
 Such being as no mans lips, before His, spake.⁵

But whether the Soul can attain through Reason to understanding of the Universe and its God, and if not, whether there be any other way of attainment, the poet has to leave in doubt. Too much of a

¹ To E. Garnett, 19th August, 1923.

² *Mansoul*, 1st edition, p. 107.

³ *Ibid.*, 2nd edition, p. 236.

⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 203.

⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 107.

geologist to accept any traditional cosmogony, he yet finds all men of science fallen piteously short of a solution of the Riddle:

I hear that secret sighing of their hearts;
Which, each day, drew more nigh their own dark deaths.¹

So Mansoul disappears into his Palace of Thought and reappears not before the Poem ends to read to waiting Man the riddle of his being.

This Theme is set forth in an Allegory. At the instance of divine powers Mansoul, a vast embodiment, now of the souls of all mankind, now of only those that honestly seek truth, passes Hel gate to the Underworld in order to learn ancient wisdom from the dead. He is accompanied by one individual, Minimus, least of men, with whose soul that of the entranced author is blended for the occasion. This Three-in-One traverses the corridors of the Underearth from west to east of Asia, passing successively below Mesopotamia, India, Tartary, China, and Japan: then turning comes westward beneath Arabia, Sinai, and Egypt to Athens, harks back east to Palestine, and finally resumes the westward way under the Straits to emerge to the light of day in Britain. Being equipped by the Muse with Merlin's mirror which reflects through earth's crust visions of the world above, the triune party sees as much of the latter as of Hel's abode; and those visions being as unhampered as dreams, it contemplates within the span of one month, scenes in which Buddha, Confucius, Socrates, and the Christ simultaneously move; and converses with mirrored figures of the Upper World as readily as with awakened dead of the Lower. In both Worlds the party's attention, like that of the reader, is diverted again and again, and for long periods, from its quest of Truth to contemplate what is so little relevant to it, that one suspects the Underworld journey to have been undertaken, and in particular Merlin's Mirror to have been provided, not more for that quest, than in order to give the poet occasion to treat various irrelevant matters to which the spirit happened from time to time to call him; and that suspicion is strengthened when one finds that the poet's soul forgets the Quest altogether in a vision of the havoc of War, followed by a series of dreams and memories of Cædmon, Titans building Stonehenge and (yet again) the faerie of Oberon

¹ *Mansoul*, 2nd edition, p. 231.

and his Queen, till the Muse's Voice reminds him that he has yet to learn to what point Mansoul's quest has now attained. So the poet tears himself, or rather is torn, away from happy visions of bygone England to a dream city in the clouds where he sees Mansoul returned from the Underworld to the laboratories of the sciences; but the visit is all in vain. Mansoul does not reappear to say in what those sciences, thus far inconclusive, have been advanced by his Quest; and in the end the poet, after hearing much argument about it and about, goes out by the same door wherein he went!

The year that began with the issue of Doughty's last book saw the University of Cambridge confer on its author a degree *honoris causa*. The occasion was exceptional, being that of the installation of a Chancellor who customarily *pro hac vice* takes the initiative in nominating those whom the University shall honour. Mr. Arthur Balfour included Doughty's name in a singularly brilliant list of statesmen and men of letters and science. The poet expressed to his friend Mr. Sydney Cockerell his gratitude mingled with apprehension of the fatigue of the ceremony, for he had fallen into very uncertain health:¹

'Though according to my ideas I do not merit such honours I am very sensible too of the goodness of those in power there; the V. Chancellor wrote kindly in his letter, that it was the unanimous wish of the Chancellor and Council of the Senate.

'The difficulty lies before me, how I am to reach Cambridge, my physical condition being what it is, subject of late to severe fainting fits at uncertain intervals. I shall joyfully make the endeavour at the time unless medical advice absolutely forbids it; making a haven for the night probably of some nursing home and attending only at the Senate House on the morrow at the hour when the degrees are conferred.'

Mrs. Doughty feared a breakdown if she accepted Mr. Cockerell's invitation to stay. Her husband, she wrote,² was subject 'to very serious attacks of sudden illness: without the slightest warning he will become unconscious and remain unconscious for sometimes three days and nights'. Accordingly they stayed for the occasion in lodgings at Shelford, outside Cambridge; and thence Doughty was able to go in on the 15th June and play his part in the Senate House.

¹ Letter of 8th May, 1920.

² To S. C. Cockerell, 12th May.

But all other incidental festivities he was compelled to forgo. Nor could he, greatly to his regret, accept a Government invitation about this time to meet the son of the Sultan of Nejd, who was visiting this country as a guest of the nation. The latter's cicerone, Mr. H. St. J. B. Philby, however, subsequently brought his charge down to Eastbourne: and Doughty revived his Arabic to talk about Nejd to the grandson of the prince to whom, more than forty years before, he had had a mind to go.¹

¹ See above, p. 49, and *Arabia Deserta*, vol. ii, pp. 36, 396.

LAST YEARS

THOUGH NEVER AGAIN TO BE OTHERWISE THAN infirm, Doughty soon recovered sufficient health to resume work on a contemplated revision of *Mansoul*, and to enjoy the wider fame and increased consideration which had come to him since the War. The more than respectful attitude with which the Press had received his latest utterance was due largely to its sense that this massive poet, who abated not a jot or tittle of his beliefs or his manner of expressing them, however often and loudly they might be criticized, was now a literary institution, even a national glory. A large public, which had not read a line of *The Cliffs* or *The Clouds*, knew none the less that their author had foretold the War; a still larger public had learned to couple his name with Arabia, of which it remained particularly curious in the first post-war years. The interest, indeed, led to a demand for a new issue of *Wanderings in Arabia*. More potent still was an ever-growing weight of literary authority proclaiming Doughty a great poet, whom not to know was to write oneself down unknown. If an increased number of people tried immediately after the War to read *Arabia Deserta*, still more in proportion did those multiply who set themselves to a first reading of the poems.

Such spiritual success, however, brought to the poet no more material fruit of his life's labours than he had counted when he wrote, in 1917, to a niece that her fee for an article in *Blackwood's Magazine* was 'more than I for one have obtained for fifty years work of every day's long hours'. Yet some material increase was becoming urgently necessary. The Doughtys had long lived very economically in small houses, depending for change and holiday on letting these for summer months; but with care, their income, derived largely from investment in rubber shares, had been sufficient. Now just as living became more expensive, certain sources dried up in the general post-war confusion.

There was, indeed, a scheme going forward which promised that, before very long, Doughty's income would be swelled after all by some payment for *Arabia Deserta*. Early in 1920 Lawrence, who had long believed that there existed, both in Great Britain and in America,

a public expectant of the book, proposed to more than one publisher a new edition in facsimile. His original idea, which he had discussed with the present writer at Cairo while, under Military Law, the Government Press there was at our disposal, was to produce such an edition for Intelligence purposes; but his departure for the Arabian front in the Autumn of 1916, and the heavy burden thrown on that Press thenceforward by ever-increasing activities in the Eastern theatre, rendered realization of such a project unfeasible. In 1920 he revived the idea, but as a commercial proposition, the author to contribute a new Preface and to receive due royalties. The idea was considered during the summer by Messrs. Duckworth. Doughty fully approved, if certain conditions could be fulfilled: 'I remain thus far in the dark', he wrote on 5th August,¹ 'as to a new edition of the A. D. vols. and as to cost being guaranteed.' He will write a new Preface and has, indeed, outlined one already; but will not Lawrence himself contribute an Introduction? About a month later he was relieved to hear that his publishers, though not willing to take the whole risk themselves, had arranged with the Medici Press to produce a limited edition of 500 copies to be sold at nine guineas, the author to receive £150 on publication and a further £150 if and when an agreed number of copies should have been sold. Mr. Duckworth obtained from the Cambridge Press not only a set of the original sheets to be used for the composition, but also all except four of the original blocks and woodcuts.² For these the Syndics asked a fee on the ground that nearly forty years ago they had had to pay the French Institut for the same. This last fact had aroused Doughty's indignation in 1906. The French Académie, he said,³ 'had received my inscriptions and sketches gratis and a charge should not have been made for them to the (Cambridge) Press, I should say, at the time: and till now I had never been informed of it.' Finally Messrs. Duckworth agreed, in the interests of the reprinted original, to refrain during two years from reissuing its Abridgement (*Wanderings in Arabia*). Printing began in September 1920 and was finished before the end of the year. On 21st December the author writes:⁴ 'I completed the last sheet of the *Arabia Deserta* reprint.

¹ To T. E. Lawrence.

³ Letter to E. Garnett, August, 1906.

² Letters from Mr. Gerald Duckworth found among Doughty's papers.

⁴ Letter to T. E. Lawrence.

The long Index has been trying and has left me temporarily nearly blind from eye-strain.'

He had sent in his Preface in October, and subsequently had enthusiastically approved the facsimile of his original map:¹ 'Wonderfully reproduced and so exactly that there is nothing in it that I can see to correct.' In February 1921 the first copy came to his hand from Mr. Jonathan Cape, acting as publisher to the Medici Society. Lawrence was rapidly and amply justified. The five hundred copies went off as though their price were a tenth of its actual figure!

Before those agreed payments, however, were realized, the family's finances had shrunk to so low a point that very much more was required to avert privation for the future. But it was not till the following year, 1922, that any knowledge of the facts got abroad, and then almost by chance. Lawrence, on being informed of the rumour, took steps to verify it, and that done, passed, with habitual decision, to action. If the poet's published works had been unprofitable in past years, it might well be that the manuscript of them had a value now. That of *Arabia Deserta*, unfortunately, had been destroyed long ago by its writer, but that of *The Dawn in Britain* was in his hands. The British Museum agreed to accept it (Doughty preferring that it should not pass into a private collection) if the poet's admirers wished to make a gift to the nation. These were not backward, on being apprised of this destination and the reasons underlying the project. In a very few weeks £400 was collected and the transaction completed by the end of March.

It was followed immediately by an offer from a staunch friend, Mr. S. C. Cockerell, to collect a further sum, if the original diaries and 'scribble-books' of the Arabian journey could be acquired for the Fitzwilliam Museum. Mr. Cockerell had seen these about a year before, on paying a visit to Eastbourne.² Doughty, however, demurred.³

'What are those poor little shabby and very travel-worn note books! Besides being hardly legible they are unintelligible to other eyes. Not having opened them since 1887, I have just been looking

¹ Letter to T. E. Lawrence, 1st November, 1920.

kindly communicated by the writer.

² Entry in diary 16th February, 1921,

³ Letter to S. C. Cockerell, 5th April, 1922.

through them. There are a good many pages, being the basis of the *Arabia D.* vols. But sometimes there may be mixed with them more private thoughts and a lonely Wanderer's inmost reflections not suitable for other eyes. All this is against them.'

He goes on to reckon his assets—£400 received for the manuscript of *The Dawn in Britain*, which he thinks will see him through the current year; also possible further royalties on *Arabia Deserta*, which is about to be reprinted for a third time; finally a chance of a Civil List pension next year. Therefore he would rather that private friends in Cambridge were not called upon. At the same time he states the other side of his account, and it is not heartening. The trouble is that all his funds are invested in rubber shares and Kent coal which is 'geologically sound', but its shares are worthless and 'rubber now yields nothing'.

His scruples abated when he learned that not private friends but his two old Colleges, Caius and Downing, and especially the former, would make the presentation; and, urged by his family that needs must, he sends off the packet of note-books on 7th May not without misgiving. 'They may, I fear and dread, be a disappointment when you see them,' some pages having suffered in preparing the *Arabia Deserta* volumes, 'when I could not foresee that they would ever be called for!'¹ The purchasers, however, were well content, and four days later Doughty has to thank Cambridge for its liberality, and especially a certain individual benefactor who 'augmented with such a startling generosity'² the contribution of his College.

Yet another helper had been Mr. J. L. Garvin, always loyal to his idols. He used the occasion of the appearance of a little sketch of Arabian history—a belated war effort—by the present writer to ask Doughty to write for the *Observer*. The poet had never contributed a journalistic article in his life³ and was strangely at sea:⁴ 'I felt shy, having never written a newspaper article before.' But he acquitted himself of the novel task, writing (as no doubt the editor wished) a retrospect of the wilderness of his wanderings:

'Under a perpetual grey more than blue heaven her immense upland is seen everywhere as a parched and bald tree-less landscape

¹ Letter to S. C. Cockerell, 7th May, 1922.

³ Letter to T. E. Lawrence 'Friday 1922'.

² Letter to S. C. Cockerell, 11th May, 1922.

⁴ Letter to D. G. Hogarth, 19th June, 1922.

which to unwonted eyes, seems to be nearly without herbage. Rain rarely falls and that is always partial. Her drought and barrenness nourishes few wild creatures; on man's pate beats all day a blazing Sun, and seldom is there relief of any overshadowing cloud. Her vast landbreaths are not wet with the dew of Heaven. . . . It is a weary upland "which eateth up its inhabitants" . . . a sere wasteful wilderness, full of fear, where everyman's hand is ready against another; a lean wild grit and dust stiffened with everlasting drought.'

And so forth. The hand which had written the Introduction to *Arabia*¹ had not lost in forty years its skill in splendid phrase-making! So magnificent a swan-song was rightly saved from perishing with the ephemeral issue of a Sunday journal. Mr. Cockerell arranged that after correction it should be reprinted in a very limited edition by the Cambridge Press, and put on sale at the price of three guineas, at which *Arabia Deserta* was originally published. 'The disposal of the copies', wrote Doughty,² 'has been not a small help.'

Meanwhile the friends who had found these means to supply the poet's immediate needs were concerning themselves about provision for the future. Towards this end a pension charged upon the Government's Civil List would go some way, although the amount would be unlikely to exceed £150. Doughty was consulted by Lawrence and replied:³

'I have not sought reward for my work, but owing to the Great War, the times are difficult. And in this trouble I may perhaps be allowed to feel I have devoted fifty years of life to such a slender contribution as I could offer to the honour of my Country.' Therefore he would feel it an honour to receive a pension, and would prefer this to any other help that might be devised. The present writer laid the case before Lord Balfour, whose interest in Doughty had already been testified, and was proceeding to collect a few distinguished signatures to a memorial to be laid before the Prime Minister, Mr. Lloyd George, when just before the latter quitted office, came welcome news that he had already put the matter in hand on Lord Balfour's personal recommendation. Doughty received an official intimation on 17th October 1922 that the King had been pleased to grant him £150 a year as from the 1st April, last.

¹ *Arabia Deserta*, vol. i, p. 56.

² To S. C. Cockerell, 21st October, 1922.

³ Letter to T. E. Lawrence, 5th March, 1922.



Charles M. Doughty, c. 1922

Less than a year later, all these sundry pains having been taken barely to avert disaster, and the Doughtys themselves having co-operated by selling their Eastbourne house, and moving inland to less expensive quarters at Sissinghurst near Cranbrook, Fortune's caprice suddenly devolved on the poet a much larger income than he had ever before enjoyed. He wrote to Mr. Cockerell on 22nd October, 1923: 'By the decease of a cousin, quite a considerable annuity will come to me. It can, I think, after succession duty etc. paid, render me independent of the pension. . . . In this probable case, I should be glad of your advice. As it is public money, I should, I suppose, gratefully relinquish it.'

As his cousin was twenty years his junior, Doughty had never reckoned with this possibility. It was a life interest only in an entailed Trust, and therefore not heritable by his wife and daughters, provision for whose future continued to trouble him. But, when the annuity proved to be a full £2,000 a year, he did not hesitate to resign the Government pension after hardly more than a year's enjoyment of it. It may be added here that, before his death, the prospect of his family greatly improved. Not only did reissues of *Arabia Deserta* promise a continuance of substantial royalties to his heirs, but his old investments in rubber shares once more became profitable.

Election into the select class of Honorary Fellows of the British Academy, which befell him in the summer of 1922, he felt 'to be a very great honour'.¹ But neither tokens of public esteem, nor occasions of private anxiety were permitted to interfere with the ceaseless labour of revising *Mansoul*. In September 1921 he shows the revision and alterations to Mr. Cockerell during a holiday at Grayshott. In the following February he is 'busy every hour of every day, preparing a second Edition'.²

In June he is at Eastbourne: 'Still busy and have been so for nearly eight years. Every syllable; as in a long musical composition, has to be brought into harmony, according to my ear, besides all the rest.'³ The publishers who had done such good business with three reissues of *Arabia Deserta* were willing to undertake this 'new Author's re-

¹ Letter to D. G. Hogarth, 4th August, 1922.

³ Letter to E. Garnett, 15th June, 1922.

² Letter to E. Garnett, 15th February,

view and augmented edition' of *Mansoul*,¹ and Selwyn and Blount resigned in their favour. They submitted a form of agreement, to whose terms Doughty took some exception—not so much to the proposed remuneration of the author, though he found that 'hardly perhaps sufficient', as to some implied assumption that this would be the final immutable form of the poem. He put it to Mr. Cockerell:² 'Right poetry depending partly on carefully harmonized syllables, being more allied to a long musical composition than to prose, a poetical work can never be so absolutely finished, that the Writer cannot find some slight improvement here and there.' But, being advised that publishers could hardly be expected to contemplate supersession of editions at brief intervals, he did not press his points: 'I know I must not look for material advantage from the volume in my lifetime: but I may leave it as my best in that Art to which I have for over forty five years wholly devoted my life. I have always looked forward to writing this small work which is now accomplished.'³

Towards the end of January 1923 the last of the copy left the author's hands; and writing to Lawrence⁴ to announce this end (though it would prove not the end) of 'fully nine years work in all' Doughty was moved to express the hope that in the new edition it will be found that: 'Nothing remains that could be displeasing to any pious human feelings. We have only Reason for our base. But who can tell how far that may fall very short of the divine?'

Herein is a clue, which reviewers and critics for the most part would not detect by themselves, to one motive at least for the author's revision of his poem. A press notice of the original issue had remarked that the strong religious tone of it was not distinctively Christian. Did this comment, among others, warn Doughty that his deep, but agnostic, reverence for religious creeds might be misunderstood and appear a stone of stumbling?

A limited edition of five hundred copies was published by Jonathan Cape and the Medici Society in the early summer of 1923. The author was unfamiliar with the practice of journals in regard to reissue, and he was somewhat disappointed that it was not

¹ Letter to S. C. Cockerell, 19th June, 1922.

² Letter of 22nd June, 1922.

³ Letter to S. C. Cockerell, 12th July, 1922.

⁴ 24th January, 1923.

generally reviewed. But some of the leading literary papers made exception: the *Spectator*, for example, in which Mr. Martin Armstrong wrote an elaborate defence of the style but not of the punctuation; and the *Bookman*, which gave Mr. John Freeman occasion to compare the original and the revision.

Evening was the most pleasant and peaceful part of Doughty's long life-day; he was, as he said of another, 'a blissful hearted young lover after nearly forty years of marriage'. Before the move to Sissinghurst he wrote, 'we are at present seeing many dreams of Merriecroft,' and when, in mid-April, 1923, that move had taken place, 'all of us are glad to exchange the town for a Country-life; and have found here, in pleasant Kent, the desired three acres and a cow.'¹

Here he could indulge his love of birds and flowers. 'A thrush', he wrote to his daughter Freda, 'has just hopped in at my window, looked at me for some time, and twinkled his eye when I chirped to him, no doubt expecting, as he was a young grown one, to be fed'; and, 'Here is my little Throstles Wooing which Mummy brings you this morning. A few words you may find unusual, as not often seen in prose; but they are classical English in the higher poetry; as *hunger-need* (one word), *Shaws*, Woods, *Lief bird*, loved bird, *eme* is uncle, *fere*, companion, *mavis* is thrush, *his shrew*, shrew is for wife, *hurst* is wood, *gawk* is cuckoo, *gleda* is buzzard, *make* is mate.'

A visitor² notes that the 'little three-acre estate, three hundred feet up . . . is making life so much happier for all of them'. Thither not only that friend but many other persons made pilgrimages and to one, Professor S. C. Chew of Bryn Mawr, the poet told in 1925 memories of his youth which were reproduced eventually in the *North American Review*.³ There was no lack now of attention and fame, popular imagination on both sides of the Atlantic weaving about the hermit-patriarch of adventure and letters, legends whose occasional extravagance annoyed him as much as they amused. 'It is powerfully overdrawn', he said⁴ of the letterpress accompanying the publication of the fine medallion portrait by Mr. Spicer Simson, 'and may perchance amuse an American audience. When the Amiable Author pronounces judgment on my verses however, he does not

¹ Letter to D. G. Hogarth.

p. 287.

² S. C. Cockerell, diary entry for 14th April, 1924.

⁴ Letter to D. G. Hogarth, 20 November, 1923.

³ December-January-February, 1925-6,

seem to be aware that our Language is full of words that can be either shortened or lengthened as well as rightly accented as their position requires. He might I believe have found then that they are sooner smooth than rough.'

But, for himself, he would remain to the end dedicated as ever to the last of his life's labours, revision of the revision of *Mansoul*. How little he had been and was concerned with the contemporary world that had come to concern itself about him may be judged by two letters of this period. In the first¹ which congratulated upon a crown bestowed on a book *Lady into Fox* by Mr. Edward Garnett's son, he writes: 'Not having a "Who is Who" by me I do not know who Mr. Chesterton, who delivered the prize, may be.'

In the other, he wrote to a friend:²

'I was grieved when I heard it reported that your friend Edward Thomas had fallen among the martyrs of the cruel War, in his young years; an amiable man I have heard. I remember to have had a letter from him, and I think an anthology. Mr. John Freeman's name I also know. But, an invalid, I live too much out of the literary World, whilst almost I may say, the generations pass, to know what is of late years doing amongst them; but the Divine Muse is eternal, and the same.'

So far as he looked at the external world, it was through the spectacles of *The Times* or the *Morning Post* and the opinions of more than one of his best friends left him puzzled and astonished. Those, for instance, of Lawrence. Deeply attached to his strange follower though he was, he could not approve *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, which was submitted to him in 1924 in its least expurgated form,³ and between the lines of his letter of acknowledgement, one may read distressful surprise. He thought, as he said to a mutual friend,⁴ that, in Lawrence's own interests, a good many passages should be omitted. Some, in fact, were omitted in the final edition, though in other interests than its author's.

Lapses into illness became frequent, but there was none into senility. The mind remained alert, efficient, receptive. Reflecting on the deaths of two veterans whom he had known, Professors

¹ To E. Garnett, 19th August, 1923.

² J. W. Haines, 1st January, 1924.

³ The private 'Oxford Edition'

⁴ S. C. Cockerell. Diary entry, 6th October, 1924.

Bonney and Liveing, he could still say:¹ 'At eighty one looks upon even that age as too small a span to be fully grown up in, to knowledge, in human life.' But as his eighty-third year drew in, physical ills multiplied apace. In September he suffers from that 'most uncomfortable malady a bad laryngitis'; near the end of October he is 'still in a weary bed'. In November the malady has passed, but 'meanwhile it is difficult to regain strength'.² On Christmas Day, 1925 Mrs. Doughty writes³ that her husband is very ill, and getting every day a little weaker. He has been brought down to his study and is lying there among his books. On 17th January he relapsed into unconsciousness. Three days later he died.

His body was cremated at Golder's Green, where, in the cloister, his ashes lie buried, after a brief service of Committal attended by no curious onlookers but by his family and a knot of friends, of whom the Press recorded all except one unrecognized in the uniform of the R.A.F. giving the name of 'Shaw'. It was a typical day of our dark wet winter of which the prophet had written before the War:⁴

'I often comfort myself with the thought that if it was good enough for our forefathers, our grey climate should be well enough for us also; and that as patriotic English we should be ever ready to fight and die, if need were for that sunless soil which gave us birth.'

¹ Letter to S. C. Cockerell, 25th December, 1923.

ber, 25th October, 13th November.

³ To S. C. Cockerell.

² Letters to S. C. Cockerell, 24th September,

⁴ To Mrs. Doughty Montagu, in 1911.

APPENDIX I

List of Books ordered by C. M. Doughty in the Bodleian Library, 1868–1870

[There is no record of Doughty's admission to the library: nor of his address. The following books were ordered by him, mostly between 1st December, 1868 and 22nd March, 1869; the rest between November 1869 and January 1870.]

Malone 204.	Plays by Heywood, Massinger, &c.
241.	Chapman, plays, 1605–59.
248.	Heywood, plays, 1615–33.
299.	Skelton (and imitators of Skelton), 1550, &c.
344.	Skelton, Pithy, pleasaunt and profitable workes, 1568.
369.	Marston, plays, 1633.
662.	[Spenser] 3 proper and wittie familiar letters, 1580.
715.	Pappe with a hatchet, n.d.
897.	Lilly, comedies, 1632.
Tanner 95.	Sir Tho. Elyot, The governour, &c.
150.	Vergils <i>Æneis</i> . . . Engl. by Henry earl of Surrey, 1557.
155.	Naturae lex corrupta, 1538.
236.	Heywood, Merlin, 1641.
272.	Sir Tho. Elyot, Castel of health, 1541.
	— Regimen Sanitatis Salerni, tr. T. Paynel, 1541.
	— The byrth of Mankynde, 1540.
365.	Septem linguarum dictionarius, 1540.
744.	Works by Lodge, R. Greene, Davenant, &c.
753.	Morton's Romish iniquitie, 1646.
864.	Baldwin, Mirror for magistrates, 1563.
Godw. 8° 515–17.	Percy's reliques, 3 vols. 1765.
Rawl. 4° 1.	Miscellanea Graecorum script. carmina, 1722.
Rawl. 8° 306.	Camden's description of Scotland, 1695.
MS. Dodsworth 29.	
MS. Junius 54.	Vergils <i>Æneid</i> , tr. Gawin Douglas, 1553 (printed)
Crynes 275.	Sandys, <i>Europae Speculum</i> , 1638.
[no shelfmark].	Bosworth's Anglo-Saxon dictionary.
29.301.	Ritson.
B. 9. 20 Linc.	Bernard (Nich.), <i>Clavi Trabales</i> , 1661.
C. 17. 25 Linc.	Heywood, <i>The Spider and the Flie</i> , 1556.
8° C. 913–14 Linc.	Raleigh, <i>Works</i> , 1751.
4° P. 33. Jur.	Heywood, <i>Works</i> , 1566, &c.
8° B. 4 Med. BS.	Wycliffe's wicket, and various 16th cent. tracts.
B. 312 Th. Seld.	English Bible, 1578.
4° P. 23 Th. Seld.	<i>Psalterium Davidis</i> , Latin-saxon (Spelmann), 1640.
4° A. 1 Th. Seld.	[Collection of 16th and 17th cent. theological tracts.]
4° L. 10. Th. Seld.	[Sermons and theological tracts, 1600–35.]
M. 5. 13. Art.	<i>Bibliotheca Eliotae</i> . Eliotis librarie [a dictionary], 1548.
4° S. 61. Art.	Sandys, <i>Europae speculum</i> , 1632.
4° V. 15. Th.	110 Considerations of sig. John Valdesso, 1638.
8° W. 53. Th.	The true copie of a prologue . . . by J. Wycklife, 1550.

- 8° K. 27. Th. BS. A remedy for sedition, 1536.
 8° C. 240. BS. Bertramus, Brittanarum gentium hist. antiquae script. tres,
 1757.
 8° D. 134. BS. Maundeville, 1727.
 8° S. 54. Art. Seld. Sir Tho. Elyot, The Image of Gouvernaunce, 1549.
 8° T. 87. Art. Orosius, Anglo-sax., 1773.
 8° 7. 67-8. Art. BS. Robin Hood (collection of ancient poems, &c.), 2 vols., 1795.
 3° Y. 69. Art. BS. Pieces of ancient popular poetry, 1791.

APPENDIX II

Draft of a Letter from Medain Salih to an unnamed correspondent

Mediyn Çalih, N.W. Arabia

1 Feb. 1877

DEAR SIR

I am happy at this time to send you some news of Mediyn Çalih where I have arrived with the Haj now two months past. The reported cities are tombs hewn in the sandstone rock the frontispiece ending in the stairs ornament above as is often seen in Wady Mousa then these all finished after one manner and are about one hundred in number. Over the doorways is commonly a tablet entailed in which is sculptured the inscription; the cornice of the doors, in the half of them nearly, is ornamented at the peak with the figure of a bird standing the wings half extended resembling rather a bustard; then in all the head is wasted or broken away. In the doorways is the mortise of a bolt entailed. Within is the funeral chamber with niches and sepulchres and 'loculi' not much unlike those which are about Jerusalem these less well wrought and finished as this material is rude. The floors full of sand are often strewn with bones and many of the monuments within exhale a charnel-house odour and [here and] there where the Arabs have digged pieces of old leather and rags of linen stuffs remains of their funerals the leather smeared with a substance which burned exhales an odour of incense, [so] that their custom of burial may have resembled that recorded in the Gospel, 'As the manner of the Jews was to bury'. Then I have seen no trace here whatever of the Graeco-Roman influence nor marbles nor inscriptions. Not any building remains of the former inhabitants than obscure foundations of rude stones laid without cement upon which they built with clay. Patches of pottery strewn here and there over the plain may signify more probably a cluster of villages than one larger town. About these are the funeral monuments sculptured in several detached rocks. In some of their charcoal I have seen the woody structure of the palm preserved. In the plain are the vestiges of many wells ten of them only have been maintained open by the Arabs and another, Bir en-Naka in the Kellaṭ (temp. 20 C.).

As regards the inscriptions with a beam of 18 ft. in which we cut notches I have climbed to some of them and taken their impressions in bibulous paper . . . then many were out of my reach or the danger too considerable. That which they are judge by the enclosed fragment, they are the most of them in several lines, this also . . . a single line upon the greatest monument of them all. Inscriptions in the like characters are seen often sculptured upon the rude faces of the sandstone rocks thus wasted and often obscure, a perfect example is this . . . and Inscriptions there are scored upon the rocks in another character not obscure with the figures of men camels ostriches horses as thus . . . commonly inscribed perpendicularly. Then Arabic inscriptions are common in all the mountains in an old form of letter in which are often repeated the words Mohammed, Ullah. The now inhabitants nor read nor write.

Before the present Arabs were in this district the Beny Sokhr now of the Belka then possessed el-Aly. Aly is three and a half hours distant Southward, I passed there ten or twelve days. Aly is an oasis of palms in a desert valley in the midst of the sandstone mountains, there watered by tepid springs, the place by my estimation of

about four hundred houses. The inhabitants shut out from the rest of the world pretend their descentance from Barbary Pilgrims. A mile northward in their valley are the ruins of the antique town of which I could not learn the name they say only in their dialect Khroeby, ruins. There are other sepulchral chambers small, unadorned, caverns rather, nothing resembling those at Hejr neither the inscriptions which are here sculptured upon the same face of rock and upon building stones now at Aly. Often they are embossed as in the Himyaric and the modern oriental inscriptions or they are scored in single lines see for example . . .

Such are very uncommon at Hejr and almost not found at all. I have seen two only or three examples as this upon the face of an ancient quarry . . .

As regards the Arabs inhabitants of this district at Hejr are the Fukara sheykh Fejeer and the Waeled Aly, Aneze both, the W. Aly relatives of those now in Hauran. The Mozayna remain to the S. Eastward are under Ibn Rashid their descentance from Harb. Then a day Northward of Medina are the Sāadeen (Harb) Σιδηνοι perhaps of Ptolemy, and two days Northward of Hejr the Gōarra Arabs in the Harra mountains, perhaps the *Δappa*i of Ptolemy sheykh Khuḍerry related to the Beny Ateye. This district Mediyn Ḥalih of the Pilgrims the Arabs name it at this day Hejr. Hijr with the i is an error of Europeans then Ptolemy Hegra.

Of the political changes in these countries Jowf was surprised by the Turks three to four years past. Ibn Rashid since pays for Jowf tribute fifteen hundred turkish crowns yearly. Khaybar betrayed by the Waeled Aly large proprietors there was occupied by the Turks from Medina six or seven years ago. Ibn Raschid did not oppose them. The W. Aly ceased then their tribute to Ibn Raschid who for this fell upon them the past summer at Hejr carrying away 500 camels and as many head of small cattle. The W. Aly found the vain name of the 'Dowlat' but a slender protection are discontented and think now to make peace again with Ibn Rashid and war with the Haj that Ibn Rashid has newly required his friends the Fukara to turn their swords against them also their brethren in their own house.

The yearly Haj are the life and are the corruption of these parts of Arabia. Hejr is distant from Teyma $1\frac{1}{2}$ days from Khaybar $4\frac{1}{2}$ d. from Medina 6 d. camel journeys, delūl 3 d. Teyma is celebrated for the hospitality of her inhabitants. Khaybar is three several villages (1) Jerriat el Faejeer, Asmee-y (2) Jerriat Allayda, (Waeled Aly) 'Mchêeda (3) Jerriat Bischir, Awwahjy, the first is a hamlet only. These are at seven Wadies the principal W. Jillās so that a village is between every two wadies. The fellaheên are negroes, descending from slaves as they report brought there by the Arabs after the destruction of the place by Aly to cultivate the grounds. These divide now the fruits equally with the Arabs proprietors which are seven tribes. Of the Yahūd Khaybar there is no more mention but the Sherrarât and their allies nearly twenty tribes are supposed by the Arabs to be their descendants these have all one like 'wasm' φ in the simplest form and much resembling the antique inscriptions many with each other and none with them. Some reasons led me to think that the Howeytât tribes may be found to be Nabateans certain it is that they differ corporally from other true Bedawin Arabs.

In the Bedawin dialect of this neighbourhood is so far as I am aware nothing very remarkable if not the verb zôtar to go which yet I understand is not peculiar to them they do not add the tenween as is reported of the Nejd tribes. Then small dialectic differences there are by which friends or enemies, gôme, are recognised in the desert. A ġarru thus which lately here stole our sheep were known by their speech to be

ğarra. This is reckoned of the most insecure districts in Arabia lying between the Governments of Syria, Egypt, Medina, Ibn Saûd and Ibn Rashîd and without them all: hardly any few days pass that we are not alarmed by a ġarru. Thus out of sight of the Kellaṭ one is in danger to be cut off on all sides. My life has been variously menaced yet more those that protected than they which threatened me more the tolerant than the fanatic but only the fear of the 'Dowlat' has restrained the shrews or as I heard truly at Damascus every one that met me had killed me. Of the geography of this neighbourhood I have not much at present to offer you. Wady Nejd descends from the Eastern sides of Shoraft en Nejd a double headed high mountain between Hejr and Wejh joins then the seyl from Hejr and Aly then Wady Jilas from Khaybar and the three now united as Wady el-Humth pass to the seaward between Wejh & Yanboā. Hejr is a sandy oval plain bounded round by precipices of the sandstone mountains, from Mûbrak en Naḳa in its greatest length some six hours the main breadth from the Howwara to the opposite cliffs a line passing through the Kellaṭ and Jebel Ethlib a detached mtn. rising in the plain some $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

For the Darb el-Haj in the interest of Geography I have observed the barometer all along the road. Maan B653 march then 8 hrs. to gadeer Um Ay-ash open desert B667.5 march $8\frac{1}{2}$ hrs., defile, head of Akabat B653 brow of the descent B656 foot of the descent B662. Here the Hesina sandstones crop up from under the limestones of J. Sherrat in a desolation of ruinous mountains and Nefûd plain below. The descent at Akabat is small and not difficult only some few yards the way is rugged and is so straight that not more than two camels may pass abreast. The plain now Nefûd then gradually declines 5 hrs further camp in the open desert B675. Thence $7\frac{1}{2}$ hrs. Mdâwwra B686 Kellaṭ. March 8h. to Dzat el-Haj a bottom with wild palms B692. March 8h. to halting place el Ka open desert. March 12h. to Tebuk oasis of palms and corn fields B684.5 the high sandstone mountain-head Mumbir er-Rasul, thus its shape, (J. Mektab) shewing some hours to the N^d. March $9\frac{1}{2}$ h. to Dar el-Muger B677. Thence 6h. a strait defile Bogar el-Akhdar brow, B673. Obscure inscriptions 2h. further Kellaṭ el Akhdar. A shrine of the Prophet (Elijah) within, his apparition having been seen there, B675. Ten hours further in Wady es-Çany great number of old Arabic inscriptions B671. Then 7hrs to Birket el-Moaddam B665. March 13hrs to Dar el-Hamra Kellaṭ B655, cold and high Birket with seyl water. March $3\frac{1}{2}$ hrs rugged wilderness of sandstone rocks Shuk el Ajur B647.5 that the rude way was planed there by some old pilgrim Dame then B655 descending the Tellerkat and 8hrs from Dar el Hamra Abu Jaḳa mountain, inscriptions, $1\frac{1}{2}$ h. further Mufarish er-rur camp in the valley open desert; the ground is strewn with white corns of quartz as rice grains B671. Thence 8hrs to Mediyn Çalih where the Haj arrived 4 Dec. Aly is about B685, the height of Damascus (694), Mediyn Çalih 7° higher then I have not yet calculated the mean.

The Hejr monuments in general are called by the Arabs K'sur Bthaenah [?] one other Kasr es-Çany of which they fable I know not what. Of Çalih and the milch camel is a perfect local mythology the milking-pail a round stone tank 12 feet over is at the ruins near El Aly. The like antiquities I have heard spoken of Southwards of Beden in several sites and their names mentioned these perhaps only the fabulous mendacity of the Arabs. Such a place there is however resembling Petra Southwards of the Dead Sea Mediyn Sut between Maan and Hebron I know not whether ever visited by Europeans. To speak of my journey hither and judging a disguise unworthy of me I made open application to the Waly and to the Mohafur el-Haj when the British Consul

refused to aid me himself in any sort that in case of my misadventure he might himself be seriously blamed. The Government refused alledging the danger of the way and the character of the Arabs in those parts. The British Consul then before the Waly renounced emphatically all political regard of me in case I should attempt the journey that which was afterwards a principal cause I believe of my nearly being slaughtered in the Kellat. The Aga el-Kellat who himself had inveited me from Damascus disappointed of the larger fortune which he hoped to make of me in a paroxysm of rage fell upon me one morning with his fists and with that which came to his hand and had I offered the least resistance I had there been slain between himself and his Mugribin soldiery all of them old manslayers. Afterwards my Consul had abandoned me he said and though I died none would make enquiry. Then perhaps not the English I answered. Encouraged by some good Muslim friends who knew the way well assured me that there was nothing to fear and that the Pasha had no real authority or right to turn me back and a Persian camel contractor having offered to carry me to Mediyn under guarantees I made an agreement with him 1000 piastres for a camel which was stamped at their Consulate. Thus I rode down amongst the Persians a stranger amongst foreigners not much observed and clad in the Arab manner. The Pasha made enquiry for me at Maan and did not find me. The Stamboul Sirr Ameeny at last hearing of me consigned me to the Kellat at Hejr, I did not see him. The Haj I estimated at about 6000 persons our moving lines extended two miles. The Jurdy with provisions which relieves the Haj from Damascus is expected here tomorrow the Haj upon their return the day after. And I go then probably to the Waeled Aly or Fukara Arabs with medicines and that which they greatly esteem to vaccinate. In that manner I hope to be among them with a good deal of Security to visit Khaybar and to make my way towards the sea Eastwards. The slight map of the country from Maan N^{ws} is from my former journey in those parts. Of the Hejr monuments I have made some drawings of their inscriptions some fifteen impressions other antique inscriptions I have inscribed some thirty that are clear and unwasted and others that are worn and obscurer.

As regards the geology of these countries it is in my opinion of the most simple. A basis of Plutonic rocks laid upon that the Hesma sandstones upon these the Edomite limestones this I have much reason to think is the geological structure of all N^a Arabia.

Of the affairs of Nejd and first Shümmer. Telal all his powers weakened by a disease in a melancholy shutting himself in his house set a pistol to his breast and thus ended his own days after him his brother Metaib ruled three years Bundar son of Telal killed Metaib and was emir two years then Mohammed the now Sultan Metaib's brother killed Bundar and his adherents twenty persons. Of the Princes in east Nejd Saud and Abdullah uterine brothers contested the Sultanat Saud victorious is the present Ruler others say Abdullah they are both living.

This materia if you think fit will you communicate it with some one of the German excellent geographical periodicals and to my friend Doctor Hochstetter and if you may know him to my friend the Professor of Geology in the University of Vienna who was both long in England and who takes an interest in these countries.

and I am, dear Sir
yours very truly
CHARLES M. DOUGHTY.

Saud the Wahaby chief I learn from a well informed merchant is dead (naturally) his children now contest the Sovereignty with Abdullah. Will you pray write to me to tell me if the inscriptions are known in Europe, addressing British Post Office, Beyrout (which may then be sent to me at Bagdad). The towns Aneze and Boreyda are independent. That which are the Aly inscriptions see in the second enclosure from a stone I have found at the last moment in this Kellaṭ which has been built out of their old foundations perhaps of old buildings which have all now disappeared.

Among the animals of this district the principal are the (Hyena) dubba. Hosenne the fox Nimmir leopard hunt the wild goats in the mountains rarely. Faḥd very rarely the Faḥd is brindled red and brown and spotted and is tamed sometimes to the chase of the gazel, then the wolf common. The Bidden pl. Bdûn the great mountain wild goat (Steinbok) Nêes the porcupine of which we lately killed one the flesh has a savour of fish. Ostriches are common a day to the N.E. Then the most remarkable of all and I believe quite unknown to Europeans the 'wild kine', Bakara wahashy the horns which I have seen are straight as a rod round and pointed and with age very long and grow standing up from the head parallel together. I have seen the skins, whitish, at Maan they make the best soles for their sandals. A young one reared at the Kellaṭ Dzat el-Haj was lately carried up to Damascus with the Haj and sent a present to the Sultan at Constantinople. This animal has the mouth of a gazel a cows foot the tail of a cow but shorter the legs of a cow was thus described by an Arab hunter. It is greater than an ass, perhaps a species of deer or really a cow or as some such as are in the Zoological gardens from Africa.

This winter climate is very mild the days warm in the bright sun the nights not cold and commonly some 8° C. a little before Sunrise. I have not seen less than 3°. Rain had not fallen since three years to the distress of the Arabs and the dearth of their necessities till this month when it has rained for five days promising an abundant 'rabia', a springing up everywhere of fresh herbage.

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